April 6, 1935

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# Collier's

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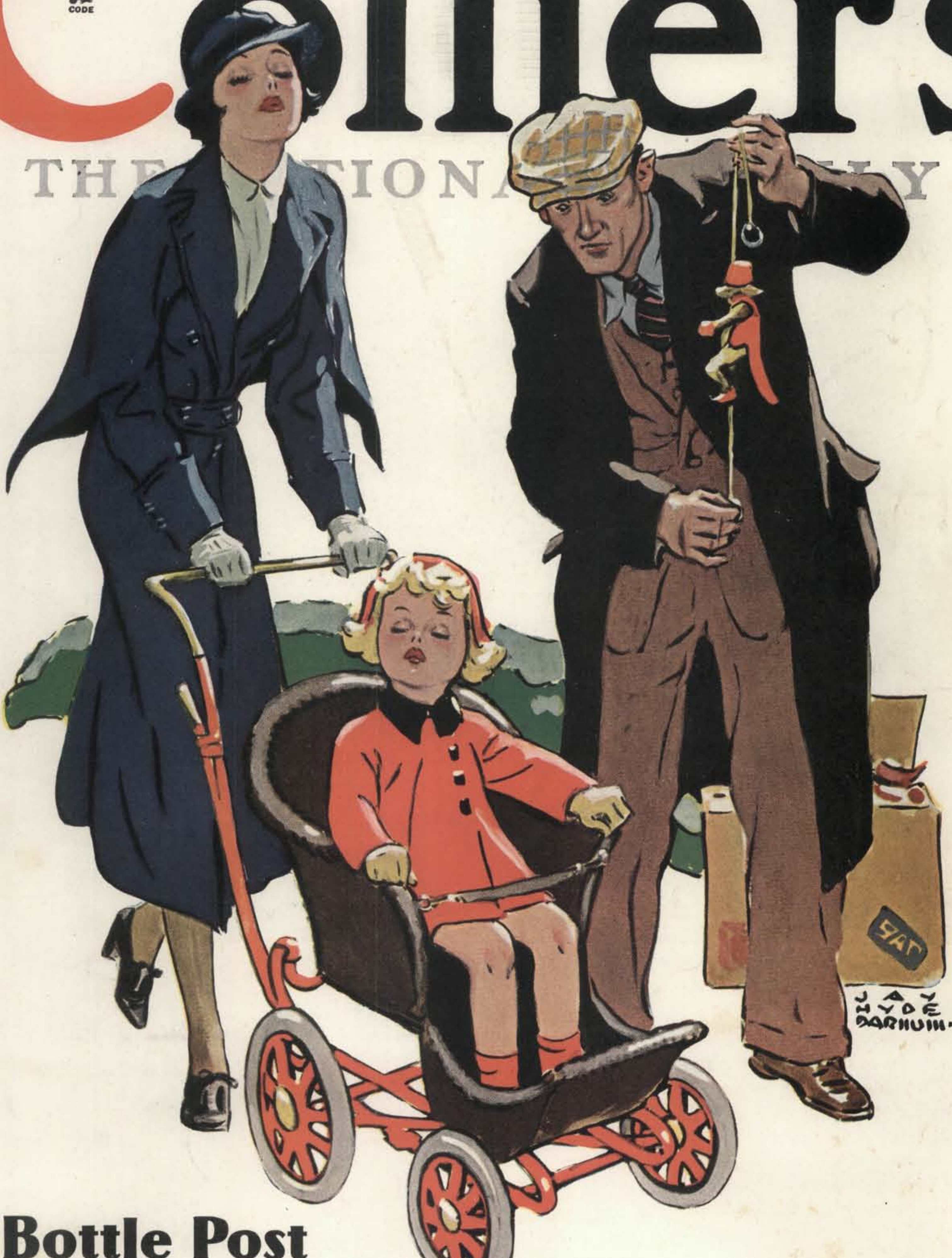

## Bottle Post

The Desert Island Story of the Year **By Gouverneur Morris**

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PRIL 6, 1935

"Luck like that deserves whiskey like this"

DON'T think it was just luck that they brought "whiskey like this" along.

For any fisherman who knows the difference between a wall-eyed pike and a speckled beauty knows there's a world of difference between the flavor of *Four Roses* and that of other whiskey.

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***A blend of all straight American whiskies***

***MADE BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES OF KENTUCKY AND MARYLAND***

# MEN *Women Despise*

THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. In business they wonder why all too often "they can't get the order."

### *You Never Know*

In social life or business, there is one fault that others do not excuse. It is halitosis (bad breath). You yourself never know when you have halitosis. That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

### *Why Offend Others?*

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly attacks fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine, which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

**LISTERINE** *checks halitosis* (BAD BREATH) *deodorizes longer*

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

# Next Week

THERE was something uncanny about Mr. Pond. He was quiet and neat and shiny. His remarks were mild and rational. But once in a while in the midst of his sanest discourses a monstrous and inexplicable statement would pop up. These were the paradoxes of Mr. Pond. Back of each one lay a story of warped circumstances and hidden motives which explained all.

"Grock's soldiers obeyed him too well," said Mr. Pond, "so he simply couldn't do a thing he wanted." The first of these short mystery stories by G. K. Chesterton appears next week. You will find in the subtle and unfathomable Mr. Pond a worthy successor to that famous amateur detective, Father Brown.

WHAT has become of the Brain Trust? With almost complete silence it disappeared from the front pages of the paper and, apparently languishing from lack of air and limelight, began to go to pieces. Professor Moley retired to private life. Jimmie Warburg is back on Wall Street. Mr. Berle and General Johnson no longer enliven the Capital. Only Rexford Tugwell remains—in a pensive twilight. You might think that all this means something. It does. George Creel, Collier's Washington staff writer, explains the important shift in the focus of government in "The Vanishing Brain Trust."

"LOOK," said John Trent, "do you mind if I don't get an inch away from you? All evening? Could you stand it?" He said that to Patricia Dean. He'd said it before. A good many times. To a good many different girls. Patricia knew that. And now he was serious. But what could he do? He'd used up all the words beforehand. Everything he said sounded like a system. Dwight Mitchell Wiley, in a delightful story of young love, shows you how he got around his own sophistication by "A Special Formula."

GLORIA LANE had a mission in life. To inspire artists. To impel them. To lead them forth to a realization of their own genius. That's why she married Frere Bensley. He was a careless, easy-going fellow, very disorderly in his working habits. Gloria set out to alter all that. And to reform Frere's friends as well. Roland Pertwee describes the results of Gloria's methods in "Destroying Angel," a story whose end you'd never guess.

LUCIAN CARY, Jerome Beatty, Quentin Reynolds, W. R. Burnett, Bill Cunningham, Sax Rohmer and others contribute facts and fiction. And every word a gem.

# This Week

●

**April 6, 1935**

*Cover by Jay Hyde Barnum*

**GOUVERNEUR MORRIS**
*Bottle Post.* The story of a fiend in infant form and a shipwrecked mariner. Page 7

**OWEN P. WHITE**
*Texas Cuts Off Her Nose.* What's happening to our natural gas—legal vandalism in the Panhandle. Page 10

**SAX ROHMER**
*The Bat Flies Low, Part II.* Lincoln Hayes plunges into deepening shadows. Page 12

**FRANK LEON SMITH**
*A Very Dumb Affair.* Tongue-tied love. Page 14

**W. R. BURNETT**
*Dr. Socrates, Part IV.* In Red Bastian's hide-out. Page 16

**TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS**
*Not for a Year.* Her face was her fortune. Page 18

**E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM**
*Settled Out of Jail.* And romance triumphs again. Page 20

**A SHORT SHORT STORY**
*Perfect Timing,* by Frederick Skerry. Page 22

**COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN**
*Opening Day.* Trout-madness abroad in the land. Page 24

**GEORGE CREEL**
*Under the Underdog.* Patrick Anthony (call me Pat) McCarran, the Administration's embarrassing friend. Page 26

**RUTH SEINFEL**
*Time to Dig.* Have you a spot of greenery in your home? Page 30

**A SHORT SHORT STORY**
*Time for a Smoke,* by Dwight Mitchell Wiley. Page 38

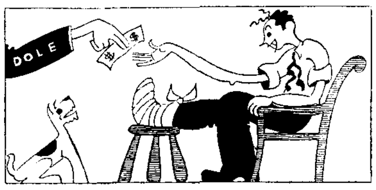
**FRELING FOSTER**
*Keep Up with the World.* Calling the turn. Page 53

**EDITORIAL**
*Step Off the Gas!* Page 62

●

# Any Week

MR. THOMAS MORGAN of Seattle, Washington, is full of doubt. "It wasn't long ago," says he, "that you couldn't hear yourselves think for the job-hunter oratory that what we wanted was work. And now that work is offered we develop chills, fever and rheumatics and yammer for the dole. And no measly British dole either, but a dole at the prevailing rate of wages of those who are simple enough to work."



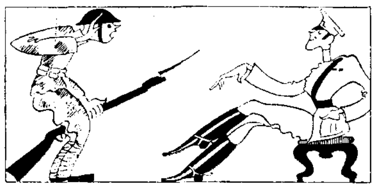
THERE has been some talk in Tennessee, says Mrs. Theresa B. Jonas of Chattanooga, of hiring "some alert young dreamer to get us more publicity. But," sighs Mrs. Jonas, "if our legislature can't attract attention to us nobody can. The rest of the world must have missed the fact that at one sitting in a single day our legislature voted down a proposition to drop our monkey law and then adopted a resolution giving the Honorable Jim Farley three ringing cheers of confidence."

ON THE same day, Mr. W. B. Ray of Corpus Christi, Texas, and Miss Rose Rhine of Chicago, Illinois, devoted themselves to a few acid thoughts about the Constitution of the United States and the Holy Bible. Mr. Ray says he was "raised to believe that the Bible was the world's most sacred piece of literature, with the Constitution running a close second. Now," says he, "along comes a brilliant young man named Henry A. Wallace recommending changes in our Constitution. . . . Shades of Thomas Jefferson! Are Americans to be put in the position of defending the foundations of our government from the very heads of our government?" As to that, Miss Rhine says: "And how many times has the Bible been revised and altered before it reached its present authorized form?"

WE WHO are so quick to scotch injustices hasten to regret one of our own making. Recently in Helen Sprackling's "Now Picture That," we named Miss Margaret Bourke-White, the photographer, as the "creator" of the murals on the mezzanine walls of the National Broadcasting Company, New York City. Wrong. Miss Bourke-White took the pictures; the murals are the product of Mr. Drix Duryea of New York. And worth much traveling to behold, too.

"AND please," demands Mr. Jacob Engle of Baltimore, Maryland, "strike my name from your list. I stood it as long as I could. But now you have to go debunking the blizzard of eighty-eight. You ought to leave us old folks something."

"I SEE," reports Mr. Louis (ex-private, A. E. F.) Mullien of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, "that General MacArthur, Chief of Staff, wants several thousand more enlisted men in the Army. But I don't see that he wants any new officers. It made me wonder whether the Army still has the lovely staff colonel I reported to one night in a swell bomb-proof dugout in France in 1918. We had just come out of action and he apparently had just come out of a scented bath. He told us, after we had reported, that from all he had heard we had done a pretty good job. And then he added: 'But was it necessary to get so dirty about it?' "



THIS magazine will, we hope, be delivered to Mrs. T. Sue Meridoff, by Major General Stahiy Petrovitch Voronshoff. Every day the general stops at Mrs. Meridoff's house in Modiagou, Harbin, Manchuria. If there is mail for her the general delivers it with a fine pomp and circumstance, as befits his dignity, his background and his rank. If there isn't, the general, who is now the local postman, apologizes and bids Mrs. Meridoff not to worry. It is not her fault, he assures her, but to be blamed upon a thoughtless world. "You should really know the general," says she. "He commanded one of the Czar's finest divisions in the Great War; he fought the Reds under Kolchak; is artillery instructor for General Wu Pei-fu and, of course, our postman. It has been hinted that some of our mail may be lost in his whiskers, which are truly astonishing. From Collier's I find that his fellow general and postman, Mr. Farley in Washington, is in dire straits. I mentioned it to General Voronshoff. 'His troubles,' says the general, 'come of too little mail for his people. Give the people plenty of letters and circulars to read and they will give us no trouble. I personally have received none for ten years but it is not for a general to complain.' "

TRY it on Huey, Jim.

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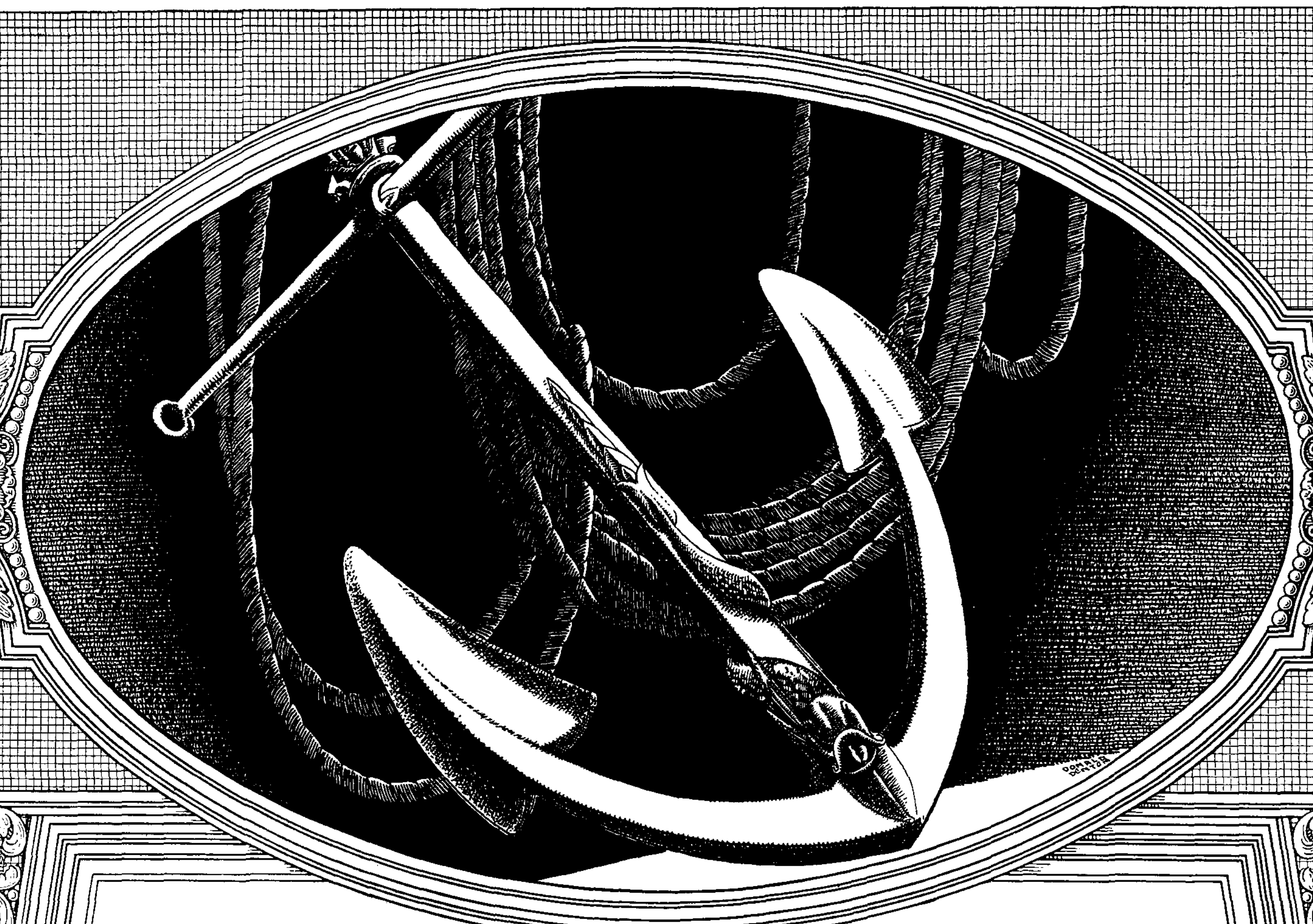

## THIS ANCHOR DIDN'T HOLD

In a storm it was useless, because it wasn't made right—and the ship nearly foundered. » » » To make things right, to build stout integrity not only into our products, but into all our relationships and services, has been the high aim, the fixed purpose of this organization for fifty years. "You don't say half enough about the *quality* of your merchandise," says a critic of our advertising. But the answer lies in the products themselves. They are made to round-out and complete the perfected Mimeograph Process—and there are no substitutes for them. We know that to lessen their quality would reduce their usefulness. They must be always fit and dependable. We know—because we invented the Mimeograph Process, and have sponsored every improvement made therein. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.

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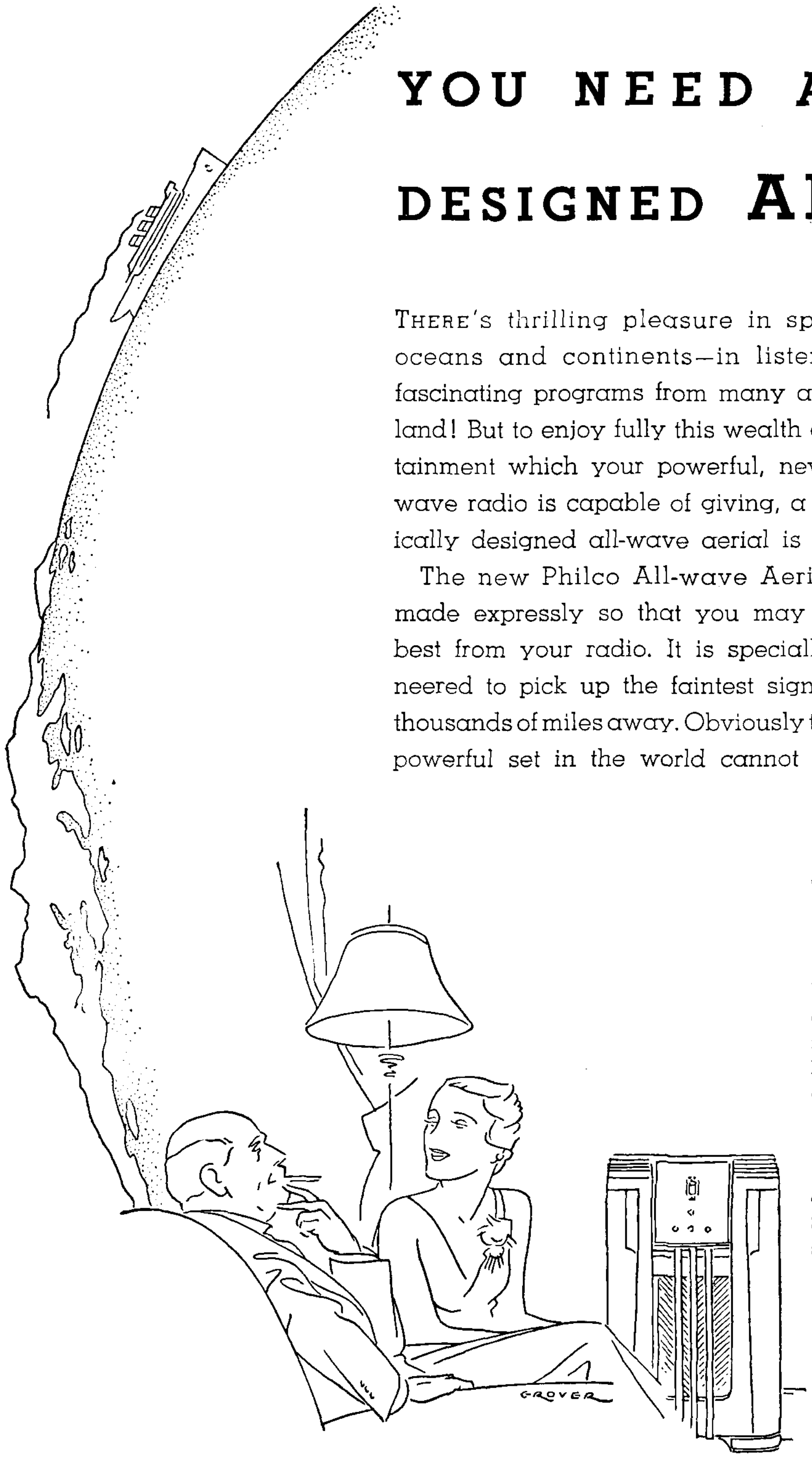

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LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

Collier's

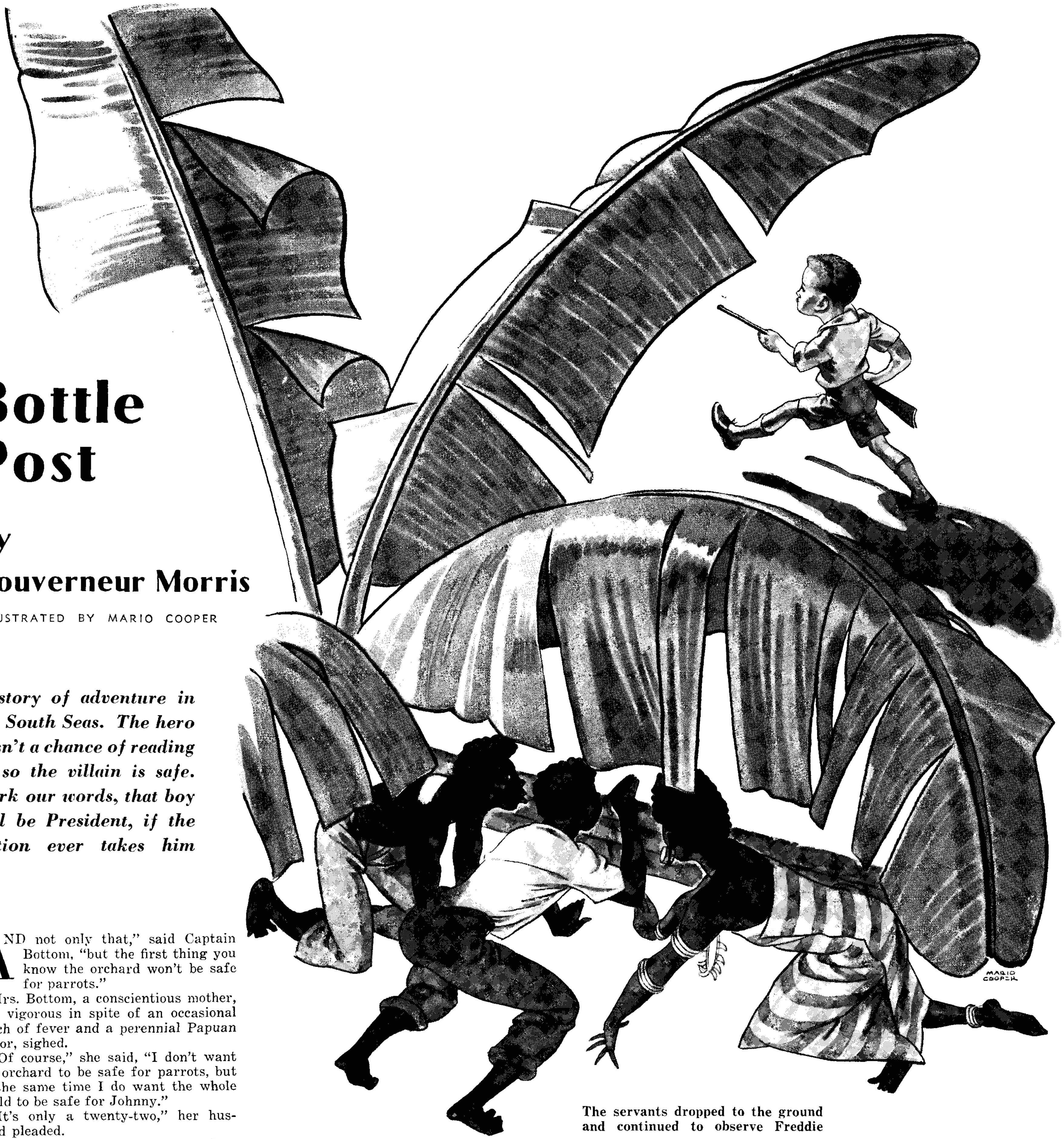
The National Weekly for April 6, 1935

# Bottle Post

## By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*A story of adventure in the South Seas. The hero hasn't a chance of reading it, so the villain is safe. Mark our words, that boy will be President, if the notion ever takes him*



**The servants dropped to the ground and continued to observe Freddie**

"AND not only that," said Captain Bottom, "but the first thing you know the orchard won't be safe for parrots."

Mrs. Bottom, a conscientious mother, and vigorous in spite of an occasional touch of fever and a perennial Papuan pallor, sighed.

"Of course," she said, "I don't want the orchard to be safe for parrots, but at the same time I do want the whole world to be safe for Johnny."

"It's only a twenty-two," her husband pleaded.

"That's what you say, Captain Bottom, but what I say is 'Firearms are firearms the world over.' "

"Johnny's eleven."

"A baby!"

"Don't let *him* hear you talking that way."

"Of course Johnny's a good boy."

"A good boy!" snorted the boy's father. "He's got more sense than many a man. He can hand and reef and steer already."

"So could you when you were only nine."

"And besides . . ."

"Of course, if you actually promised it to him . . ."

Captain Bottom looked guilty.

"Well—" And again Mrs. Bottom sighed. "It's a pretty thing."

The twenty-two had been smuggled into the house in a big cardboard box. It was an old-fashioned, single-shot rifle with a block action and Rocky Mountain sights. And it really was a pretty thing, but to Mrs. Bottom it was only a pretty thing because it was bright and clean like new pots and pans.

"Johnny's got a good eye. He'll be a good shot, and if I was a snake or a pigeon or a parrot I'd want to be something else."

Captain Bottom lifted the weapon from its box and explained its good points. To the anxious mother these seemed few. And the best was that the hole where the bullet came out was quite a long way from the hole where the cartridge went in. This seemed an especially good point when her patient husband had explained that a bullet, unlike a boomerang, with which there had been some unsatisfactory family experimenting, was supposed to go where you aimed it.

There was a sound of steps on the veranda. They were toddling steps, but resolute.

Freddie, aged five, to whom the steps belonged, was an extraordinarily purposeful child, who was never of more than one single mind at a given moment.

He knew precisely what he wanted precisely when he wanted it. If he had been a little machine instead of a little child he might have grown up to be a steam roller.

Drunken on his feet, but purposeful, he came out of the hot garden light into the subdued greenish light of the living-room, and his eyes, round and slightly protuberant without a single blink of readjustment, at once perceived the desirable object in his father's possession, and moving purposefully toward it, he held out his own hands and exclaimed imperiously:

"Gimme!"

"You can't have it," said his father. "It's for Johnny. It's his goodby present."

"What you got for me?"

"What did you ask for?"

"I asked for a wagin, but I don't want a wagin. I want a gun."

The gun was returned to its box, after being cleaned of rust-making finger marks with a greasy rag, and the box lifted to a top shelf quite beyond Freddie's reach.

"When Johnny goes hunting in the orchard," said Captain Bottom, "you can follow with the wagon and fetch home all the game he brings down."

"The wagon," said Freddie's mother, "has a yellow body and red spokes."

"When you come back," said Freddie, "I want a gun."

Freddie had red hair. It grew low on his forehead, and all over his head stood straight up like the bristles of a brush.

With bulging, unblinking eyes he scanned the height from the floor to the shelf upon which the rifle had been laid, and he had a vision of two of those stanch wooden boxes, in which five-gallon tins of gasoline are shipped to the tropics, standing one on top of the other, and of a little child standing on the top one and reaching successfully upward. So he said:

"Gimme the wagin."

IN THE tropics, areas of land planted to fruit trees are called plantations or groves. And the word orchard was peculiar to the Bottom's collection of mangoes, oranges, limes, sour sops, custard apples, mountain apples, star apples, durians, figs, pineapples, guavas and bananas. Mrs. Bottom had been born in a country of orchards and the word was dear to her. To her also and by a similar sentiment a terrace was a porch, and a bungalow a house.

The hedge of Natal plums which surrounded the orchard would have been elephant-proof if there had been any elephants, but since no hedge grows to heaven, it wasn't even an obstacle to the fruit-eating birds of the jungle. Indeed, to these the dark rectangle of the hedge seen from afar merely served as a landmark.

The birds who eat to live were not a problem, but the parrots not only eat to live but live to destroy. They came in brightly colored clouds, green and yellow, green and scarlet, green and blue, and they came screaming all at once in as many keys as there were hundreds of parrots. If a bunch of bananas had begun to ripen, they ate what was ripe, destroyed what was green, and for good measure tore the tree itself to pieces. It was no easier to bring a mango to maturity in that orchard than it would have been to introduce a rich man into heaven through the eye of a needle.

BUT soon after the departure of Captain Bottom in his ninety-foot interisland schooner, Get There (on a morning of copper sky and sea), the affairs of the orchard took a turn for the better.

Parrots know perfectly well where they will go when they die, and so they live at least a hundred years if they possibly can and fear death. An entire army of parrots rushing murderously in where it might seem that even angels would fear to tread may be defeated and turned by one well-aimed bullet from a small-caliber rifle in the hands of an eleven-year-old boy. And it may be an hour before the repelled army recovers its nerve and once more returns to the attack.

If live parrots are the enemies of those who defend orchards, dead parrots are their friends and allies. There is something about dead parrots hanged by their necks and twisting in space which causes live parrots to remember their far-off safe homes in hollow trees and to wonder how their babies are getting on.

Furthermore, a pair of fruit-fed parrots, en casserole, is a dish for the gods, the hearts and livers do nicely en brochette, and the odor of parrots dismembered and delectably frying penetrates into remote jungles, and gives living parrots something to think about.

Also Johnny took many parrots alive and made cages for them and hung them in the orchard. And these so screamed and lamented that they might have been mistaken for Israelites in bondage, and served as horrible warnings to such of their former comrades as had preserved their lives and liberties.

JOHNNY slew because he was a soldier in a war, because he was a hunter for the pot. At first he mangled or missed. But at the end of a month he was squeezing his trigger instead of jerking it, and shooting his game and his enemies through the head.

Freddie, sworn to Indian patience and silence, and a child of his word, followed the battle or the hunt with his wagon and retrieved the fallen.

Between shots it was to be expected that Johnny would lay down the law a little for the benefit of his younger brother, and explain the principles of quick and accurate fire with a twenty-two-caliber rifle.

Freddie, his red hair standing up like the bristles of a brush, his bulging eyes unblinking, listened without seeming to listen and absorbed. He learned just how much of the front sight must show in the notch of the rear sight for a point-blank shot; just how much if your quarry was the width of the orchard away; just how to hold if the quarry was upward from you or downward; how triggers are squeezed rather than jerked, and how rifles to be accurate must be clean, and must be cleaned from the breech and not from the muzzle.

He learned how to hold for a tin can swinging at the end of a string like a pendulum, or for an orange tossed into the air. You didn't try to hit it when it was going up or when it was coming down, you chose instead the instant of time when it was neither defying gravity nor giving way to it. Without seeming to, Freddie listened and learned, and at five and a half he had mastered the theory of marksmanship and lacked only the practice.

For the time and place, Captain Bottom was a well-to-do man, and if he continued to go a-voyaging among the islands it was no longer from necessity. Voyages, reefs, islands and the everlasting dickerings with savages were in his blood. He could not give them up. But the knowledge that if he piled his schooner Get There on a reef one of these days and never came home at all his family would be well provided for was a comfort to him. He could afford to take chances which other men could not afford to take, and he took them. He had the kind of courage which belongs to brave men who despair, or to brave men who control safe-deposit boxes filled with choice mortgages.

In addition to mortgages, Captain Bottom owned a thousand acres of coconut trees in bearing, a rich orchard, rich gardens, a private harbor full of fish, the stump of a dead volcano on which coffee throve, and which commanded magnificent views, the finest runs of Rhode Island Reds in Papua, a waterfall with medicinal properties, two thousand gold sovereigns ("just in case") and half a salt sack full of pearls, some of which were valuable.

Mrs. Bottom had known her husband to make so many departures and so many landfalls that during his sometimes long absences she had long since ceased to worry.

She had the routine of the plantation to think about, interest to collect, bills to pay, the welfare and condition of the children to attend to, and for recreation an occasional shopping trip to the town, an occasional luncheon, or dinner party, and the biweekly meetings of the bridge club.

The club meetings were held in rotation at the houses of the several members, and Mrs. Bottom, an enthusiast, just gone Culbertson, only failed to attend when she was melting with fever or so shaken with chills that her teeth rattled.

Glok was the name of the Bottoms' chauffeur, but sometimes, when his wife was having a baby, or his grandmother, who lived back in the mountains, had just died, Johnny was privileged to take his place at the wheel of the flivver and pilot his mother's excursions upon business or pleasure. Sometimes Freddie accompanied them.

It was on the whole pleasanter when he did not. It was not that they loved Freddie less, but peace and contentment more.

When Freddie did not accompany them he was left in the servants' charge. There were many of these, and with one exception each of them had a pair of eyes in his or her head. They were told to keep their eyes on Freddie. And they did. And if it had seemed that any of Freddie's activities might have resulted in a fatality to himself or others, they might have interfered. Otherwise they contented themselves with keeping their eyes upon him and failing to remember all that their eyes had seen when Mrs. Bottom returned to the plantation and asked for a report.

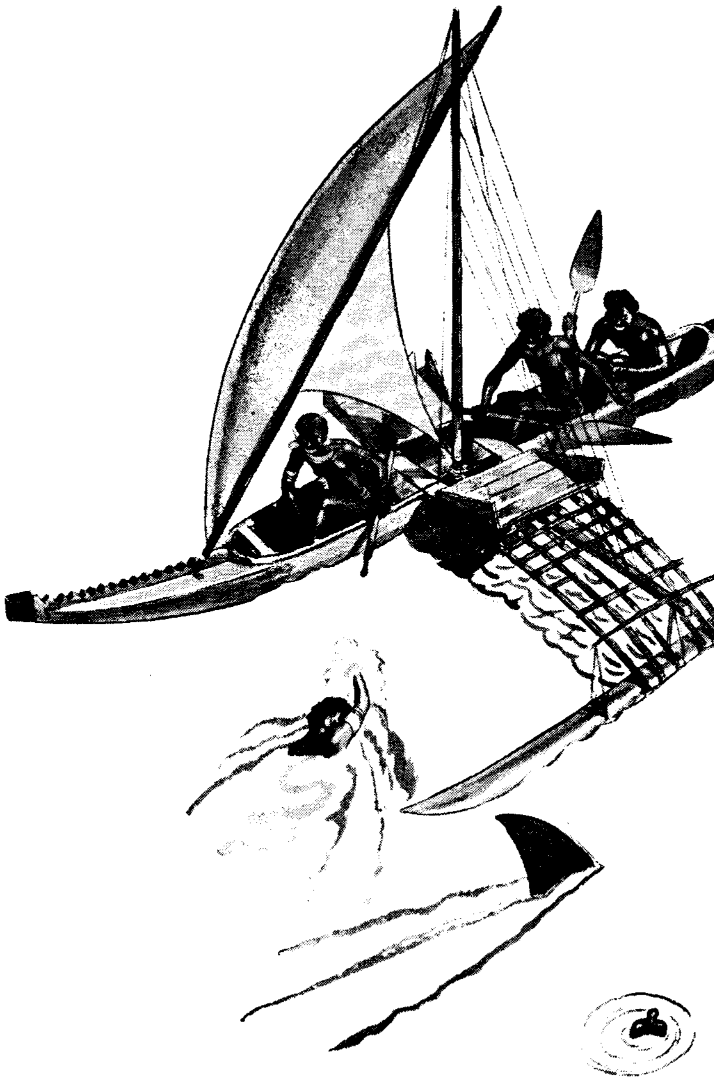
It was an axiom of the plantation life that he who told on Freddie might look for reprisals.

Freddie was what is known among refined people as a "hell-child." He was an adept with a ladle full of boiling soup. He knew how to drive a nail through the bottom of a canoe from the outside so that when a man sat down on it he remembered that he had made the mistake of speaking out of turn. Horrid tales of Freddie went the rounds. Those were tales of fishhooks painfully and suddenly discovered in mouthfuls of curried crab. There was the tale of the long ladder one of whose topmost rungs had suddenly failed to support an accustomed weight. There was the tale of how flies may be kept out of the sugar bowls by filling the sugar bowls with salt. There was the tale of the pipe stem filled with red pepper, and there were more simple tales of heavy clubs being brought down upon unsuspecting woolly heads from behind, and of wires drawn taut, and no more than six inches from the ground, along the edges of ravines which had to be crossed by young bucks or damsels who were hurrying to keep trysts in the dark.

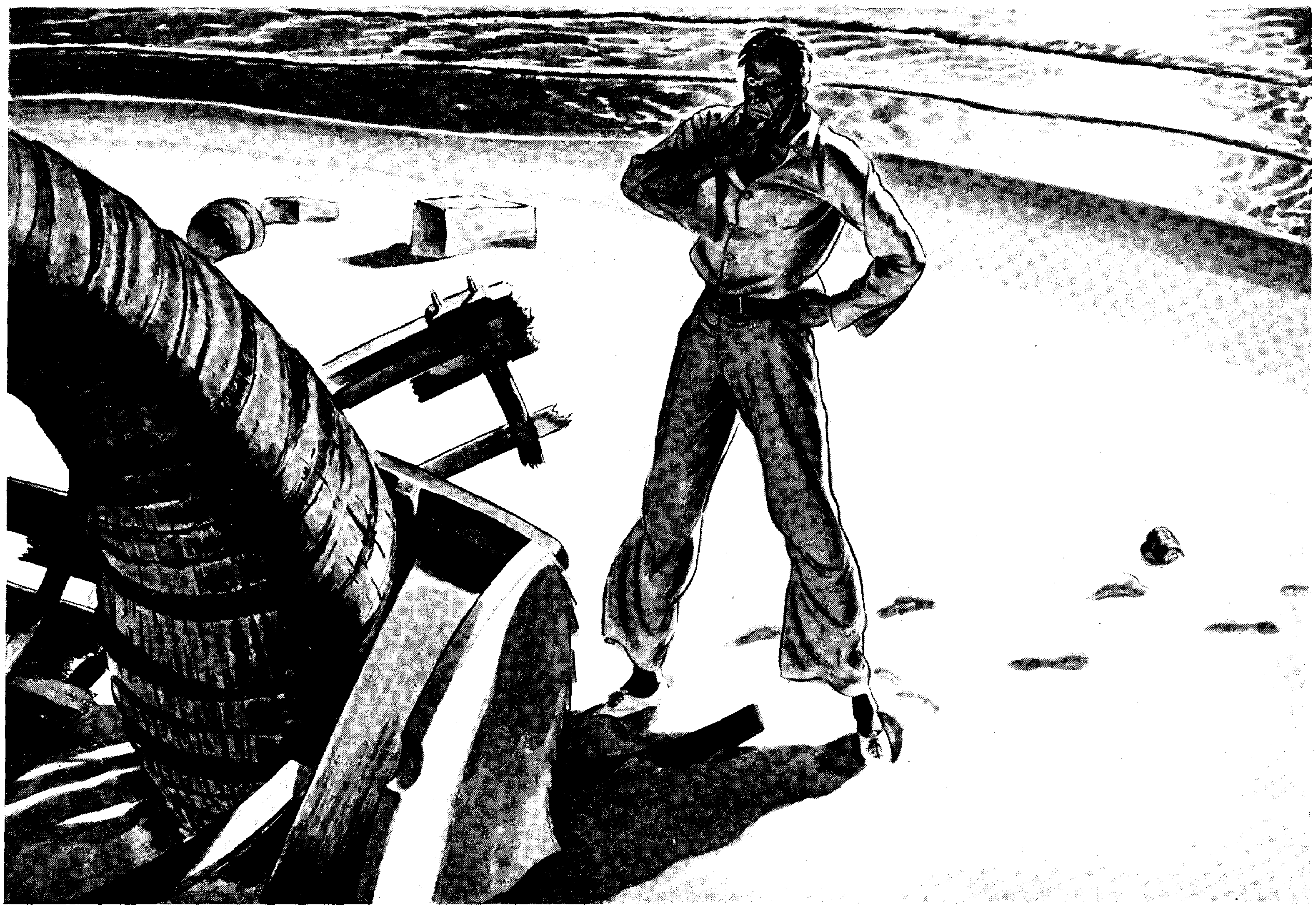
AND so it was that whenever Mrs. Bottom returned from somewhere or other and demanded an account of Freddie's doings she was given to understand that he had spent the most of his time in loving vocal complaints concerning the prolonged absence of his beloved mother and brother, and in turning over the leaves of books which contained pictures.

If Mrs. Bottom sometimes wondered why the mere act of missing her and turning over the leaves of picture books should result in so many scratches and bruises and jam stains, she was wise enough to be glad that things were no worse, and to pursue her curiosity no further.

The rifle no longer reposed on a top



He regained the canoe with the pace of a sea-sled



Even the dinghy had been blown into the stem of a tree and smashed like an egg

shelf, but was locked in a wardrobe. Only two persons knew where the key was hidden: Johnny, who had hidden it, and Freddie, whose unblinking eyes had watched Johnny during the entire act of the hiding.

It has often been observed that where their interests are concerned, or what they suppose to be their interests, "hell-children" are nearly always in the right place at the right time. And that I suppose is why so many of them escape hanging and grow up to be good citizens, and to suffer from "hell-children" of their own.

It cannot be said that Freddie knew nothing of love. He had probably forgotten more than the average man will ever know, and his sole interest in such matters was in the ways and means by which lovers may be most surprisingly and painfully thwarted. And that he himself was a lover of sorts would have surprised and disgusted him no end. Nevertheless, it was not until he had his brother's rifle in his hands and thought himself free to do as he pleased with it that for the first time in his life he was truly and triumphantly happy. And no future coming-together whatsoever would ever afford him a more exquisite bliss.

Freddie emerged from the house with the rifle held at attention, and moved toward the orchard. All the servants who had two eyes observed him, and so also did the servant who had but one. And all dropped flat to the ground, behind things, and determined not to remember what they had seen or heard.

Although Freddie's walk was drunken it was purposeful. His was the advance of an auger into a block of wood, of a rhinoceros into the smell of man, of a hippopotamus into the old swimming hole in the home river, of a steam roller upon broken stone in need of further crushing. In short, the servants, who had dropped to the ground behind things and continued to observe Freddie, made no doubt that he was on his way to the orchard and would get there.

As it happened, the time at Freddie's disposal was limited. His mother and the owner of the rifle had only dropped down the road a piece to deliver a parrot aspic to an old lady who bit only with her gums, and a bundle of hibiscus cuttings to a bride who was starting a garden and a family at the same time.

He would have liked to make love to the rifle before he fired it. He would have liked to take it apart with a screw driver and put it together again. But the essential of time was lacking, and he had no more than hugged it a little to his breast than he perceived a robber parrot, green and scarlet, examining a bunch of green bananas with a view to destruction.

THE child could be articulate when he chose, just as he could be deaf when he chose, or hear the far-off whir of hummingbird wings when he chose, but at this particular moment he did not choose to be articulate, and it may be well to record the subconscious thought which at this particular moment occupied his mind.

"If," he thought, "Johnny can hit things, there can't be much to it."

It has been said that Freddie walked drunkenly, as most little children do, but when he stood he showed no more signs of inebriation than the Pyramid of Cheops or the Rock of Gibraltar. Even by the young Napoleon who specialized in such matters, he might have been mistaken for the perfect gun carriage. It is doubtful if in those moments when he was leveling his piece at the marauding parrot he could have been shaken from his base by an earthquake or a hurricane.

The quarry was at point-blank range, but upward from where Freddie stood. Freddie allowed precisely the right amount of front sight to show in the notch of the rear sight and instead of jerking the trigger of the little rifle he squeezed it and shot the parrot through the head. Two minutes later he had shot a very high-up powder-blue pigeon through the head. It was so fat that when it hit the ground it burst open.

Time and tide wait for neither man nor child. Freddie at the moment was too far removed from the tide to be concerned, but time was certainly racing. He had previously marked down a most venomous serpent, which had the matter of laying eggs in the sunny side of the compost heap under advisement. He now without ceremony, because stop-and-go signals are not obeyed by time, routed her into the open and shot a hole through her triangular head.

Thereafter he returned to the river, cleaned the rifle (from the breech) returned it to its wardrobe and the key of the wardrobe to its hiding place.

The servants rose up from the places behind things where they had flung themselves and, for fear of reprisals, forgot the things that they had seen and the shots they had heard.

As the sound of the returning flivver was heard coming up the avenue of flame trees, Freddie gilded an already perfect alibi by ducking into the pantry and smearing his face with sea-grape preserve.

CAPTAIN BOTTOM was so disgusted with himself that he actually wished to go to the bottom with his ship. It was the conventional thing to do. You packed everybody into the boats and saw them off, and then you just stood there on the bridge and went down. This sort of heroism was, however, out of the question. For one thing, the Get There had nothing that could be called a bridge and, for another, she was stuck high and dry on a reef. She might break up, but she could not go down.

Jeffirs, the mate, had said that there was a reef thereabouts. Captain Bottom had said that there was not. The consequences of being egregiously wrong are shame and anger. The anger is assumed like a garment to cover the shame. But shame or no shame, Captain Bottom was beginning to wish that he had not sent Jeffirs and the crew for help. It was early for hurricanes, but not so awfully early, and, besides, help was not really needed. The old Get There was a gone coon with a broken back and a stove-in side; but, barring a gale from the southwest, she might not go to pieces for months, and it might have been possible to engineer a better ship than the longboat out of the remains.

Jeffirs and the longboat, however, ought to make home waters in ten days or two weeks, and rescue propelled by gasoline ought to reach him in another four or five days. Call it three weeks at

*(Continued on page 50)*

# Texas Cuts Off Her Nose

***Texas doesn't like foreigners—and that includes the residents of the other forty-seven states. When some of these suspicious characters began pumping natural gas out of the Panhandle for the use of other foreigners, the Lone Star State became apoplectic. "We'll show them," it cried. "We'll blow away all our natural gas. Then where will they be?" That's what they're doing, too. It's your loss and mine***

### By Owen P. White

IN THE bleak, wind-swept country of the Texas Panhandle, I visited a few weeks ago the largest gas-compressor station in the world. Considering the environment, it was an interesting experience. Fifteen years ago this huge area, as large as Pennsylvania, was merely a range for cows and coyotes. Now I stood and gazed in awe at a dozen huge engines which were all busily, almost noiselessly, engaged in the comforting task of packing up light and heat, in the form of natural gas, and shooting it through a twenty-four-inch pipe line, 950 miles long, to the citizens of the far-away, chilly city of Chicago.

That, it occurred to me, is the only proper way to utilize a natural resource. Hundreds of thousands of people can turn on their kitchen stoves, or light the heaters in their bathrooms or under their furnaces, and thus get the benefit of something the Creator has provided for their use. As I recall it, I even went so far as to voice that thought to an engineer who was with me, whereupon he said:

"Correct. I agree with you. Common sense tells everybody who has any of it that natural gas should be distributed as widely as possible for domestic use. But come along. Let's ride some more and I'll show you something else."

We rode for thirty miles, maybe, across the surface of the largest reservoir of natural gas in the world, passed hundreds of oil wells, paused at several small compressor stations, took note of quite a number of other plants of various kinds, and finally came within *hearing* distance of one which, located on a hilltop, dominated the entire landscape.

I say within "hearing distance" because that is exactly what I mean. Having just come from a noiselessly operating compressor station which was utilizing gas economically, beneficially and sanely, the first thing that impressed me as I approached this establishment was the infernal racket it was making. In the vicinity of this plant the ground trembles, the air vibrates; it is as if seventeen old-fashioned fire-engines were all doing their best at the same time. And yet within the place there isn't so much as a wheelbarrow load of moving machinery to account for the rumpus.

What makes it then? Step outside and take a look. Over there, a hundred yards away from the main building, two black pipes, twenty-four inches in diameter, rise up out of the ground like a couple of black fingers to a height of about 100 feet, and out of the mouths of those pipes, forced through by its own terrific pressure of more than 400 pounds to the square inch, two hundred million cubic feet of gas per day is being blown into the air and forever wasted!

This is a typical gasoline-stripping plant. For the sake of extracting one gallon of gasoline, worth three cents, from every three thousand cubic feet of natural gas it takes from the ground it is "popping off" that enormous amount of perfectly good gas. Is it any wonder that the gas itself roars out its protest at such an outrage?

#### An All-Time Peak in Waste

Of course it isn't and neither is it at all surprising that men who are interested in the legitimate use of gas are putting up almost as loud a roar as the gas itself. They should roar, too, because on the very liberal allowance of 100,000 cubic feet per family per year, this single plant, which is but one of forty-one in the Panhandle, is daily blowing away enough light and fuel and heat to care comfortably for 730,000 homes, or is wasting more than twice as much gas as the compressor station I have mentioned is sending to Chicago.

Nor is this the only comparison available. As stated, there are forty-one plants in the Panhandle field which are blowing gas into the air. According to the October, 1934, figures of the Texas Railroad Commission, which permits the waste by the actual issuance of permits, the daily "pop-off" for that month from all of these plants amounted to 1,069,838,000 cubic feet. On top of this, according to engineering statements which can be verified, and still without hindrance from the Railroad Commission, an additional 800,000,000 cubic feet daily is wasted by oil wells, in flambeaux and through general carelessness. Thus approximately two billion cubic feet of gas per day is being thrown away in Texas.

Multiply this by ninety-five cents per thousand, which is the domestic price in New York City, or by sixty-five, the price in Dallas, and what have we? It's amazing. Every day in the year Texas throws away a natural, national asset that has a sale value of $1,900,000 to the people of New York, or $1,300,000 to its own citizens! And Texas stands for it! Why?

In order to answer intelligently this question—and the answer is fully as amazing as the fact itself—we will have to go back and, as briefly as possible, look into the history of the Panhandle gas field.

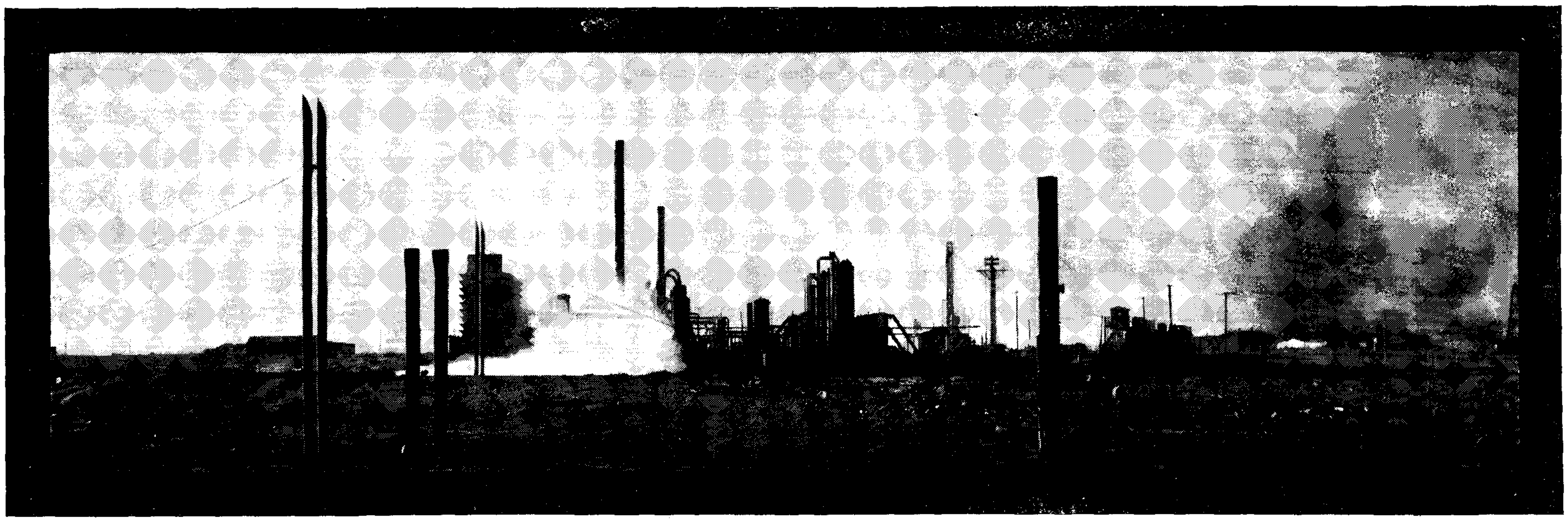
It was in 1918 that the first gas well, one of 5,000,000 cubic feet daily capacity, was drilled in by oil prospectors. But no one paid any attention to it because, as there was no market for it, the gas wasn't worth anything. Within the next two years several other wildcatters had the same hard luck. Plenty of gas but no oil. Finally, in 1921, the Gulf Production Company got a well with a capacity of 175 barrels; but, as this was too small to amount to anything, there was practically no more drilling for four years. Then, in 1925, another 200-barrel well was discovered. This was disgusting. So disgusting that its owner, after screwing a cap down on his casing, walked off and left the field. So did everybody else and thus it began to look as if the Panhandle, which for a few years had been enjoying rosy dreams of great wealth, was doomed to return to its original owners: the cows and coyotes.

Then a queer thing, one of the queerest that has ever happened in a queer business, now happened. Almost a year to the day after the last man who had struck oil had abandoned his hole he came back to it, unscrewed its cap, dropped down a string of tools and, swearing that he'd drill through to China if he had to, he went to work. But not for long. He drilled only three feet and then, suddenly, his bit and everything else that was down in that hole came flying back at him on top of a 3,000-barrel gusher.

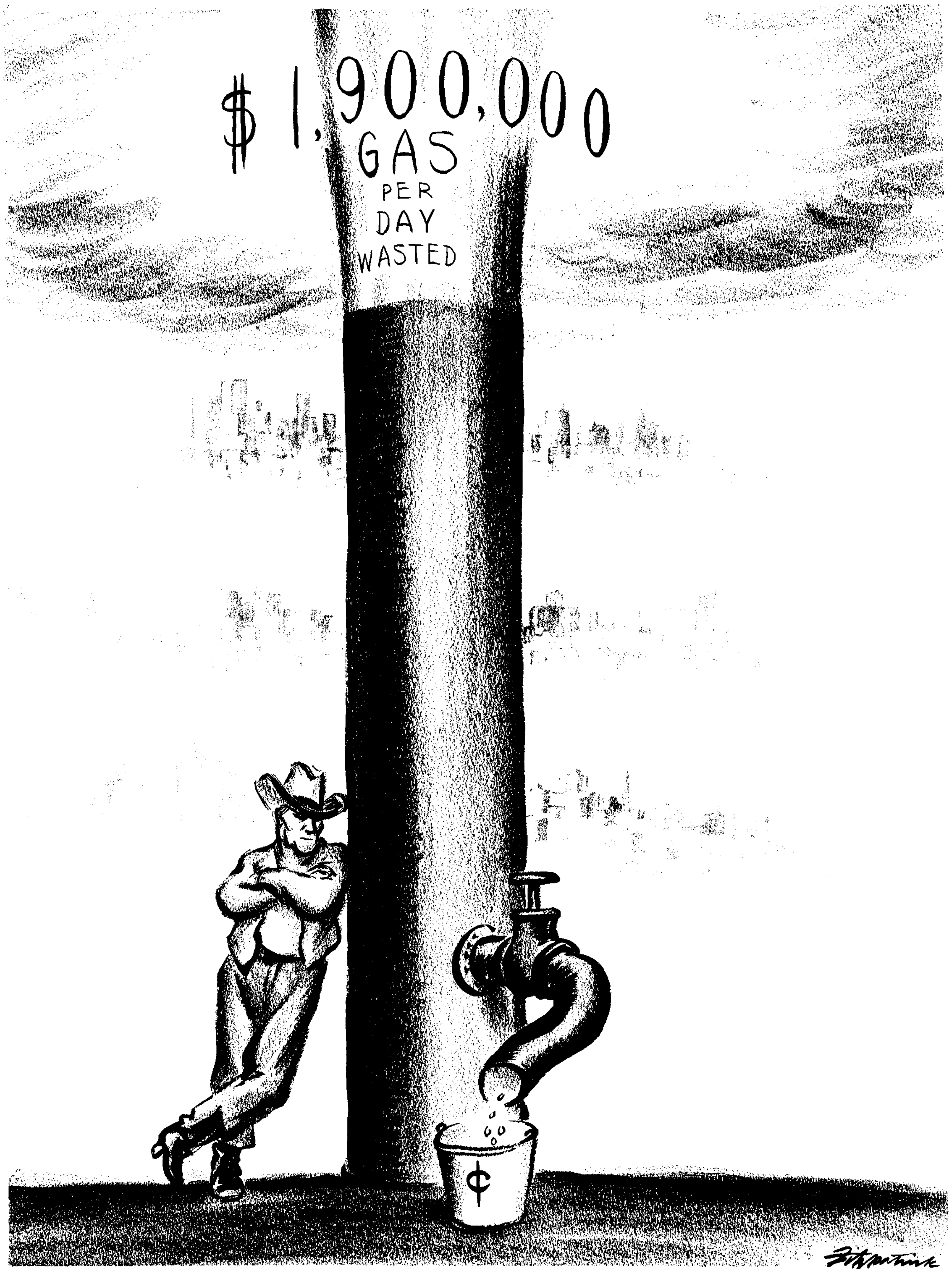
#### All Set for the Future

This meant something. East Texas had not yet opened up and so this find, comparatively small though it was, got everybody in the oil business so excited that within a short time not only had the Panhandle field become recognized as the second largest oil reserve in the world, but also it was being whispered about that surrounding it on three sides, and embracing an area of approximately 1,350,000 acres, lay the largest reservoir of natural gas that has ever been located on this planet.

It was so big that even oil men, accustomed as they are to astronomical figures, couldn't comprehend it. Seventeen trillion cubic feet of natural fuel held under a pressure of 430 pounds to the square inch was what the geologists said underlay the Panhandle. Many experts laughed at the statement as an exaggerated dream. One outfit though, which was then ready to clutch at even an imaginary straw, didn't. In 1925 the Lone Star Gas Company, which was furnishing the cities of Fort Worth and Dallas with natural gas from a small field at Petrolia in Clay County, was having the jitters. Petrolia was becoming exhausted. The company's investment in pipe lines and general equipment was consequently threatened, and the directors were beginning



A Texas Panhandle stripping plant. From the foreground pipes 200,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas are blown away daily after being processed for gasoline



Texas is dissipating one of our greatest natural resources at an appalling rate

gloomily to contemplate receiverships, bankruptcies and such things when they heard about the Panhandle.

That was enough. They investigated; found that the geologists were as nearly correct as geologists can be, and so they lost no time at all in leasing acreage, drilling wells and constructing a pipe line 200 miles long to their old terminal at Petrolia. The investment that this company thus had to make was enormous but was justified on the theory that its customers were now linked up with a practically inexhaustible supply of cheap natural gas. At least that was what both the Lone Star Gas Company and its thousands of customers fondly believed.

Other pipe-line companies, whose mission in life it is to deliver gas to homes outside of Texas, felt the same way and acted accordingly. Thus by the end of May, 1932, natural gas from the Panhandle field was being distributed by five major companies to towns, cities and villages located all the way through from the Texas border to the terminals of the pipe lines which were located, and still are, at Denver, Rochester, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Chicago and Indianapolis.

Clearly these pipe lines, 4,530 miles in length, together with all their mechanical equipment, must have cost a lot of money. They did. According to figures which I have before me, these five pipe-line companies, which are all engaged in the business of distributing gas for domestic use and therefore try to conserve every cubic foot possible, have more than $400,000,000 invested in their business. Obviously the value of this investment was, and is, dependent upon the permanency, over a long period of years, of the gas supply in the Panhandle field. Therefore, being astute business men, the gentlemen who own these pipe lines had been careful, before putting their millions into them, to do two things.

First, they had made certain that the estimates of the geologists were substantially correct as to the amount of gas in the field, and second, they had assured themselves of their proportion of it by leasing sixty-one per cent of its acreage. Furthermore, as an added safeguard not only to their own interests but to the interests as well of the gas-consuming public of Denver, Chicago, Kansas City, Indianapolis and all way stations, they had looked carefully at the gas laws of the state of Texas.

These were satisfactory. Away back in 1899 a wise legislature had said that any man who discovered a gas well must cap it within ten days and keep it capped until the gas could be utilized for light, heat or power. That was perfect. It was true conservation, and it had been rendered even better by the fact that two later legislatures, one in 1905 and one in 1919, had enlarged the original act by causing it to cover all kinds of wells in which gas might occur, defining waste to include wasteful utilization, and empowering the State Railroad Commission to enforce the law and also make additional conservation rules.

Under such circumstances the business of transporting gas from Texas to consumers a long way from Texas seemed to be a safe one. With plenty of gas, plenty of acreage, plenty of law, and with a Railroad Commission to enforce that law, why shouldn't it be safe? The Lone Star Gas Company said it was; so did the attorneys for the pipe lines and therefore, just to put the fact bluntly before you, it thus befell that these poor unsuspecting foreign corporations invested many millions of their stockholders' dollars in the enterprise. Since then what has happened?

### The Joker Emerges

From this point on, despite the Texas gas conservation law and the Railroad Commission, the tale is one that is characterized with the three Graces of Evasion, Vindictiveness and Waste. To illustrate. As everyone knows, wherever oil flows spontaneously from a well the flow is caused by gas pressure. Consequently a certain amount of gas is always being released in the oil fields. This amount, however, need not be excessive. For example, in the Van field in Texas, which has been scientifically developed without the aid of the Railroad Commission, only 300 cubic feet of gas is used for the production of a barrel of oil.

Out in the Panhandle field, where the Commission with its rules reigns supreme, that body's own records show that for July, 1932, which please note was only two months after the Chicago pipe line began operations, 126 oil wells used in excess of 100,000 cubic feet of gas for each barrel of oil they brought to the surface. Shocking, isn't it? . . . And yet these 126 wells were pikers in comparison with twenty-one others in the district which showed a ratio of three million cubic feet of gas for each barrel of oil. To the pipe-line companies this was ominous. If this waste were not stopped the gas reserves, instead of lasting a hundred years, would be exhausted in perhaps fifty, and so they at once made a strenuous protest to the Railroad Commission.

It had its result. Out came the nigger from the woodpile. "Sure," said the Commission, in December, 1932, "we'll be glad to accommodate. We'll tell these oil men that they can only use 25,000 cubic feet of gas per barrel of oil, but when we do, then you pipe-line fellows—you foreigners, that is—must agree to buy from them all the excess gas they are able to produce."

The Commission even had a bill to that effect passed by the legislature. It was, of course, immediately declared invalid by a federal court which held that the pipe lines were private institutions; that they were not wasting any gas, and that so long as they had plenty of

(Continued on page 52)

# The Bat Flies Low

## By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

*The Story Thus Far:*

IN EGYPT, seeking rarities for Lincoln Hayes, distinguished American Egyptologist, Captain "Paddy" Rorke makes a remarkable find: a sheet of ancient papyrus whereon, he believes, a wonderful lamp (its secret long lost) is described. He returns to New York after frustrating three attempts to steal the papyrus.

Arrived, he goes to Hayes' imposing mansion. Hayes has been having an interesting evening. At the theater, he has seen a gloriously beautiful girl; and he has met her companion, her uncle—the charming Mohammed Ahmes Bey, a diplomat from Egypt. Rorke is present while the Egyptian is a guest; with Ann Wayland, Hayes' secretary, Mohammed Ahmes Bey is inspecting Hayes' private museum.

Before Rorke tells his story, Ulric Stefanson, a young scientific genius, arrives. And the Egyptian disappears—a phone call, according to Ann, has called him away suddenly. . . . Rorke produces the papyrus, places it on a drawing-board. "That," he announces, "is part of a chapter from the fabled Book of Thoth. In it, that broken lamp you gave the Metropolitan, Hayes, is minutely described. And in it there's a secret formula—a chemical combination which, alone, will make the lamp work."

As the three men discuss the matter, someone, in a near-by room, screams. Ann! Then comes a blinding flash—and complete darkness. Rorke rushes to the door. Someone, on the other side, is holding it. Hayes turns the light-switch. It will not work. Lurgan, Hayes' butler, strikes a match. He cannot see the flame—but it burns his fingers. *All are blind!*

For only a few minutes, however. When their sight returns, the papyrus has disappeared. And Ann Wayland, lying on the floor of the library, is apparently dead. "Lurgan," Hayes raps at the butler, "call a doctor—and the District Attorney. *Quick!*"

### II

DR. MÜLLER came downstairs. He descended very slowly, or so it seemed to the two men in the Venetian lobby. Captain Rorke, upright, his hands behind him, looked very slim against a tapestry background. Lincoln Hayes, in an armchair near one of the tall silver candelabra, glanced upward and backward over his shoulder. Rorke was biting his lower lip, but Hayes' face was expressionless.

At the foot of the stairs Dr. Müller paused. He was dark and still young, wearing black-rimmed spectacles. He had a very fine forehead, and that entire absence of humor which sometimes goes with scientific enthusiasm. Lincoln Hayes had marked him for a coming man. Dr. Müller looked from face to face.

"Well?" said Hayes.

Captain Rorke ceased biting his lip. He took a cigarette from a box on a ledge near by and lighted it.

"Adderley is still at work," Dr. Müller replied; his tones were gloomy. "He is brilliant, but . . ."

Dr. Eldon Adderley was certainly brilliant. He was perhaps the most famous consultant in New York City, and Müller—an indication that Müller really was a clever man—had called him in immediately.

"I suppose you mean," said Rorke, in an over-casual voice, "that in your opinion the case is hopeless?"

DR. MÜLLER turned to the speaker; his expression was deeply sympathetic. He gravely inclined his head.

"If any man in the world can restore her to life," he replied, "that man is with her now."

He turned and slowly went upstairs again.

Mysterious horror hung like a cloud over the Hayes home. The distinctive note of a police car proclaimed itself in the street. Lurgan, the butler, appeared from an arched Moorish doorway and crossed. There was a moment of complete silence. Rorke puffed at his cigarette; Lincoln Hayes sat motionless. Lurgan reëntered.

"Mr. Maguire," he announced, "and another . . . gentleman."

There was an almost imperceptible pause before the last word. District Attorney Maguire came in; a big man buttoned up in a big-check overcoat, a soft hat held in his hand. His profuse silvery hair, brushed straight back from a square brow, oddly emphasized the blackness of his thick, shaggy eyebrows.

His companion, who wore a blue overcoat, was smallish, thick-set and bullet-headed. He had wrinkled, leathery features, and quickly moving dark eyes which might have reminded one of those of a weasel. He held a hard black hat and had an unlighted cigar clenched in the left corner of his thin mouth.

"Ah, Maguire!" Hayes stood up. "Sorry to dig you out. Felt I wanted to see you."

Lurgan took the overcoat and hat from District Attorney Maguire and his companion, and left the room.

"This is Captain Rorke, whom I don't think you've met, Maguire," Hayes said.

MAGUIRE, who wore a check tweed suit of a pattern even more violent than that of his overcoat, shook hands with Rorke, then, turning:

"Detective Sergeant Hawley of the Homicide Bureau," he said, in a rich, actor's voice. "I'm sorry there's trouble, Hayes. What's happened?"

Detective Sergeant Hawley, cigar protruding from thin lips, stood on the exact spot which he had reached at the moment of entry, his eyes darting left and right.

"Attempted murder," Hayes answered dryly. "At least—maybe successful. We don't know yet. Sit down, gentlemen."

Lurgan reappeared as if in response to a telepathic message.

"A highball for you, sir, I believe," he said, addressing Maguire. "And for you, sir?" turning to the detective.

"Nothing. I'm thinking."

Captain Rorke knocked ash from his cigarette end.

"What were you thinking, Sergeant?" he asked.

"I was thinking there's a curious smell around here."

"What kind of smell?" growled Maguire, sniffing deeply.

"I couldn't just give it a name; but it kind of reminds me of the sea."

"Quite right," said Rorke quietly. "I had already noted it."

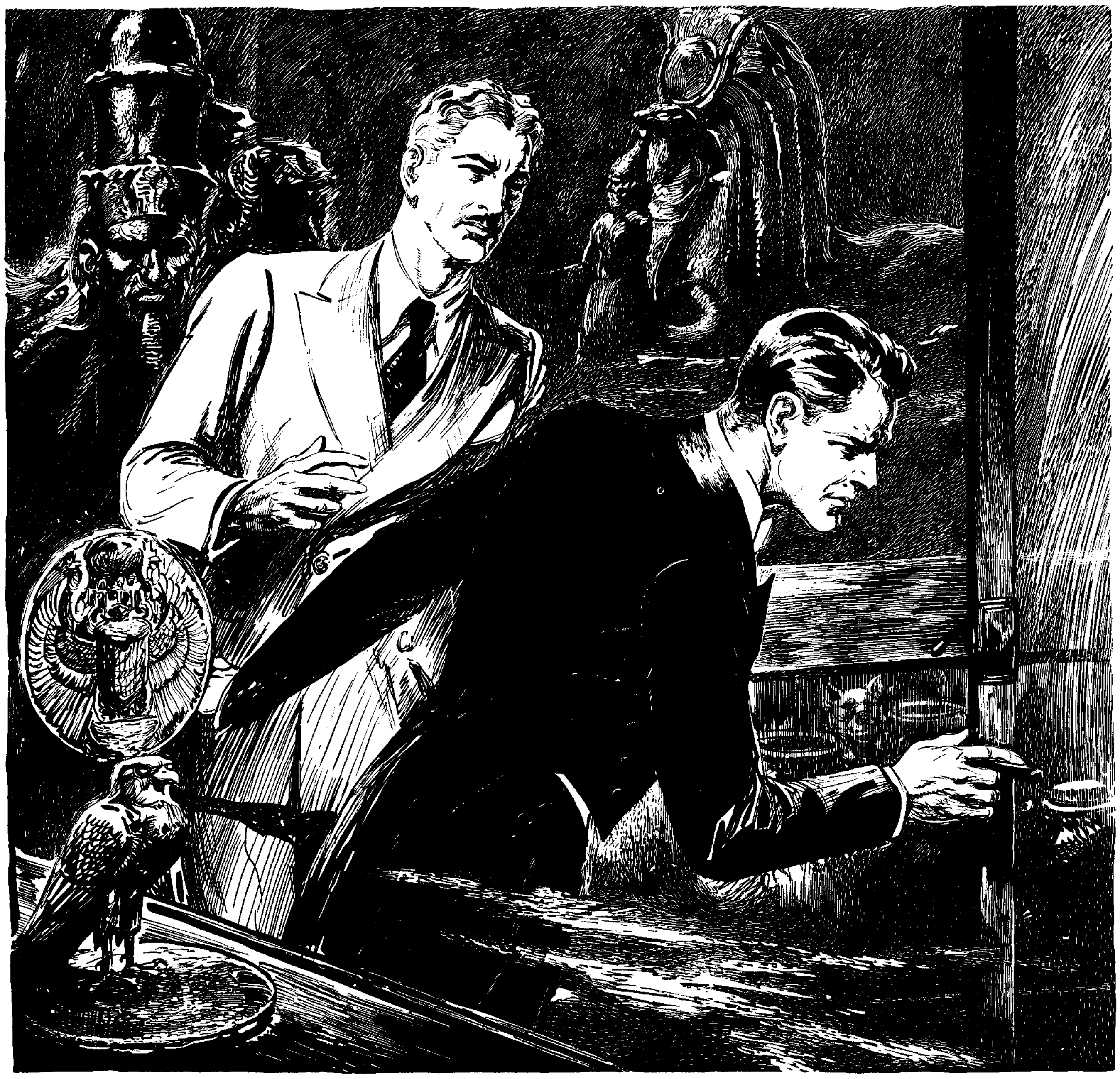
"That so?" said Hayes. "I note it, now it's been mentioned, but hadn't before."

There was a dreadful tension present. Observers less experienced than District Attorney Maguire and Detective Sergeant Hawley could not have failed to become aware of it. Hayes and Rorke seemed both to be listening for something, and from time to time glanced in the direction of the staircase.

"Now," boomed Maguire, as Lurgan withdrew, "let's have the facts, Hayes."

When an admirably brief but lucid account of the mysterious tragedy had been given by Lincoln Hayes:

"You speak, Hayes," said Maguire,



"of certain valuable manuscripts which have been stolen. Do you mean of value as curiosities?"

"Yes."

"Any other kind of value?"

"Yes."

"I mean to a person not interested in Egyptology?"

"Yes."

"Commercial value?"

"Definitely."

Maguire, standing up, stared at Hawley.

"Anything to say?" he challenged.

"Yes, sir. I should like to know what has become of the man Stefanson, who seems to have been present at the time of the occurrence."

"He's in the library," Rorke explained, glancing in the direction of the staircase.

"Why isn't he here? Doesn't murder interest him?"

"Has a very remarkable memory," Lincoln Hayes volunteered. "He's in there, trying to reconstruct the notes which were stolen. Do you wish to interview him, Sergeant Hawley?"

"Later, maybe." He turned to Captain Rorke. "You say you had noticed this curious smell, sir, before I came in?"

"I had."

"Ever smelled it before?"

"Yes. At sea, under certain conditions, and where ozone was being used."

"Ah! Ozone." The detective's beady eyes twinkled appreciatively. "That's the word I was after. Ozone! It's stronger over there, in that passage, than it is out here. Where does that passage lead?"

"Library," said Hayes slowly.

"Where this thing happened?"

"Exactly."

"Seems queer."

Hawley glanced at Maguire.

At which moment a sound of footsteps came from the corridor indicated, and Ulric Stefanson entered, carrying a sheaf of notes.

"There's been s-something like an electric dis-discharge to-tonight," he declared. "S-something has b-burned the atmosphere."

"This is Mr. Stefanson," said Lincoln Hayes. "Maguire, you know one another. Detective Sergeant Hawley."

MAGUIRE stared across at the newcomer, and:

"What do you mean by 'burned the atmosphere'?" he demanded.

"You can s-smell it."

"I don't know," said Hawley in his hard, dry voice, "that your remark means anything to me, Mr. Stefanson. How do you burn the atmosphere?"

"L-lightning does it."

"You mean that this house has been struck by lightning?"

"N-not likely; but a s-similar effect."

A sudden silence fell; there were footsteps on the staircase.

Dr. Adderley came down. He was tall and saturnine. His deep-set eyes registered introspection. He aimlessly twirled a tortoise-shell-rimmed monocle upon its cord. At the foot of the stairs:

"Excuse me, Hayes—" he habitually spoke in a very low voice—"I want to use your telephone. Don't bother the butler; I know where it is."

He moved across, when:

"Any news?" Hayes asked.

The famous consultant shook his head but did not speak.

"Excuse me, D-doctor," came suddenly, "but have you ever attended a p-patient who has been stru-struck by lightning?"

Eldon Adderley pulled up at that, adjusted the large monocle and turned, staring at Stefanson.

"I'm not jo-joking," the latter assured him. "Would the s-symptoms correspond?"

Adderley began sniffing while continuing to stare at Stefanson.

"Does your remark mean anything in particular," he inquired, "or was it inspired by this peculiar odor which I did not notice when I came in?"

"It m-means s-something. I have a th-theory."

Adderley was aware that the speaker was a brilliant chemist and biologist. He paused. For some moments there was complete silence in the Venetian lobby.

"I think you have helped me," he said, and crossed to the telephone room.

As he went out:

"You say it is certain, Hayes," Maguire asked, "that none of your staff left this house tonight?"

"It's certain. Slim was outside, right along. He's there now."

"But there's a basement door to the kitchens?"

"He can see that, too, where he stands beside the car."

"Shall I get him, sir?" Detective Sergeant Hawley asked.

Maguire nodded. Hawley crossed and went out.

"It seems to me," said Maguire, in his deep, booming voice, "that your butler, Lurgan, ought to know more about this business than he seems to know. He's fairly new here, isn't he, Hayes?"

"Three months next Tuesday. First-class references. Excellent man."

Maguire nodded and began to light a cigar which he had just placed between his small, even teeth. Captain Rorke helped himself to a whisky and soda as Hayes turned to Stefanson, who still stood at the entrance to the corridor, peering about him, blindly.

"How far do your notes go?"

"Pr-pretty far. But cer-certain things have ess-sc-caped me." His vague glance sought the staircase. "You d-don't think . . ."

"I don't know what to think. If she's dead—I'll spend every cent I possess to get the man who killed her."

IT WAS not a dramatic gesture. Lincoln Hayes meant it and would do it. Detective Sergeant Hawley reappeared on the other side of the huge lobby, in which, now, tobacco smoke floated like a mist. He was accompanied by a small, wiry man, wearing a very smart chauffeur's uniform—a truculent-looking little man, who looked about him challengingly.

"Here's Slim," drawled Hawley. "Maybe you'd like to ask him a few questions, Mr. Maguire."

Maguire nodded.

"I've met you before, Slim, and I reckon I can trust you to see straight and talk straight."

"That's right," said Slim—he spoke broad Cockney.

"You have been outside all evening since you brought a party to the house from the theater?"

"That's right."

"When did the Egyptian gentleman leave?"

"He ain't left," was the astonishing reply. "So far as I know, 'e's still 'ere."

Those simple words spoken by Slim electrified his listeners.

"Hold on, Slim," Maguire's scowl was very threatening, his voice very deep. "He left here . . . what was the time, Hayes?"

Stefanson answered.

"It was a qu-quarter of twelve when Lur-Lurgan ca-came to the library. I n-n-noted it."

"Nobody didn't leave at a quarter to twelve," said Slim challengingly. "I've been standin' beside me car all night. Nobody didn't leave."

"WHAT about the area door?"

"Nobody could 'ave come out o' there without me seein' 'em. And nobody did come out. But I did see one thing. I should 'ave rung an' reported it, only nothing 'appened."

"What was it you saw?"

"I see a blindin' flash of light through a chink in the lobby curtains. It shone right across the other side of the street. In fact, I jumped for the steps; then, I sez to meself—it's somebody takin' a flashlight photograph of the curios, and as nothing 'appened, I didn't do nothing."

Lincoln Hayes exchanged glances with Captain Rorke.

"You say you jumped for the steps?" came the dry drawl of Detective Sergeant Hawley. "Did you actually go up the steps?"

"That's right."

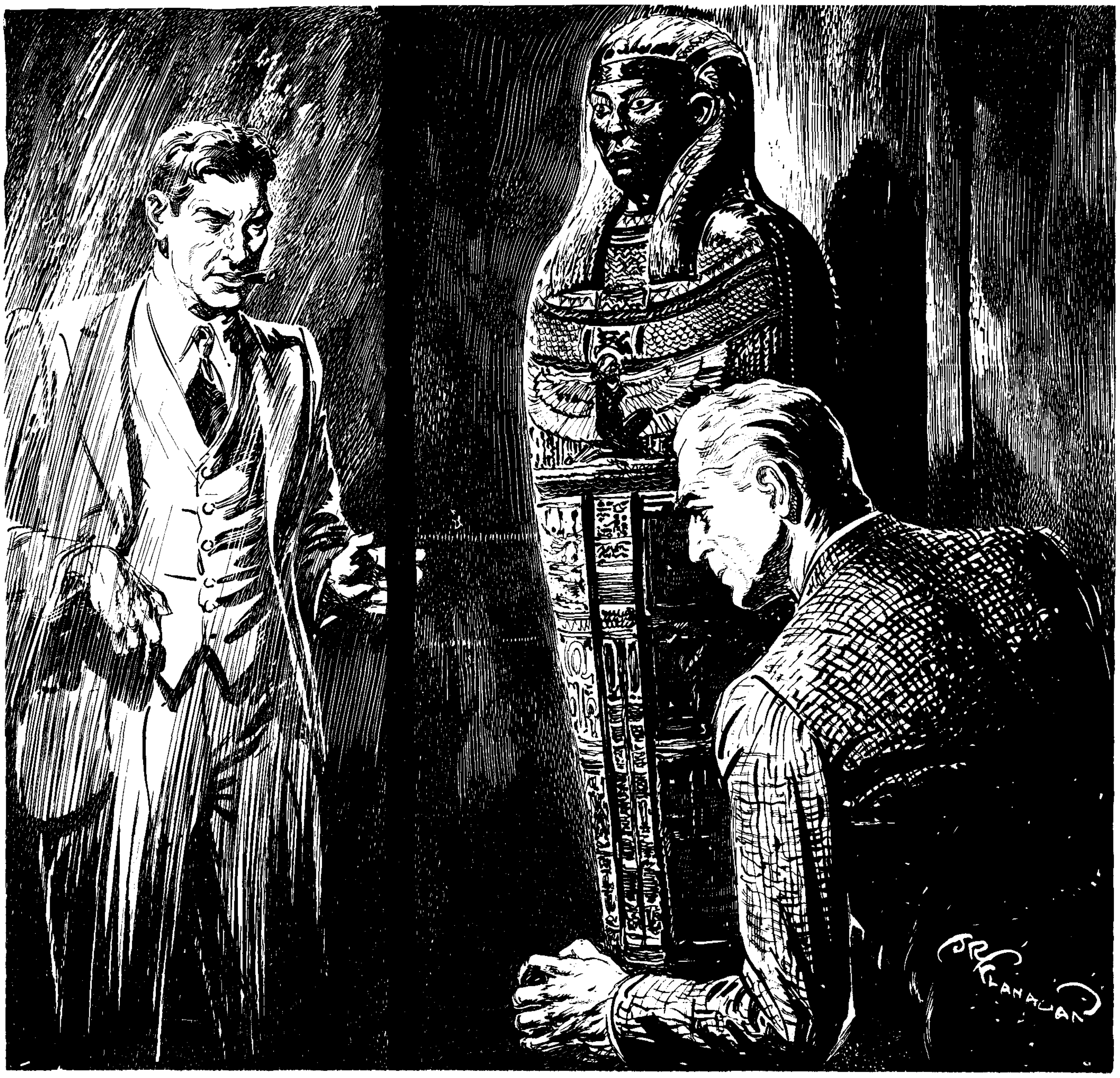
"Right up to the door?"

"Yes. Right up to the door."

"How long did you stay there?"

"Long enough to change me mind about ringin' the bell."

(*Continued on page* 43)



**"I'll tell you what I think, Mr. Hayes. Somebody hid in here tonight behind that lid!"**

# A Very Dumb Affair

*He didn't speak to her. She didn't speak to him. But—no; why spoil the story?*

## By Frank Leon Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

OUR miserable hero, young Morgan Long, crept into Doc Johnson's office where four people were waiting, and took the only vacant chair, which landed him alongside the prettiest girl in the world. That was Morgan's estimate of her, even after he had confirmed his lightning trial-balance by the recapitulation of a second, third and tenth astonished glance.

She sat erect on the edge of her chair, her gloved hands folded on the purse in her lap. Her knees were crossed and if the display was not the lavish one so dear to the hearts of the ship-news photographers, it was enough to be of great assistance to Morgan in his estimate. She had no more, no less than the customary quota of features, curves and contours, but everything was in nice relation and proportion. To the other three people in the anteroom she was just a pretty girl, sitting on the edge of her chair, waiting to see the doctor.

To Morgan, at this time and place, she was so disconcerting as to do something that the card-fall of three skyscrapers couldn't have done, viz., make him forget himself. He believed his gauge of her to be a true one, but to be certain, he dropped his writing pad and in recovering it, verified hair and eyes. Yes, the hair under the cocky little Russian derby was the color of a ripe pear, and her eyes, with their gaze fixed steadily on the cigarette burn in the middle of the rug, were the blue of a tile from Holland.

Suddenly his heart, which had been tumbling like a ball on a fountain, was steadied and sternly went back to its post. Why was this girl sitting in a doctor's office? What was the matter with her? Nothing fierce, he hoped. Maybe she had come to this great throat specialist to discuss the tonsils of her little brother. He hoped so.

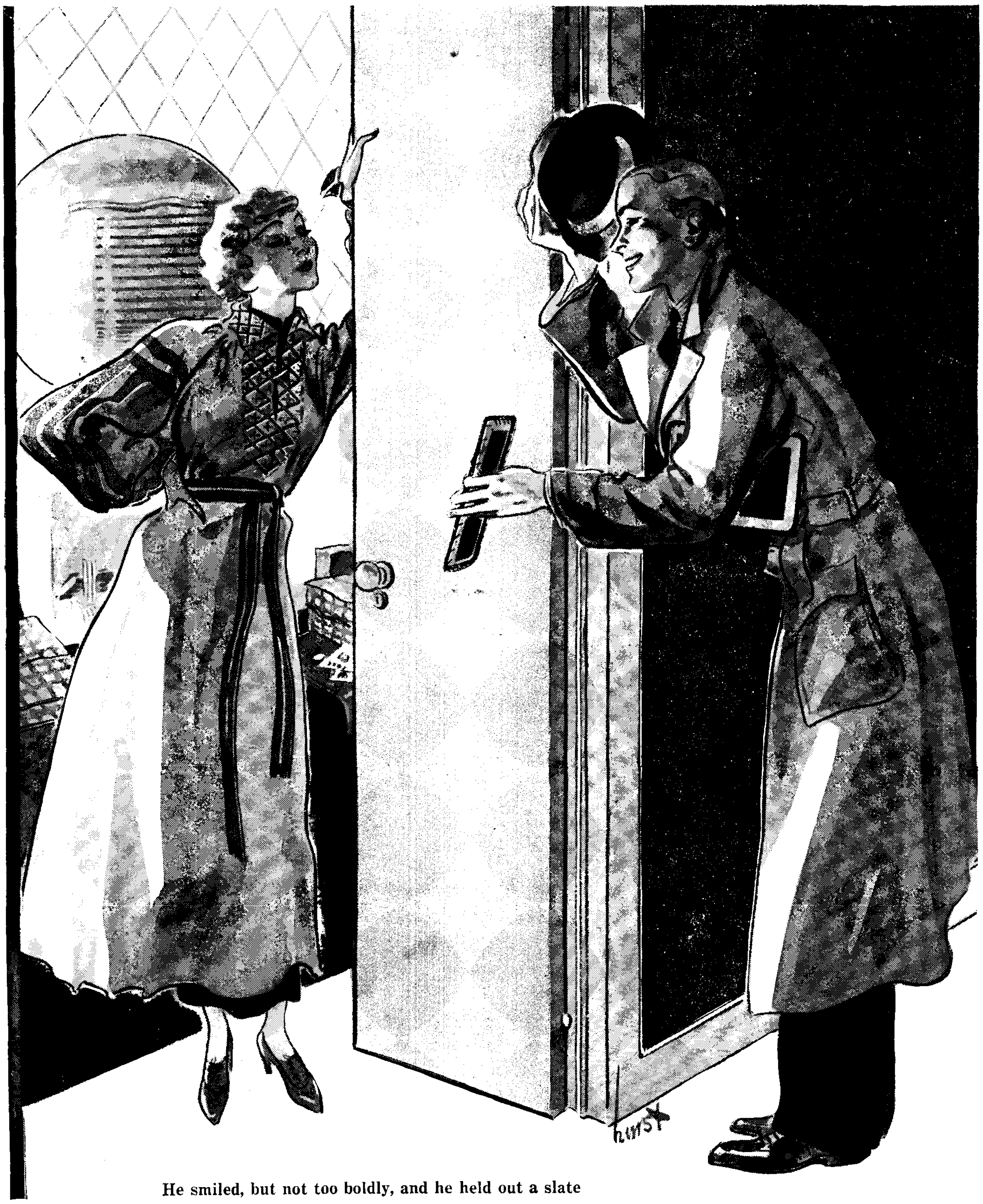
The doctor, a short, dark, happy man, came from the inner office patting the back of a heavy, smiling dowager. He patted her to the door, closed it on her, came back to beam on his patients. "Let's see—who's the next victim?"

The other three people, a man with two women—his wife and mother-in-law, Morgan quickly diagnosed—retired with the doctor and Morgan was alone with the creature he'd found wondrous.

Now, among other things, Morgan was called the glibbest guy in Hollywood. From sole to scalp he was packed with words, except for space for the machinery to put these words upon the air. He'd talked himself into better and better jobs. When finesse was needed to get permissions for the studio, Morgan was always elected Disraeli. Why—he was in New York right now to talk to three admirals, and to propose once, last, going, going—gone, to Miss Pearl Gracie.

It should be easy for one of his parts and powers to jump right into the middle of a wide and deep conversation with this girl. It should be—only it wasn't, and therefore Morgan Long groaned. That is, he thought up a good, loud, doleful groan, but that was all he could do with it.

The night before, Morgan and eighty thousand other people had cheered and screeched and bellowed as the heavyweight champion defended his title—in the rain. And in that final, hysterical third round, when the referee not only got clipped on the jaw but was sent sailing into the blackness beyond the ring, Morgan Long and eighty thousand other people leaped and screamed for joy—for it is very, very funny when a referee gets hit, and it is news when he gets knocked out of the ring in such a big fight.



He smiled, but not too boldly, and he held out a slate

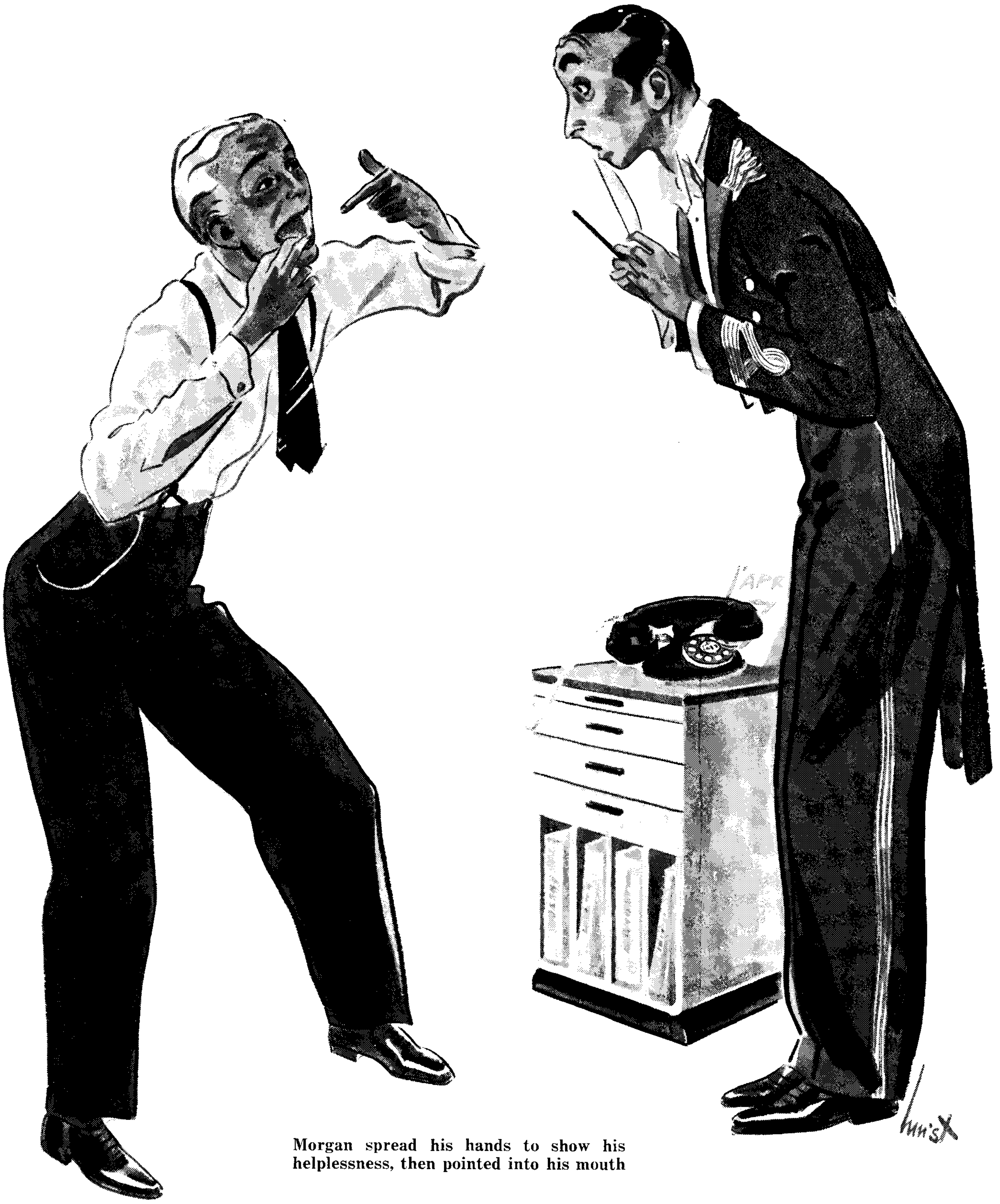
MORGAN LONG was weary, for he had flown from Hollywood that day; and it took a long time to get out of the jam at the bowl and cross the Queensborough Bridge, but tired as he was when he reached his hotel, he telephoned Pearl Gracie's apartment.

Pearl Gracie was a luscious Hollywood actress, on leave of absence to star in a Broadway play. They had known each other for years. Morgan got a lot of excitement from being in love with her. She liked Morgan. Morgan thought they could make a go of it, although common sense told him the chances for the successful marriage of a high-powered star and a chap who was an assistant director, even though he was good at it, well paid, and soon would head his own companies, were too frail to stand up in a wind.

He telephoned. Her maid said she hadn't come in yet. Morgan took a hot bath, sprayed his throat and went to bed.

In the morning, he phoned again. At the girl's greeting he said, "Good-morning-right-back-at-you! Room service, please."

Only, nothing happened. Not one sound came from our Morgan Long. He cleared his throat. He bounced air



Morgan spread his hands to show his helplessness, then pointed into his mouth

waves from the roof of his mouth. He experimented in aerohydraulics that should have siphoned his feet through his teeth. He tried again. Bewildered, he framed with his lips, "Excuse me!" at the telephone, and went to a mirror. He looked at himself.

No better-looking, no worse than he had been—a rangy, yellow-haired guy. He looked himself in the eye and said, "Hey, hey, Mister Long—what is all this?" He saw his lips move as do those of the goldfish in its bowl. He saw his eyebrows shoot up and a frightened look come into his eyes. He left the mirror, stood in the middle of the room and essayed a terrific "YAY!" Nothing but silence.

He went back and sat on the edge of the bed, where he couldn't see a mirror. Here he was in New York to plead with three admirals and to plead with Pearl Gracie—and he couldn't talk!

A thump at the door. He opened to a tall, superior hotel fellow in much uniform. The fellow went to the phone, put the receiver back on the hook. "Whatsa matter? Operator thought you pulled a faint."

Morgan spread his hands to show helplessness, then pointed into his mouth as though pointing into Joe E. Brown's mouth, or into a mine where miners were working. The fellow pointed to a pencil. Morgan took the pencil and on a pad of telegraph blanks he wrote, "Guess I lost my voice."

THE fellow was sympathetic and began to shout, as people will, with the deaf. Morgan wrote what he wanted for breakfast, and wisely wrote for the manager. The manager arrived when Morgan was finishing his second slug of coffee. They conferred. The climax was reached when Morgan wrote, "I have ten o'clock appointment—Commandant Brooklyn Navy Yard. Must get someone to phone, and call it off. No use see the man if can't talk."

The manager made the call for him.

Now the seriousness of it smote Morgan. He had no cold, he wrote. He felt fine. Only, he had lost his voice. Something must be done. Who was the best throat specialist in town?

The manager wrote the address of Dr. Sam Johnson. When the manager left, Morgan was in a panic. Supposing his voice was gone for good? His voice! All he had, he thought, to make him different from the next lad.

He showed the taxi man the written address, so he hadn't been embarrassed by his silence until now, when he wanted to talk to this pretty girl, who sat, demure, blushing, gazing at the hole in the rug.

The doctor came out with the trio. Morgan stood up. So did the girl. The doctor turned to them. Day of shock! Day of thrill! The girl opened her purse, took out a little pad and thrust it at the doctor. Morgan was young and he was human. He looked over the doctor's arm, read the penciled words, "I lost my voice!"

Morgan swung his arms. His face showed he was laughing. He grabbed his pencil and wrote on the girl's pad, "So did I!"

The doctor frowned. The look on the girl's face said she was very indignant. She made herself seem inches taller and strode into the inner office. The doctor said coldly to Morgan, "That's not very funny, you know!" and he followed the girl and shut the door.

"Gracious!" Morgan thought, "that girl figured I was trying to kid her—like when two stutterers meet!"

A big man with a strange smile and fiery eyes came in and sat in the girl's chair. After a time, the girl came out with the doctor. Morgan shot to his feet, but the girl wouldn't let herself know he existed. The doctor escorted her to the door, and as he came back to Morgan, he shut off the smile he'd had for the girl. Morgan held out his pad. The doctor read, "I have lost my voice. That's why I'm here."

The big man with the cerise eyes called, "Yo, Doc—can you give me some eye drops—"

"Just a minute, Harry." The doctor smiled at Morgan—led him within. "I'm afraid I thought you were being fresh. Quite a coincidence. Let's look at that throat."

HE FIXED his headlight on his forehead and gazed into the cave of Morgan's winds. Suddenly Morgan's face got so red the doctor felt for him a moment's alarm. The girl had left her pad on a table, and Morgan had just read the words, "He kept staring at me from the time he came in, but I didn't think he'd have the audacity—"

Her handwriting was very nice, he thought. Small, but nice. The doctor now gave him technical names for his affliction, told him not to worry. Told him the condition might last days, a week, two weeks. Told him what to do and how and when. Told him, above all, to avoid contacts with friends so he wouldn't be trying to force himself to talk.

Morgan was thinking fast. He sorted out his thoughts and found, oddly, that the one which meant most to him right now pertained to the girl. He wanted to see her, to explain.

The doctor said, "She is Miss Colvin. I believe she is in advertising work." He gave Morgan her address and said, "Just a minute—don't go bothering Miss Colvin. Neither of you is in any shape to try to talk."

Morgan looked horrified. Who? Me? Go see that girl? Perish the thought! He got that over in pantomime, showing that people don't have to have voices, to tell lies. And if you don't think our Morgan was indicating a lie—before the fiery-eyed man got his drops, Morgan was in a slate store, buying two slates, two sponges and some chalk.

Officially it was a stationery store, and he went in for pads and many pencils with soft leads, then he saw the slates. Ten minutes later he was ringing the bell of a studio apartment on the second floor of a building in Fifty-sixth Street.

The door opened, and he was confronted by Miss Colvin, who had shed her wraps and now was wearing over her dress a linen smock embroidered by the Croats, the Slovenes, or by Russian people, and without her hat, and in this smock she was so charming, so lovely, that young Mr. Long well-nigh swooned against the door frame and broke his slates. Only, he didn't break his slates. He smiled, but not too boldly, and he held out a slate. On it he had chalked: "I too have lost my voice. May I compare notes with a fellow sufferer in silence?"

THIS was by no means a long speech for Mr. Long, and he could have said it in less time than it takes most people to sneeze, and he had printed it carefully, for the message had to speak for him and speak fast.

The girl smiled. She raised her eyes to look into Morgan's. She stood aside and gestured for him to come in.

She hung up his coat and hat for him and then she came back and they sat on a little couch. It was one of two couches at right angles to a real

(Continued on page 56)

# Dr. Socrates

## By W. R. Burnett

*The Story Thus Far:*

LEFTY CROKER, right-hand man of the notorious bandit, Red Bastian, is wounded. With a woman known as "Dublin," he slips into the little town of Big Bend, under cover of darkness, forces young Doctor Cardwell (a recent arrival, who, hounded by creditors, is desperate) to dress his wound, pays him generously, and, vowing to kill him if he "squeals," motors away.

The following day, Cardwell joins "The Minute Men of Wayne County," organized to combat Bastian's gang. And an exciting episode follows. In broad daylight, Bastian leads his killers into Big Bend and, amid a hail of bullets, holds up a bank.

When the raiders roar away, a girl (a hitch-hiker *or* one of the gang—opinions vary) is found, unconscious, on the street. Dr. Willis Ginder, head of the Minute Men and an enemy of Cardwell, insists that she be put in jail. But Cardwell, certain that she is a chance victim, defies Ginder and takes her to his home, where Ma Ganson, his housekeeper, takes her under her wing.

Ginder, heading a delegation of citizens, follows. Again Cardwell defies him. And Ginder, infuriated, goes away. Whereupon, the girl tells Cardwell her story. She is, she says, an orphan. Her name is Josephine Gray. Hitch-hiking to California, she had been given a ride by Bastian; and, slightly wounded during the raid, had been left behind.

Cardwell believes the story. He likes the girl; he resolves to protect her, if he can. That night, another weird adventure follows. Returning from a professional call on Caroline Suggs, daughter of the wealthy Ben Suggs, who loathes "Doc" Ginder, he finds two rough men awaiting him: Lefty Croker and a bandit known as "Al." They announce that he must pack his medical bag and accompany them. With an automatic pointed at him, he is forced to obey. Handcuffed and blindfolded, he is whisked away to Bastian's hideaway!

Arrived at their destination, Cardwell, the handcuffs and blindfold removed, is led before a stocky ruffian with red hair and enormous shoulders. Bastian. "Lefty," the killer commands, "take the Doc to the patients, in my room."

And Croker leads the captive to a bedroom.

### IV

RED'S room had gaslights and a huge, old-fashioned bed with a canopy, also a big horsehair sofa where one of the wounded bandits was stretched out. Two of them were lying crossways on the bed. They all raised up and grinned, but Cardwell could see that they were pretty badly shot up. He turned.

"Get me a bucketful of hot water."

Lefty went out and Al came in to watch Cardwell. But he was not needed. Cardwell had forgotten that these men were bandits; they were merely patients to him now, and he went to work at once.

While he worked on them they interspersed their groans with wisecracks.

One of them said:

"I seen this one coming but I forgot to duck. The next time I did duck, and the one with my name on it tagged Hughie."

"Sure," said Hughie, "and I thought that one was curtains, but I just raised my fin in time. She'd have caught me right between the glims."

"Say, Doc, was you in the war?"

"I was in the army but never got over."

"Well, I was in and did get over and I went through the whole damn' thing and never got a scratch. Funny world, ain't it? Jerry shooting at me with Big Bertha and I don't even hear 'em whistle. A couple of flatfeet go after me with a popgun and I stop lead."

"You stopped a couple for me, Eddie."

"I would stop yours."

One of them laughed.

"If you think we got the worst of it, Doc, you ought to see the other guys."

There was a short silence, then Al said:

"You clucks talk too much."

When Cardwell was through, he washed his hands and put on his coat.

"Goodby, Doc," called Hughie. "Much obliged for patching me up. But you're just wasting your time 'cause I'm due; overdue. It won't be long now."

RED was waiting for Cardwell. The doctor saw that an old kitchen table had been covered with a clean white cloth and places for two set. There was a cheap tin coffeepot steaming at Red's elbow. In the center of the table was a smoky old coal-oil lamp. Most of the lamps and lanterns scattered about the barnlike ballroom had been put out; some of the bandits were sleeping. Cardwell saw the slim young girl coming toward the table with a couple of smoking dishes. He sat down quickly and covertly studied the girl as she placed the dishes on the table. She was pretty in a coarse, slightly masculine fashion; she was dark and her hair was thick and curly; she had a determined chin and penetrating, impertinent blue eyes. She couldn't have been over eighteen and Cardwell sat wondering how she'd ever got mixed up with a human ape like Red Bastian. Suddenly he thought about Josephine and cleared his throat uncomfortably.

"Thanks, Muggsey," said Red; then he turned to Cardwell. "We ain't got much here to offer you. Just plain stuff. But beans stick to your ribs pretty good and I got a soft spot for corn bread, eh, Doc?"

"Everything looks all right to me."

"Attaboy. Well, dig in. I eat pretty fast myself so if you want a full share you got to fight for it." Red threw back his head and laughed.

Cardwell wasn't hungry but he helped himself to the beans, took the coffee Red offered him, and cut off a thick slice of corn bread.

"Not bad, eh?" said Red, indicating the corn bread with a jerk of his thumb. "The kid baked it. We ain't got much of a stove, but she seems to get along all right. She knows her groceries, that girl. She's the only tommy I ever knew who could boil water without burning it. Hey, Muggsey, where's that canned milk?"

There was no response. Turning, Cardwell was able to see that Muggsey was sitting on one of the cots with a man. He heard Red swear profusely, then both the girl and the man jumped up.

"Now wait, Red," said the man so softly that Cardwell had to strain his ears to hear; "you got me wrong. Always did have me wrong. I'm just good friends with Muggsey here. I ain't trying to cut in. You think I'm crazy?"

"Remember what happened to Jake Elliott?" barked Red.

"Don't remind me."

"Just so you know."

"Aw, Red," said the girl, "can't I even talk to a guy without you getting ideas?"

"You don't need to sit on a cot to do it. Now rustle up that canned milk. And Cinq, I hope you got me straight. You're a smart guy. You're a good-looking guy. You got a reputation. But around here you ain't knee-high to a grasshopper. So get it right."

"But didn't I tell you . . ."

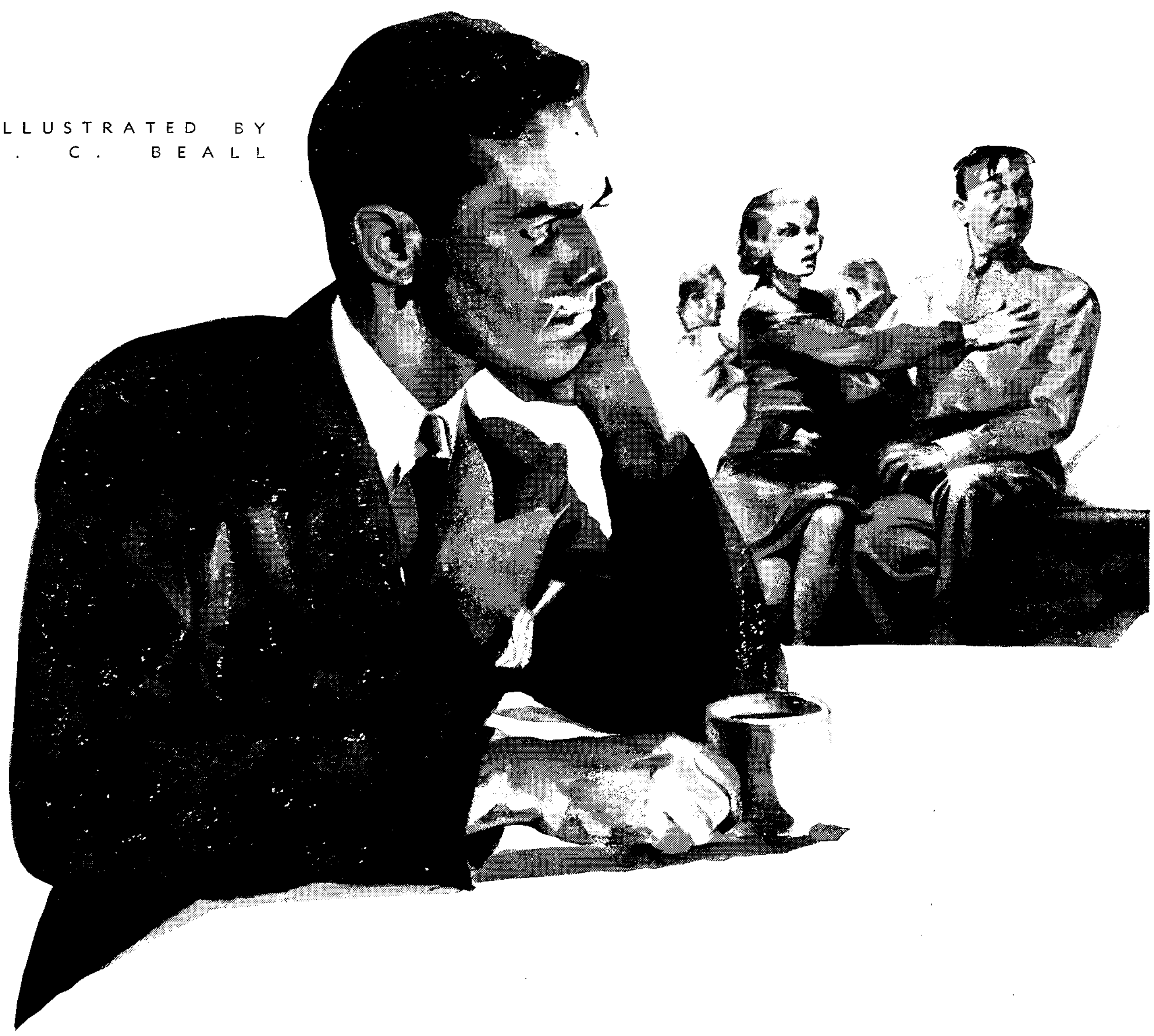
But Red turned his back. His face was red and his slanting, pale eyes were glinting. Cardwell studied him, pretending to be absorbed in eating.

"I got to put these guys in their place once in a while," said Red. "They're always getting out of line. I'm king around here and they all might just as well get used to it."

THE way Red said "king" made an impression on Cardwell. He wasn't joking; he meant it. Cardwell realized that Red was very dangerous, probably suffering from delusions of grandeur, and absolutely unpredictable because he was in the strictest sense of the word unbalanced. Physically, he was an anomaly. Sitting down he was enormous—judging from his torso you'd think he would be well over six feet tall; but his legs were very short and somewhat bowed. His head was big and well-proportioned but his forehead was too low, unbalancing a commonplace, everyday face. His neck was far too short and when he lowered his head a little to look at you his chin nearly touched his chest. His hands were coarse and strong and covered with stiff, blond hairs.

He looked rugged and immovable; his face glowed with rude health, but Cardwell felt that all this physical fitness was more than counterbalanced, not only by a wildly reckless and dissipated

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



life, but by a nervous organization far too sensitive for a man of this type. No wonder he had left the plow. The placid, monotonous life of a farmer would have killed him or driven him to drink.

They ate in silence for a moment, then Muggsey came with the canned milk. Red used it, then passed it to Cardwell.

"Howya like my corn bread, Doc?" asked the girl.

"Excellent. Very fine."

"If I had a real good big oven I could make you some honest-to-John corn bread. We're going to have us a big feed here one of these days, chicken and all, ain't we, Red? So you better be good to us and we'll invite you over."

"Thanks. I'd be delighted."

"All right, Muggsey," said Red, frowning. "Can't you see we're talking? Listen; you stay away from that frog. If you want to talk to somebody there's plenty of dames around this place."

When the girl had gone, Cardwell said:

"Didn't I hear you calling that man 'Sink'?"

"Yeah. Know him?"

"No. But somebody told me you had a girl with your outfit named 'Sink.'"

"Somebody told you? Who told you?"

"I can't remember." Cardwell was mentally kicking himself for his slip.

"You can't remember, eh? Listen, Doc...." There was a menace in Red's voice which caused Cardwell's hair to stir slightly. To Cardwell's intense relief Red paused, then laughed. "Hell, I know. It was that tommy we picked up out on the pike. You know, that Josephine gal. The gal at your house. Say, we got her in a jam, didn't we? But I see she got out of it." Turning, he raised his voice: "Hey, Muggsey, bring me that evening paper. Yeah. Why, that's Cinq Laval you're talking about. He's got a mean reputation down in New Orleans. He's a frog, see? Good boy, but I keep him under my thumb. He's big-time and ain't used to taking orders. Say, he started a one-man crime wave in Baton Rouge. Didn't you never hear about the red-headed girl bandit down in Louisiana? Stuck up a bank all by herself?"

"Why, I believe I did. Yes."

"Well, that's Cinq Laval."

"What?"

"SAY, if you'd see him dressed up in his dame outfit you'd make a pass at him. I still do and I'm wise to him. He makes these other dames around here look like ten cents' worth of cold pork. Yeah. Funny, eh? He always drives my hack. Looks mighty innocent in a red wig and all dressed up, but he can shoot a man's eye out at a hundred yards."

Muggsey came up with the paper. Red handed it to Cardwell.

Muggsey snorted.

"Still showing that little kid's picture to people, eh? Say, she looked to me like she ought to be in boarding school or out helping her Aunt Emma make fudge."

"Pipe down."

"A fine girl she'd make you, Red. I'll bet she can't even cook."

"Pipe down, I tell you. She ain't the kind that has to cook."

"Oh, *I* am."

"Pipe down. We got company, ain't we?"

Cardwell sat staring at Josephine's picture on the front page of the Big Bend Daily Journal. Seeing her thus, she seemed a complete stranger to him. She was very pretty and looked assured. The cheap dark dress Ma Ganson had bought was very becoming. He put the paper down without comment. Muggsey snatched it up and began to tear it to pieces. Red looked annoyed, but said nothing. Muggsey stamped on the pieces, then turned and walked off without speaking.

"That girl," said Red after a long pause, "she's all right. Never told the laws nothing, did she?"

Cardwell hesitated. He began to feel a little uneasy. Red had evidently been talking a good deal about Josephine.

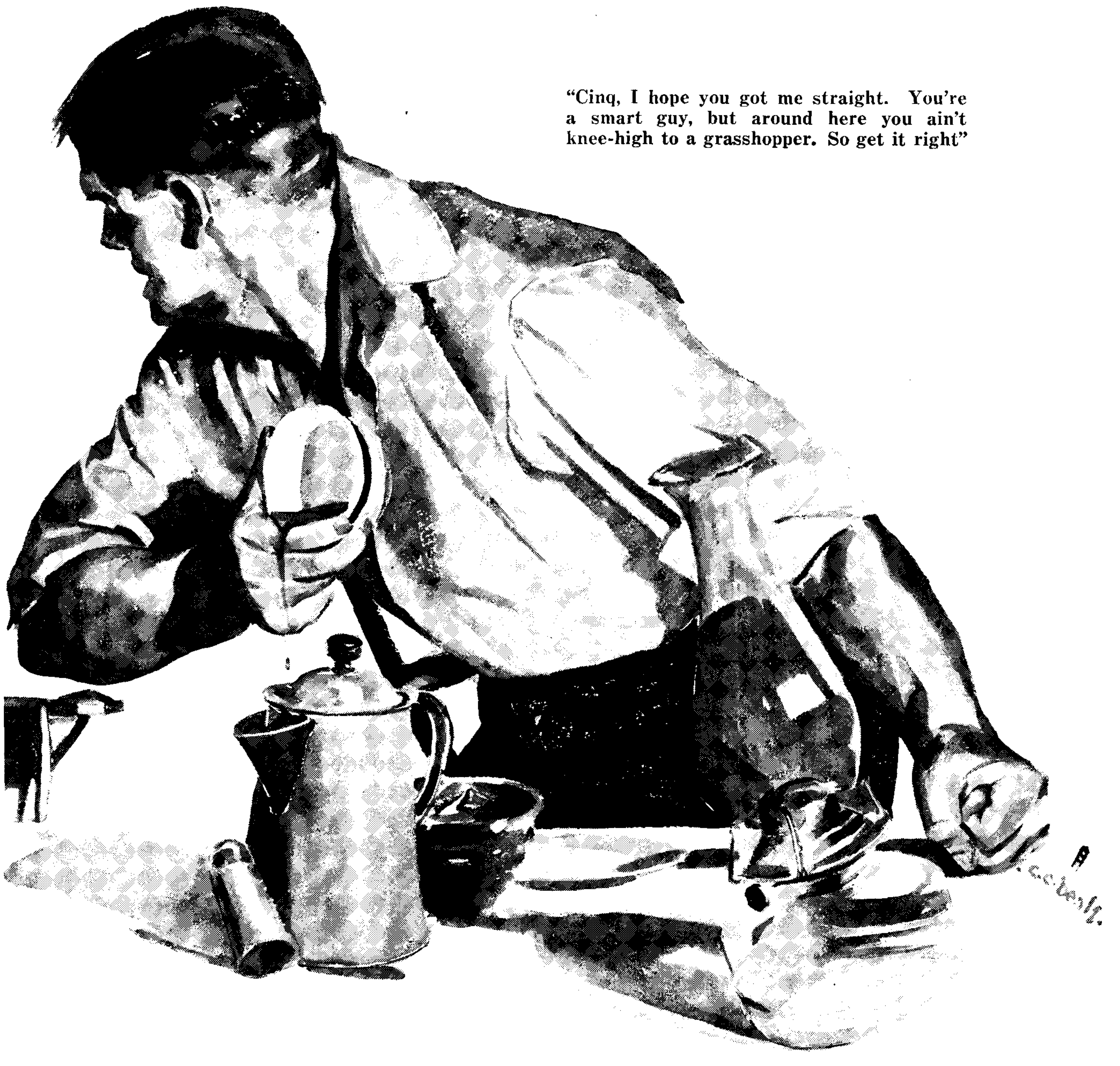
"That was on my advice. She told me all about it, of course."

"Kind of sweet on her, eh, Doc?"

"No."

"No? Well, how come you're keeping her at your house?"

"It's my housekeeper's doing."



**"Cinq, I hope you got me straight. You're a smart guy, but around here you ain't knee-high to a grasshopper. So get it right"**

Red studied Cardwell's face for a long time, then he said:

"Well, if she was in my house I'd be mighty particular about seeing that she didn't get away. That girl's got what it takes. I don't mean perhaps. Why, I fell for her the minute I seen her. She was a mighty cute sight standing there along the road in them tight pants of hers. How she kept from picking some guy up that would take care of her I don't know. Honest, I wanted her to stay in the heap. I was going to take her along with me. Course I was pretty excited just before stripping the bank and I didn't have no time to fix things up. I guess she thought I was just kidding."

THE self-complacence in this last remark irritated Cardwell. He was slowly taking a thorough dislike to this farmhand turned bandit and petty tyrant.

"You're wrong. As soon as she found out how things were, all she thought about was getting away."

"So you say. Listen, Doc, she fell into something when she hooked up with you. You're a good-looking young guy and you got a home and if you ain't got any money you soon will have if you stick with me. All right. You don't expect her to tell you that she wants to run away with Red Bastian, the bandit, do you? She ain't crazy. No dame is. They all know when to say yes and when to say no." Red drank from his coffee cup, then began to drum on the table with his fingers. "You ain't interested in her, eh?"

"I'm interested in her welfare, naturally."

"Come clean, Doc."

Cardwell flushed.

"Suppose you tell me what I think."

He said this so sharply that Red stared at him for a long time. Cardwell was very uneasy, but Red had irritated him so by his truculence that for the moment he disregarded consequences.

Finally Red said mildly:

"Don't get sore, Doc. I'm just asking for information."

"I'm interested in getting her out to her brother in California, safely."

"So I read in the papers. Well, don't worry. One of these days when I get straightened out and get hold of a roll so long it will take me to China, I'm coming round to see that girl. I'm going to say: 'Listen, baby; old Red is going to take you to California and you're going to travel in style. We'll go some place where I ain't known and—" Red hesitated and tapped with his fingers, then he leaned forward. "I mean, I'd take that baby clear to California just for the fun along the way. Any objections, Doc?"

"Naturally."

"WELL, they don't matter." Red's eyes flashed. "When I see a dame I want, I get her and that's that. Anyway, you're working for me now, Doc. What I say goes. Get it? By the way...." Red took a huge roll from his hip pocket and counted off five one-hundred-dollar bills; these he shoved across the table at Cardwell. "There. I pay what I say I'll pay. There's more where that come from for a smart young guy like you. Let's forget the tommy. Time will take care of that. You know, I'm only one jump ahead of a wooden kimono all the time. Maybe I get the dame; maybe I don't. But listen. If I don't, it'll be because the lead with my name on it finally got around to my address."

Cardwell wanted to throw the money in Red's face, but, instead, he picked it up, counted it and, folding it neatly, slipped it into his vest pocket. He was appalled. Red was not joking. He did

*(Continued on page 34)*

# Not for a Year

## By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

*Janet Talcott. You've seen her face in many moods and places. Here, for the first time, you get a glimpse of her heart*

ALL over the country, all over the world, wherever American magazines are sold, you began to see Janet's face. You saw her in ermine coats and in wool sports-dresses, in evening frocks and in hostess-gowns. You saw her smile for dentifrices and there were the shining peaceful folds of her hair recommending permanent waves.

You did not know her name, only a few dozen persons in the whole world knew her name. William Randall, of course; but then Bill was in love with her, in love with her as she really was, not just as she looked, so glazed and faultless for magazines.

Duncan Adair knew it too. Why not? He had posed with her often enough. Very handsome they looked side by side, beaming in the middle of the book or so smart, sophisticated and informed on the back cover, all white tie, orchids and limousines, smoking "Frosted" cigarettes on their snooty, anonymous way to the Opera. Giving off charm at every pore.

"They don't like each other," the other models said. "Janet Talcott and Adair. If the cameras were milk they'd curdle when Janet and Adair have to give each other the eye with the smile."

"Well, I'm glad *one* of my girls uses her brains," snapped Cora Braing, who had her hands full managing United Artist and Advertisers. "Adair certainly seems to have all other women in the bag." When the girls talked about Adair, Cora had to hold on to her temper with both hands. "Janet and he are posing for Vaski today and at least I know they won't waste time over it."

They weren't wasting a minute. There they were, she cool and scornful, he a stag at bay. And Vaski was getting good stuff from them. He always did. In each other's presence their personalities seemed to expand, so to speak. Whenever they were together, hating each other, there was a tide within them, life strongly flowed.

"Break the pose," Vaski said. "That undoubtedly will be a knockout. Though every time I develop a plate from you two I expect a nice scene of a cat and dog spitting at each other."

"It's a sweet privilege to pose with Miss Talcott," Adair said. "I always feel as if I were working with Byrd at the Pole."

"Shall I simplify my hair for this next pose?" Janet asked Vaski, wrapping her disdain for Adair around her and laying the folds of it at her feet.

"Don't change it. It's good," Vaski said. "Now hold out your hand and greet Adair, very stylish and quality."

She greeted Adair. Sometimes when she turned to him like that she looked flustered and a little wild as if rainbows had been flashed in her face.

"Peaches, peaches," breathed Vaski, working like a man with a train to catch. "Corking," said Vaski, fascinated by the turn of her head and what she did with her hands. And that look.

"That's all for today," he said, after a while. "Bring evening things tomorrow. White tie, Adair. And listen, boy, no more breaking appointments. One more performance like that of yesterday and I don't mind telling you you're through."

"Oh, but that was for Miss van Meter, of Long Island," said Janet sweetly. "You can't throw down the van Meters for a little thing like a job."

"And what's it to you?" Adair flashed at her. "If I know the van Meters or if I don't. If I get work or if I don't."

"Not a thing," Janet told him airily. "Not a thing. You can starve or live on the van Meters for all I care."

"Great to have the models so friendly," Vaski murmured, putting out lights. "Well, just remember what I said, Adair. No more cutting corners or standing me up. There are too many where you came from."

"Yes?" said Adair, going out. You could almost hear his indignation banging doors and stomping down corridors.

Vaski helped Janet with her coat. "Orange make-up tomorrow," he said, "and the brownish lip-stick."

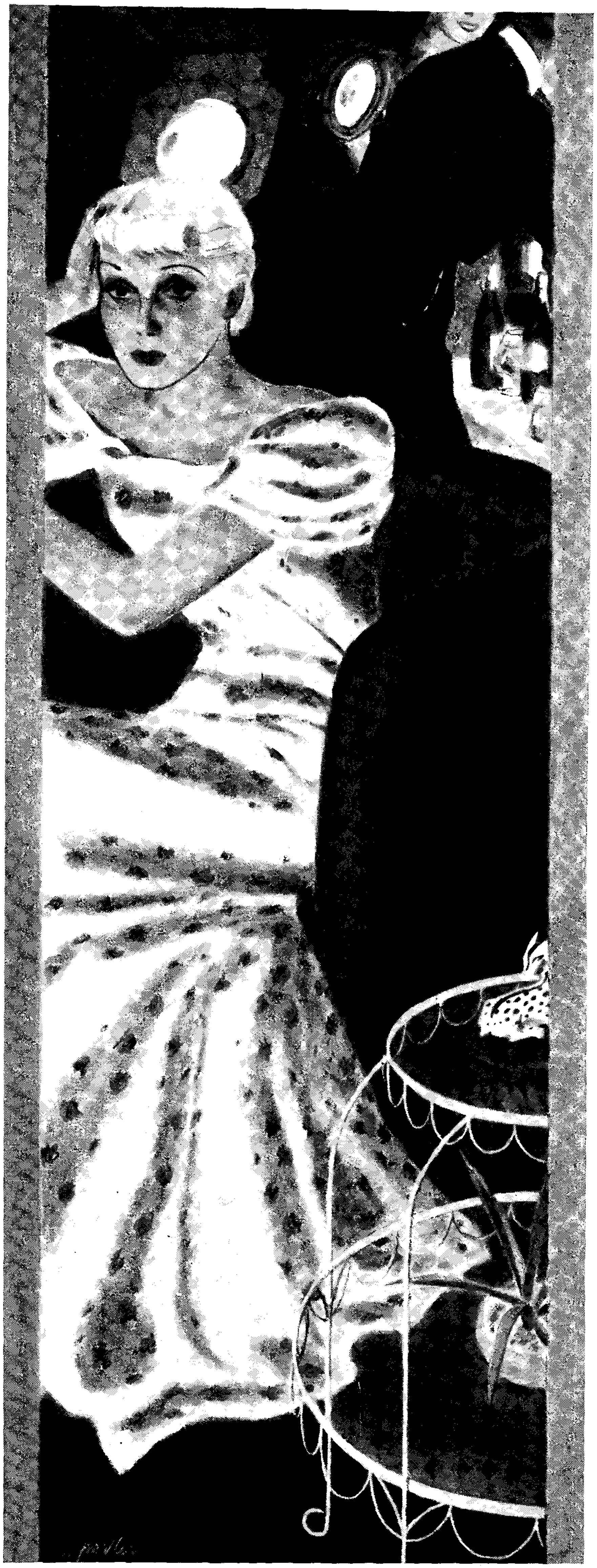
He went back to his work. Vaski was a miraculous photographer and no student of character. He thought all persons except photographers a trifle foolish.

WILLIAM RANDALL was waiting at Janet's apartment to take her out to dine. His motorcar had rolled whispering to a stop in front of the awninged entrance and Mr. Randall was waiting without impatience. Mr. Randall was no Adonis; he was far, far from gracing the pages of slick magazines all over the world. He was just a big-hearted gentleman of very human flesh who had known Janet all her life. He waited in the foyer, smoking a slim cigar and looking at Janet with his usual imperturbable objectivity when she appeared in the doorway.

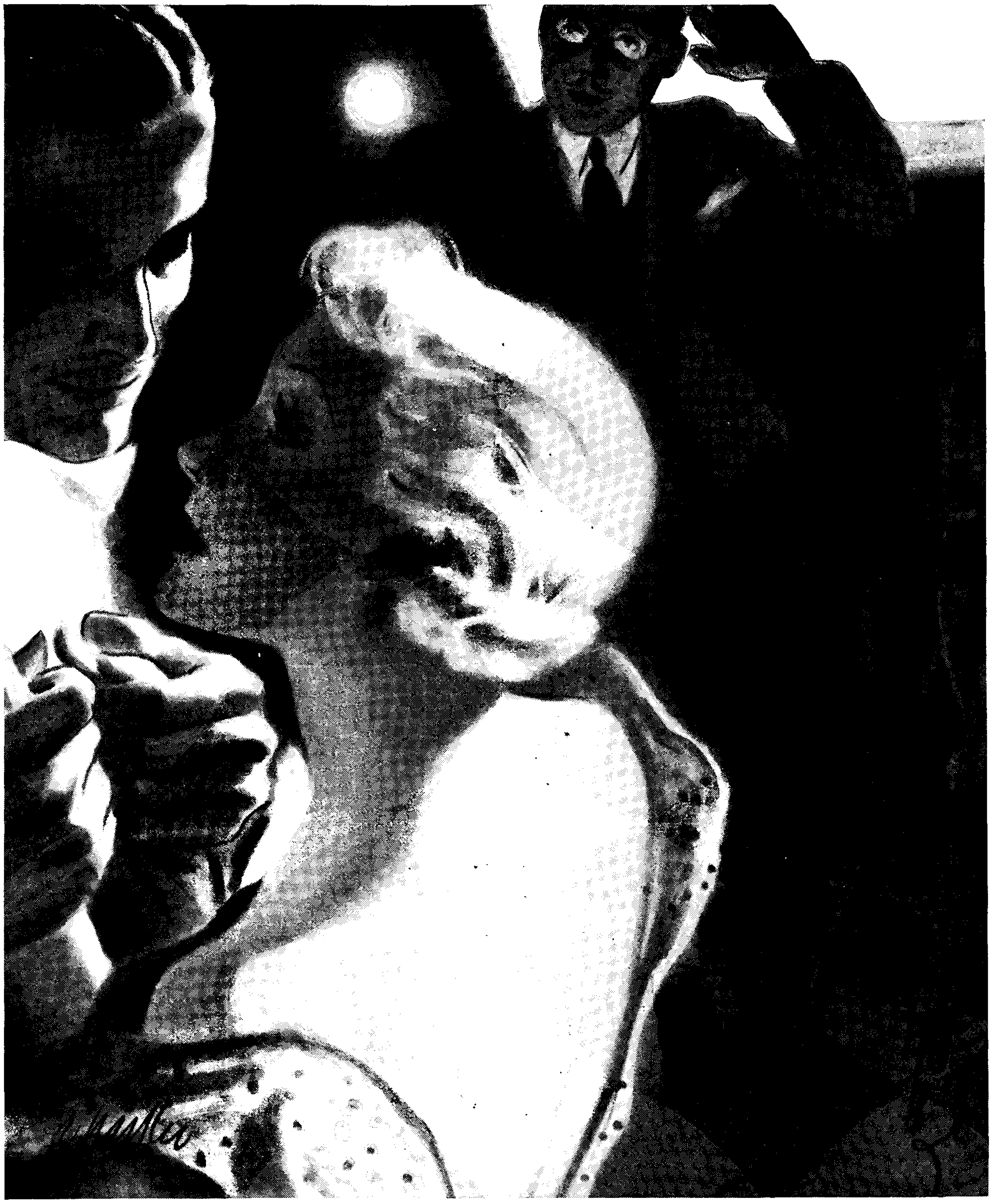
This evening Janet was a little white. She was always a little white as compared with most girls, for she did not rouge. Bill moved toward her between the potted palms, under the indirect lighting. He saw her with clear eyes, with the eyes which loved her. And the eyes of love are not always blind. It is the fashion to say so but it isn't true.

"Hello, Janet," he said in his kind Massachusetts voice. He saw that she was little and lonely, lonely in the loneliest of cities. "Hello," he said, and his hand touched her arm a second. "I'm feeling orphaned tonight. Let's go out among them, Janet. Let's go out and be lonely together."

Her eyelashes pointed at him in liking, in great friendliness. He was



"He left this morning," thought Janet. "Where will he be now?"



"Move just a bit closer, Adair," he said. "Look down at her. That's it"

Santa Claus, he was a warm fire, he was good, wholesome corn bread. "Bill," she said, "it's so nice to come home and find you here." He stood there solidly with his reasonableness, his modesty, and his readiness for anything at short notice. Nice. Rock-like. Safe. Very healthy, not neurotic at all, not impressed by the van Meters of the world. Forgetting about himself and what he didn't have.

"Let's," he said, "have an awfully nice dinner. Let's go to the Hapsburg. You always like the Hapsburg the best."

SO SHE and the best friend she had in the world went out into the big city. Bill said they would drive through the Park first. "You look delicate," he said, "and as if you might die. We'll introduce you to a modicum of fresh air just on general principles."

Combes was Bill's chauffeur. He put his hand to his cap with a nice look in his eyes. He liked Janet, too. Like an oak guarding a flowering meadow, he tenderly tucked a beaver rug about her brown suède feet and slid the long, quiet car towards the Park.

"There goes Janet Talcott," said Riva Honnele in a taxi at the red light. "I don't think she's such a world-beater, do you, Duncan?"

They had driven on half a block before Adair spoke. "Perhaps she is and perhaps she isn't," he said irritably. "Do you ever do anything besides crab about other girls' looks?" He couldn't think why he had asked this biscuit out to dinner. A pretty groggy type, he told himself bitterly.

"Oh, I think she's darling," put in Miss Honnele quickly. "Really terribly sweet. And of course she's a great hit. All the studios are bidding for her. I simply meant—"

"Where do we eat?" demanded Mr. Adair, wanting to throw her in the wastebasket. "I don't know what's biting me," he thought gloomily, "guess it just isn't my day." The zest was gone from everything. The thought that they were two admittedly good-looking and glamorous young persons in impeccable clothes seemed to fade under Riva's chatter, leaving two wonder-bereft egos driving places in a taxi.

They drove south, and Janet and Mr. Randall went north.

"Bill," said Janet, when they were in the Hapsburg dining-room, worlds removed from indigence and toil. "Bill, why are you so nice to me? You know you are wasting your time. You know," she cried, suddenly exasperated, "that I'm never going to marry you."

"So I've heard," said Bill reasonably, examining the wine list. "I understand. I haven't any kick coming, have I?"

"I think you have. I think you ought to marry someone and have a home and a lot of children." She regarded him in annoyance and in despair. His look of passionate immobility might be the mask of nothing more than a brooding intention to order the finest wine on the card.

"I'll dig up someone else tomorrow," said Bill. "Remind me."

SHE was rested for Vaski the next day. Adair was crosser than ever.

"Come out from under your high hat and let's get some work done," Vaski told him. "You must have been out with the Social Register last night."

"I wasn't out with the Social Register, as it turns out," Adair told him gloomily. "And I had a run-in with Miss Braing first thing this morning."

"But that's bad," Janet cried. "Why, you can't, you simply can't quarrel with United. You *know* they have most of the big advertising accounts! You *can't* quarrel with them."

"Yeah," said Adair, "so I heard. From Miss Braing."

"She doesn't like him," Janet told Vaski. "Miss Braing has something against him. He should try to smooth things with Miss Braing."

"If he hasn't an independent income," said Vaski without interest. As he had said yesterday, there were plenty more where Adair came from. One handsome profile more or less made little difference in Vaski's life.

Vaski went out to the reception room to talk to a theatrical press-agent. Adair, in the cessation of activity, stood, all at once, very straight and still and looked at Janet. It was as if the silence and their being alone in the silence had suggested something to him, had unraveled some knot in his brain. He was motionless for a moment as if the shock of something he had discovered had paralyzed him. Then he moved.

"Look here," he said, staring at Janet, "why are you always so agog about me and my doings? About what I do or don't do?"

"I'm not agog," Janet said, and could not breathe freely.

"Oh. So you aren't agog!" he said, in ecstatic thralldom to knowledge. And his brain moved up and down, forwards and backwards along the facts set out for its inspection.

AND time disappeared. And space. The press-agent's voice went on outside, marking the drift of moments that had for them no reality.

"You care what I do," said Adair, at last. "It makes a difference to you," he said, "if I pose or if I don't. If I'm in good standing at United, or if I'm not."

"I—" said Janet, "I—"

"Oh, yes—you care," said Adair. And the walls of the studio seemed to be repeating, "You care, you care." As if plaster and woodwork contributed a dumb applause to their discovery, and the universe lent silence for a chorus.

Janet stood against the light that Vaski had arranged. As beautiful as she had ever been; as she would ever look, smiling out from a printed page.

"That is why you've been interested in what I did and where I went," said Adair, slowly. His fists were in his pockets and his head was thrust belligerently forward.

"I'm not interested," said Janet, on a last gasp, her chin up, her hands clasped on her hips, her little lamé feet tight together.

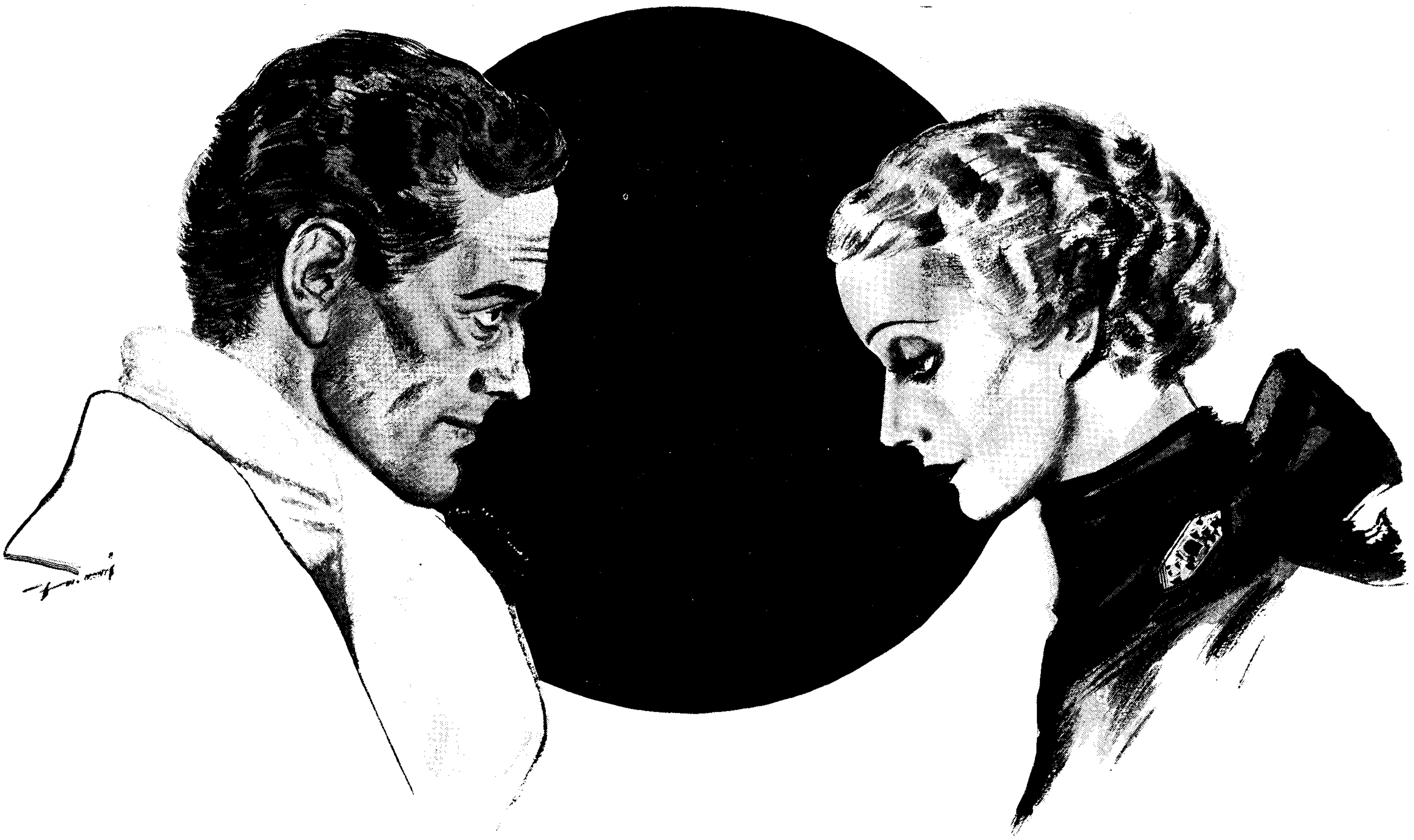
"I see. I see, my darling, my beloved," said Adair. "You don't care a hoot, do you?"

He moved toward her. His feet carried him without being told. He must be close to her, he must see what she saw, breathe the air she breathed, feel what she felt. That was all he knew. There was not a thought in his head.

"Janet," he breathed, "Janet."

She looked back, helpless. Against the illuminated screen her yellow hair, her whole body, was surrounded by an aureole, which made the entire affair

*(Continued on page 48)*



# Settled Out of Jail

## By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

***The most thrilling adventure of Miss Mott's life, wherein Scotland Yard's best plays second fiddle to two wise lovers***

THERE had been an investiture at Buckingham Palace, and the gray streets were bright in patches with visions of waving plumes and brilliant uniforms. A dandified youth, issuing from Jermyn Street, caught sight of a slim, aristocratic figure leaning back in the corner of his car as though to escape as far as possible from observation—a figure in brilliant uniform with rows of medals and a hat with waving plumes. The young man stood still, entirely heedless of the fact that a passer-by almost elbowed him into the gutter. He stared at the impressive figure in the car until it had passed him. A fortunate halt enabled him to copy down the number. Half an hour later, as Lord Westerleys' valet was carrying down a lounge coat to his master, and a butler was serving him with whisky-and-soda, a visitor was announced.

"There's a young man outside, my lord," the footman explained, "who claims that he has found something of yours this afternoon. He won't tell me what it is and he won't hand it over to anyone but your lordship."

Walter Paul Meredith, Earl of Westerleys, took another gulp of his whisky-and-soda and set down the glass empty.

"You can show him in," he directed. "I don't remember having lost anything. One's always liable to shed a medal on a day like this."

In the hall Harry Leneveu handed his smart little derby and cheap cane to a second man and was ushered into the library.

"The young person, my lord," the footman announced.

Westerleys glanced at his visitor but no sign escaped him. He looked him over coldly.

"What is it that you have found, young man?" he inquired.

"If you'll give me a moment alone I'll show it to you—my lord," was the awkwardly spoken reply.

WESTERLEYS waved the servants from the room, after which he seated himself in an easy-chair and stretched out his legs with an air of relief.

"Well, Harry Leneveu," he asked coolly, "what do you want?"

The young man's admiration was uncontrollable.

"Governor," he declared, "you've got me speechless. We always knew you were a toff, of course, but God strike me dumb if ever I thought of anything like this!"

Westerleys yawned.

"It would have been more in accordance with etiquette," he remarked, "if you had failed to recognize me. However, since you have done it and since you have followed me to my home—what is it you want from me?"

The young man, unbidden, seated himself on the edge of a chair. His host looked at him distastefully.

"I don't want to waste your time," the latter continued. "The gang is broken up, as you know. I have retired and resumed my own station in life. You are in a position to do the same if you wish. You must forgive my adding that now that our association has ceased there is no need for us to exchange visits."

"So that's it," Leneveu muttered.

"That is it," the other assented smoothly. "I found it unnecessary to draw my portion of the spoils when things were wound up, so you ought to have done quite well. If my memory serves me rightly you drew over twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty-one thousand nine hundred and seventy-two pounds, eighteen shillings," the young man confided.

"An adequate return for your labors, I should imagine," Westerleys commented. "I wish you well, but—relieve me of your presence now, if you please. I'm giving a lecture tonight and I desire to rest for an hour."

Leneveu clasped his forehead tightly.

"It's a blooming picture show," he declared. "Wotcher been wearing all that circus stuff for?"

"That circus stuff, as you call it," Westerleys replied, "is part of the costume in which it is my duty to array myself before I make my bow to my sovereign. You observe," he added, stretching out his hand, "that I am ringing a bell. For a servant to show you out."

LENEVEU rose to his feet.

"I'm ready," he acquiesced. "I couldn't talk to you now if I tried. Strike me lucky, if this ain't a game. I expect I'll find Violet Joe in Piccadilly, wearing a coronet instead of a billycock!"

"You may find yourself in a police cell with something on your wrists if you become impertinent," was the cool rejoinder. "Grover, you can show this young man out, if you please."

Leneveu accepted his hat and stick from a footman in the hall and meekly departed. On the pavement outside he paused and gazed at the house. He counted the windows carefully each way, he examined the area with a practiced eye, then once more he took in the *tout ensemble.*

"Strike me lucky!" he muttered, as

he turned away and sought the seclusion of a pub at the corner of Clarges Street.

Miss Mott was hard at work upon an article urgently required by her editor when Harry Leneveu was announced and shown in. She looked at him coldly. Unabashed, he grinned back at her in an ingratiating fashion.

"If I had known who my visitor was," she told him, "I certainly should not have seen you. Please say what you have to say and go away."

"Come, come, young lady!" he protested. "This time I'm here to do you a bit of good. How would you feel about a cool thousand pounds, eh? And nothing to do for it."

"I should imagine," she said coldly, "that any money that came from you would have to be earned dishonestly."

"That's where you are wrong, and you're not only wrong, but I can tell you this—you can not only earn the money legally and lawfully but you can get a bit of your own back at the same time."

"Indeed?" Miss Mott rejoined.

"You haven't forgotten Meredith yet—the man with the scar—who tried to carry you off more than once? Well, the gang's bust. There's five thousand pounds' reward offered for him and I know where he is."

"Why don't you earn the money, then?" Miss Mott asked, speaking more calmly than she felt.

"I'll be straight with you," Harry Leneveu replied. "If one of the gang splits, their light's put out in twenty-four hours. Even though we're bust, that goes on. You never were one of the gang—in fact, you were on the other side—you can split and earn the money and nothing'll happen to you."

"I see," Miss Mott murmured, "and I'm to have one thousand and you four thousand pounds."

The young man was temporarily discomposed. His recovery, however, was almost magical.

"I'd never be one to drive a hard bargain with a dame," he said. "Make it fifteen hundred yellow goblins. What about that? And remember, miss, you ain't got half the information nor a quarter of it. I'm the only one can put my hand on Paul Meredith."

"Are you?" Miss Mott queried.

"Aye, and when I give you the address your eye'll pretty well fall out," the young man declared. "Does it go?"

"I'll consider the matter," Miss Mott promised.

Harry Leneveu argued for some time longer, but he could gain no more than a dubious reply from Miss Mott. He took his leave at last, therefore, with an appointment for three days hence.

MISS MOTT felt a little lost in the immensity of the apartment even in the confines of the capacious leather chair in which she was seated. Softly toned lights flamed from unexpected places, and the long, apparently endless rows of calf-bound books in their ancient shelves gave a sort of monastic atmosphere to a room which indeed possessed few embellishments in the shape of pictures or flowers. Meredith himself was dressed in morning clothes of rather severe cut and hue, and from behind the green lamp his face seemed paler than ever. He waved away his secretary with a few parting instructions—sharply spoken, incisive words. When he turned toward Miss Mott his voice seemed marvelously changed.

"So the mouse has wandered alone once more into the trap?" he murmured. "What temerity!"

"The mouse believed it was safe," Miss Mott replied, "because it came on an errand of mercy."

She felt his keen instincts almost anticipating the words that lay behind her brain.

"I came," she said, "because you're in danger. I don't know why I should care but in a way I do."

"For me, Miss Mott?" he asked softly.

She shook her head.

"Not for you. You have been very cruel to me and sometimes you have frightened me out of my wits."

"I wanted you for my mate, Miss Mott," he acknowledged. "I still do. The special license remains in that drawer—"

"I can never care for you like that," she assured him. "Sometimes you play the great gentleman wonderfully, but I think that at heart you are cruel."

He gave no immediate reply. His eyes were fixed upon a distant wall, and it seemed to her that all the weariness of a man's misspent life was graven in his face.

"Yet you refuse to betray me? You came to warn me," he muttered presently.

"Because you are at least a man," she said. "If you are a criminal you are not a criminal of the type of Harry Leneveu."

"A coward's courage, this of his, at the last moment," Meredith reflected. "I never thought he would dare. I thought that so far as he was concerned I was safe."

"But don't you see how clever he is? He isn't going to give you away at all. I am to do that. I am to go to my uncle and just whisper that one little word which is to be your undoing."

"YES, I suppose it could be done," he admitted. "Yet mine is the most wonderful alibi for the last few years that a man ever wove. It cost me months of thought. I could fill the court with people who would swear that they had seen me in distant parts of Asia and Abyssinia. No one in the world has lain so deeply hidden as I have in this city. However—there's always the weak point. So Leneveu wants to be an informer, eh? He'd better have lived to spend his twenty thousand pounds and left me to become a Cabinet Minister."

She studied him speculatively. Amazing though he was, she was forced to admit that there was nothing in his face, his bearing, or his expression which reminded her in the least of the terrible Meredith. He had stepped back into his own identity with a facility which was perfectly marvelous. His lined, ascetic face, his cold but brilliant eyes, the firm, cynical mouth—they were all the hallmarks of the aristocratic politician, the great gentleman absorbed in the cares of his country. She felt a surge of bitter, indignant contempt against a creature like Harry Leneveu.

"Can't you find some means of securing that young man's silence?" she asked, almost afraid of the sound of her words, certainly afraid of the slowly formed thought in her heart.

He smiled at her.

"Bravo, Miss Mott," he murmured. "Yes, I shall deal with Leneveu, but the poison of a reptile like that is an indestructible thing. Not even I could wash the world free from it."

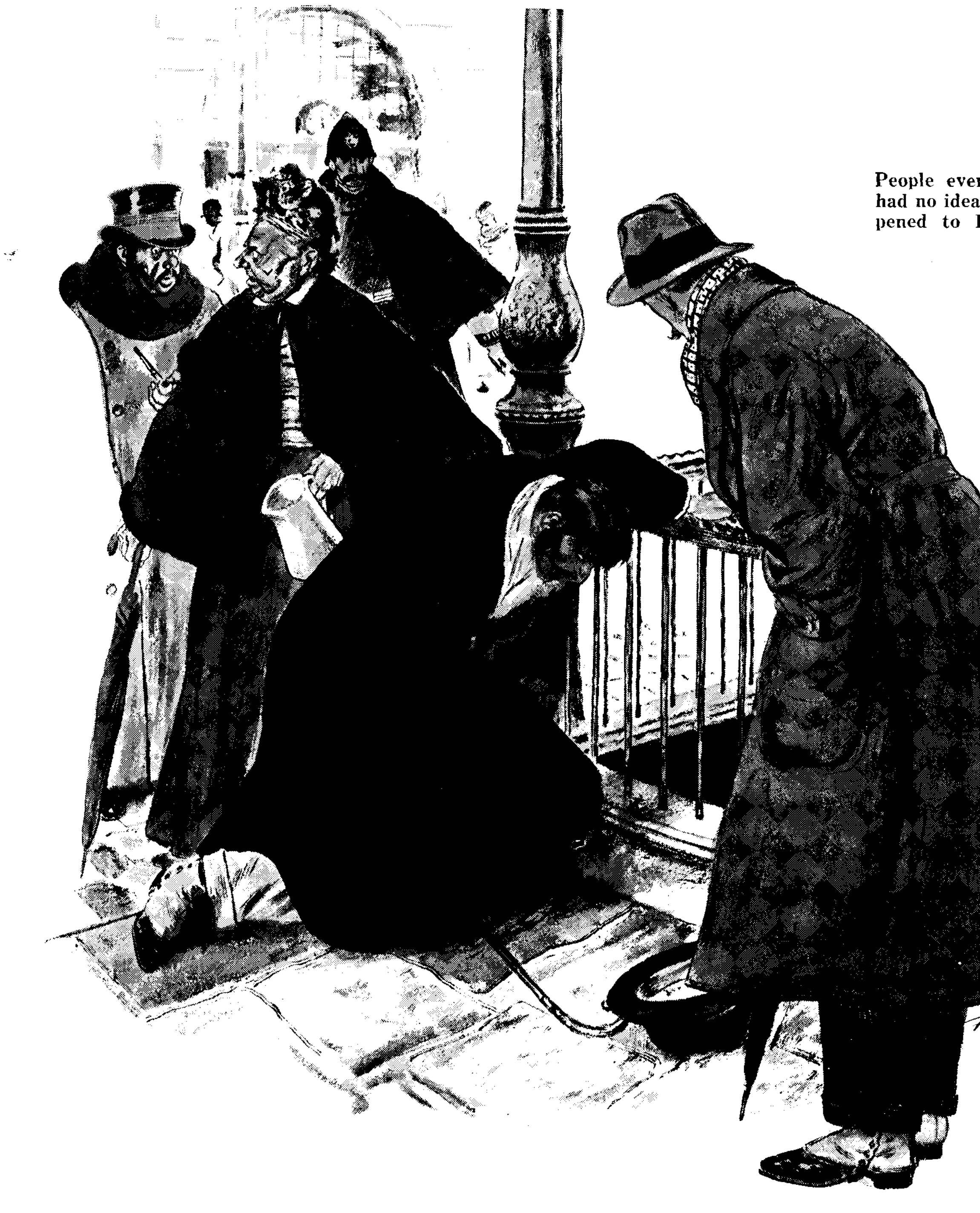
He touched a bell and Miss Mott knew that she was dismissed. He rose to his feet, however, as the servant entered the room, and his farewell smile seemed to chase from his face all those things that had terrified her, and left her with a new memory of the man.

"My congratulations to lucky Joe, Miss Mott," he sighed, as she was crossing the threshold.

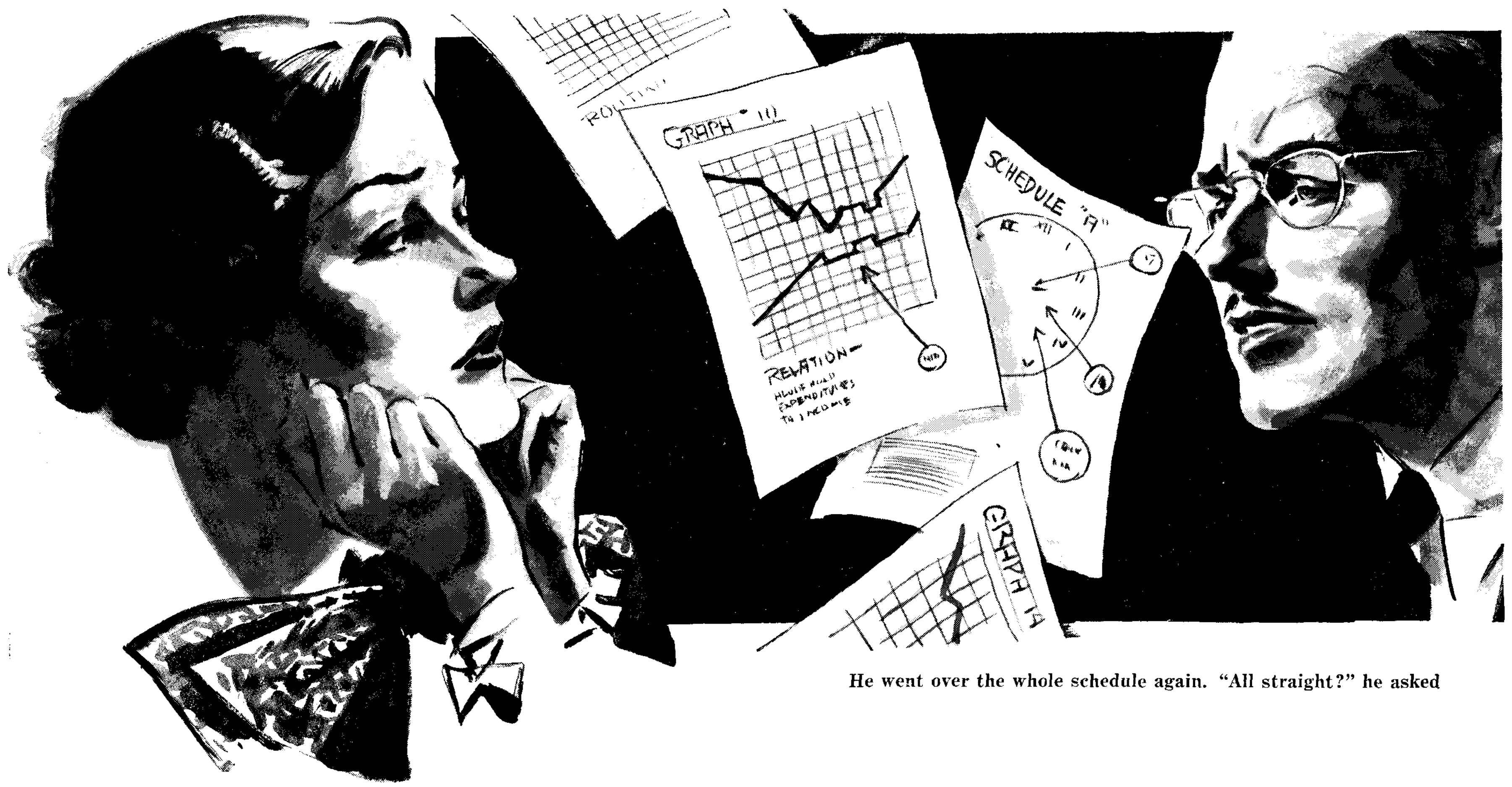
IT WAS toward the close of the third day when Harry Leneveu made his promised reappearance at Miss Mott's office. She looked at him, as he slunk into the room, in blank astonishment. He seemed less than the shadow of his former self. During those first few seconds his eyes wandered restlessly and anxiously around the little room, searching out its distant corners with fear in their uneasy depths. He had the air of a hunted man—a man moving in mortal fear—terrified and torn with imaginings. Even his clothes betrayed signs of the state of panic into which he had fallen. He had lost his natty and spruce appearance, he was unshaven and his linen was not above reproach. One might have imagined that he had stolen away from the casualty ward of some asylum or prison and that recapture meant death.

"What has happened to you?" Miss Mott asked wonderingly.

*(Continued on page 46)*



People even a yard away had no idea what had happened to Harry Leneveu



He went over the whole schedule again. "All straight?" he asked

# Perfect Timing

**A Short Short Story complete on this page**

## By Frederick Skerry

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK AGNEW

"THIS afternoon," Harry Daskin announced at breakfast, "I shall play a round of golf with a prospect; therefore I shall be home earlier than usual—not later than five."

"Well"—Mrs. Daskin shrugged carelessly—"it's Ann's day out and I am going into town."

"Hairdresser's?" Daskin mumbled.

"That's one of the places."

"Well—then you'll go in on the one-ten—that will get you in at one-fifty-five. You'll take the five-three out—that gets here at five-forty-eight. A taxi from the station—of course I'll have the car at the club—and you should be home just before six."

Mrs. Daskin continued to eat her breakfast and said nothing. So her husband, blind to the cold stare she had leveled at him, insensible to her familiar attractiveness, went over the whole schedule again. "All straight?" he asked. Mentally she sniffed. It would be all straight to a child. But she gave him half a nod—what would be the last half, a slight backward toss of her head.

At precisely a quarter to eight, after various instructions and admonitions, Daskin left the house to walk leisurely to the station, which he would reach at exactly eight-seven and have plenty of time to buy a paper before the eight-ten arrived.

The moment the front door shut behind him Julia Daskin was animated by a fever of activity. She had a busy forenoon ahead of her. And her thoughts raced along with her rapid movements. Now, at the climax of five years of marriage, she was amazed at the supineness which had led her to become virtually an automaton whose life and movements were scheduled and programmed and supervised, as if she were devoid of volition. At first she had been proud of Harry's keen sense of method, of system; she had been proud of his success, which had come from the application of that logical sense of his to industrial problems; but she had not dreamed that he would apply his programs and schedules and graphs to his home life. And to think she might have gone on for years and years until she was a faded old figure!

Being of an easy, peaceable disposition and detesting discord, she had slid along the line of least resistance. Yet she had long felt that a pseudo-English house in a fashionable suburb, furnished comfortably with excellent reproductions of the antique and equipped with every modern engine of efficiency, was not necessarily a home; it was but the setting for a home, the shell for the spiritual spark which makes a home, the spark which Harry had smothered under a blanket of egotistical interference.

HARRY DASKIN called himself an industrial engineer. He was one of those who are at times sneeringly termed "efficiency experts." Not quite thirty, he was one of the most successful in his line.

Shortly after half past four, feeling the satisfaction of having lost a game to a promising prospect, he led the way to his parked car. "Look here, Dunn," he said, "you're coming home to dinner with me. Any reason you can't?"

"Why—" Dunn hesitated. "N-o—only I ought to telephone my wife."

"All right. I'll wait here for you."

"Won't Mrs. Daskin be annoyed," Dunn asked when they started, "by your bringing home an unexpected guest? My wife would be."

"No, indeed! Mrs. Daskin is always ready for emergencies."

"You're lucky."

"No luck about it. It's system—method. No reason why a house should not be run as efficiently as a factory. Mrs. Daskin is trained. She has a program, a schedule. So has the maid. I could tell you what they are doing at about any time of day.

"You see, Dunn, somebody has to dominate in the household; otherwise there's friction, lost motion, things at sixes and sevens. Now if a man is one of the putterers his wife will dominate—and probably to no advantage. If, however, the husband is a systematic man—and *can* dominate—he will have a smoothly running home; in other words, a successful home. You must admit that it would be a poor advertisement for one in my business to have a slipshod household."

Dunn smiled. "I suppose it would be."

"After all, Dunn, we time machines, we time manufacturing operations, we schedule processes; in order to pay dividends we conserve energy, we systemize production, we graph progress and compare results; in business we know where we're going and we know where we are all the time eight hours a day, five days a week. But the rest of the time—Good Lord! Putterers! Living hit or miss. No plan, no schedule. Makeshift and contingency rule the roost. Well, here we are."

IN THE impeccable Daskin living-room Harry excused himself to his guest. "Just a minute while I shake up cocktails. This is the maid's day out. And Mrs. Daskin is in town, but she'll be home by six—we always have dinner at seven-fifteen sharp. She'll come on the five-three—that was decided at breakfast, you see."

Soon he returned with glasses and shaker on a tray. "One apiece and a dividend," he said as he poured the drinks. "We never take more. Of course, if you feel like—"

"Oh, no," Dunn protested. "That's quite all right with me. . . . But I'm afraid," he added uneasily, "we hit on an off night—your wife in town and coming home to find—"

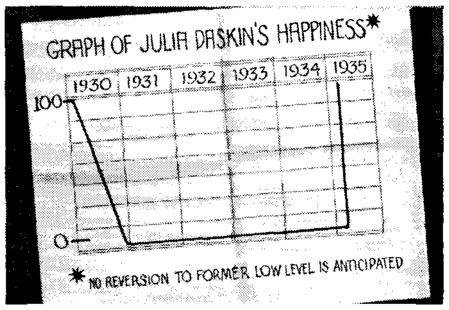
"Nonsense! I never tell her when I'm bringing somebody to dinner; that would amount to an admission of unpreparedness—and she's always prepared. Trained, you see, to system. Quite wonderful. Why, she can even make graphs—I taught her, of course; such things as the relation of living expenses to income and the like. Good for a woman to know where she's at."

They talked business for a time—Dunn's business. Just after five Daskin glanced at the clock. "Well, the five-three is leaving now." At five-forty-eight he observed, "She's in." And a few minutes later, as brakes squealed before the house, he rose. "There's the taxi. Excuse me for a minute."

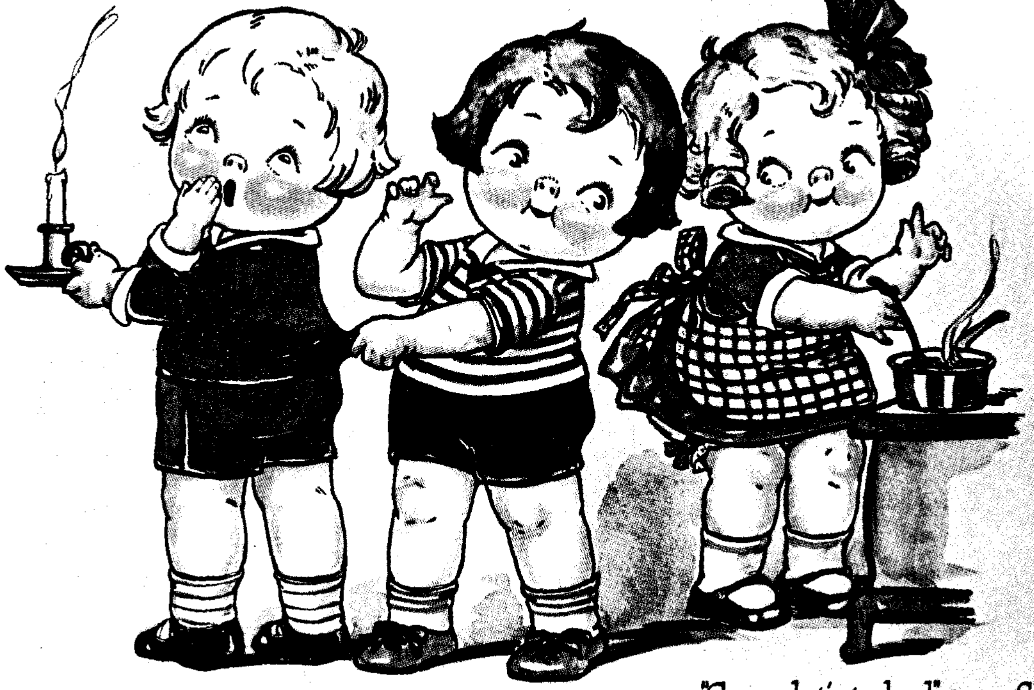
He opened the front door as a messenger boy was about to press the bell button. "Well!" he exclaimed with surprise and a vague annoyance—there was no local messenger service. "Where do you come from?"

"N'York," said the boy. "Are you Mr. Daskin? Okay."

Daskin took the envelope from the boy and, with a small pair of scissors on his watch chain, cut an end of the envelope and drew out a folded sheet. He frowned, uncomprehending at first, at the neatly ruled and lettered paper:



"No answer," Harry Daskin muttered, and the boy, seeing no tip forthcoming, departed. Daskin turned uncertainly to the living-room. Excuses to Dunn. . . .



"Come let's to bed," says Sleepy Head.
"Tarry awhile," says Slow;
He got a whiff of Campbell's Soup
And didn't want to go!

# It takes a bright and sparkling flavor to attract children!

Flavor—flavor—what has the flavor? . . . That's a game every child's appetite loves to play . . . Remember how inquisitive your sense of taste was, back in those childhood days? . . . Poking into all kinds of things to eat — giving the "tongue test" to everything (not always confined to foods) . . . finding some things that really "hit the spot". Every youngster has decided preferences in food.

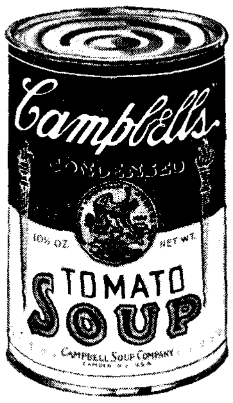
You like Campbell's Tomato Soup. Of course, you do . . . for it is a distinctive flavor universally acclaimed. And your children have a taste that is keener than yours — fresh — appreciative. See how instantly and eagerly the youngsters go for this soup, with its enchanting bright red color and its taste that sets the tongue a-tingling!

At least once every day the children should get the invigorating benefits of wholesome soup, for its nourishing food and its aid to digestion . . . And they *always* greet Campbell's Tomato Soup with delight . . . especially if it's prepared with milk as Cream of Tomato.

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mushroom (Cream of)
Mutton
Noodle with chicken
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



## Campbell's Tomato Soup

*Double rich! Double strength!*

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that they are double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.

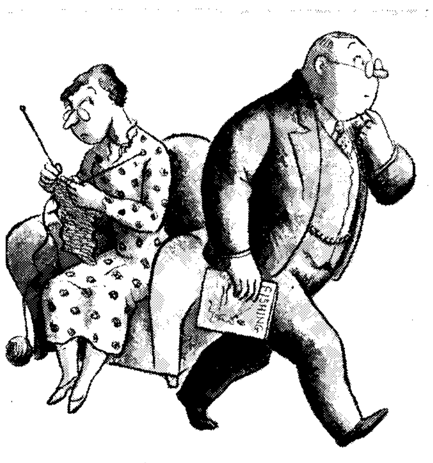
Collier's for April 6, 1935

# Opening Day

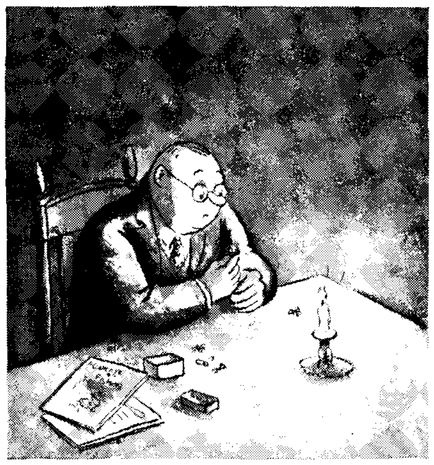
## By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

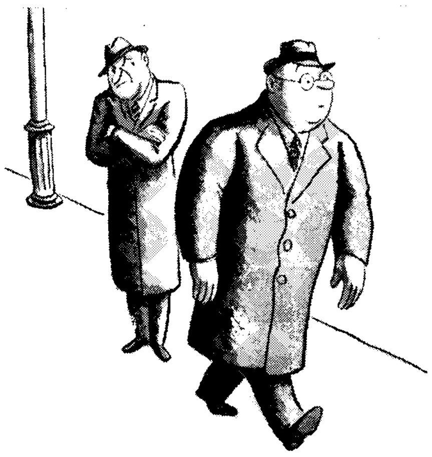
*Trout madness is a chronic disease with recurrent crises. Cure is impossible because the sufferer indignantly rejects all attempts to restore him to normality. Time aggravates the condition. Here Drs. Ford and MacBain, from observations made upon themselves, diagnose and describe the ailment at the season when it is epidemic in the United States*



It is along about January when the first fatal symptoms appear



Hour after hour he sits alone, telling over his artificial flies



By March, he no longer recognizes his friends on the street

THERE is a calendar hanging on the spare-room wall. The calendar has been folded open to the month of April. A bright red circle is penciled reverently, like a halo, around one of its figures.

The spare-room light is burning late tonight. From behind the closed door proceed a mysterious thumping and clattering, the slam of bureau drawers, the cautious swish of a bamboo rod in the air, the sudden rasping screech of a winding reel, occasional erratic bursts of song that attempt, but do not quite achieve, the significant refrain of I'm Always Chasing Rainbows. Downstairs the family huddles quietly like sheep before the storm, and passing neighbors, glancing at the drawn shades, shake their heads significantly. They know the signs. It is evening, the evening before the morning of the Opening Day.

Within the spare room, of course, everything is in readiness for the zero hour. The triple-tapered line is wound back and forth in an intricate cat's cradle between the bed posts, its enameled coils gleaming with fresh mucelin. Several additional hanks of line are draped loosely over the backs of chairs, the light brackets on the wall, the knobs of the spare-room bureau. A tangled bird's-nest of stout backing reposes in a convenient heap under the spare-room bed. An aluminum rod case leans emptily against the door, awaiting the newly varnished sections of a veteran three-ounce rod still dangling stickily from the spare-room chandelier. The leaders are soaking overnight, like grandpa's bridgework, in a tumbler of water; the top of the dresser is heaped high with a nondescript assortment of reels, reel cases, leader boxes, fly boxes, fly-oil bottles, creel, folding net, mosquito dope, angler's knife, magnifying glass, stream thermometer, snippers, line greaser, and—for all fishermen are optimists at heart—scales; upon the spotless spare-room counterpane are piled his mud-stained wading shoes, rubber waders, grimy fishing jacket, and inevitable battered felt hat, bristling with feathers like a hen in molting season. And in the center of this chaos, squatted cross-legged on the spare-room floor and balancing an aluminum fly box precariously on his knees, March Brown is holding a tiny trout fly between thumb and forefinger and examining it over his spectacles with a skeptical frown.

### Preparing for the Best

Downstairs, in the nether regions of the silent house, the phone begins to ring. Brown continues to scowl, oblivious, at the fly, twisting it slowly and cocking his head on one side like a robin. The phone rings again. With a sigh, Brown drops the fly back into a compartment of the box in his lap, selects another, holds it aloft and squints at it critically. The telephone shrills impatiently. Somewhere in the stilly night is heard the muffled slam of a bedroom door, the dutiful patter of wifely feet down the dark hall, the resounding collision of a chair against wifely shins, the smothered burst of somewhat less than wifely language, and then the voice of Mrs. Brown, rising testily up the stairs: "You're wanted on the phone."

"Who is it, dear?" he inquires absently while gazing thoughtfully at the fly.

"Who do you think it would be this time of night?" his wife inquires thinly. "Your fishing partner wants to know if you remembered to pack the lunch."

Brown returns the second fly reluctantly to its compartment, arises and putters downstairs to the telephone: "Of course I'm all ready. What do you think I've been doing? Sure, all I got to do is just oil my reels and wind on some line and fit a couple of rods together and sort my flies and maybe patch my waders in one or two places where they leak— No, I haven't got any left. No, I'm using the repair kit from the car—

"What?" There is a rasping sound in the transmitter. "Yeah, you better bring along a larger net. Mine's pretty small if we strike any really big ones tomorrow. And that extra creel. You never can tell what we're apt to—

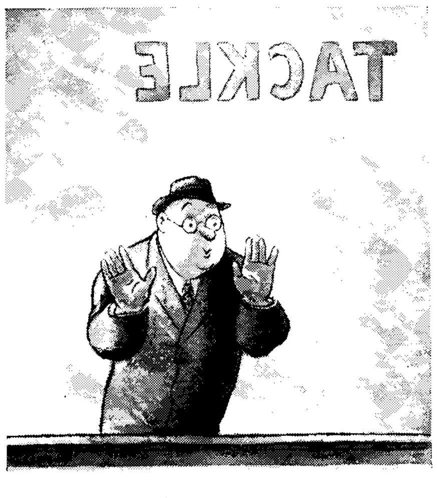
"What's that? Have I what?" He scowls. "Why should I look out the window? I've been too busy to— It is? Hard?" He gulps and forces a light laugh. "Well, what's a little snow? Make them bite all the livelier. Forget it and grab yourself a wink of sleep. It'll be four o'clock before we know it—"

In the bedroom an alarm clock begins to clatter vigorously.

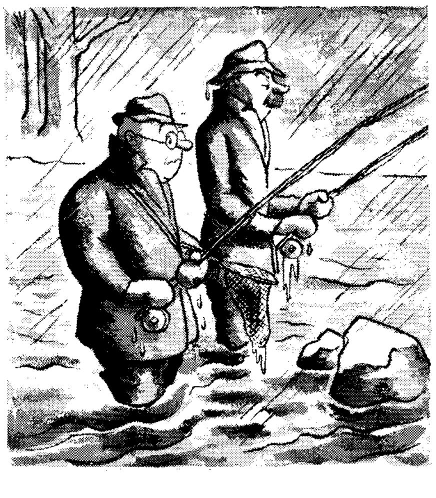
"Too late, dear," interrupts the sleepy voice of Mrs. Brown. "It's four o'clock now."

Take this annual scene, multiply it by a million—it is estimated that about 100,000 intrepid anglers ventured forth in New York state alone on the opening day last year—divide the total by the number of streams, subtract the fishermen who used worms, and the answer is that lone six-inch slightly frozen trout in your hands. Not that they are ever discouraged. Nor rain, nor snow,

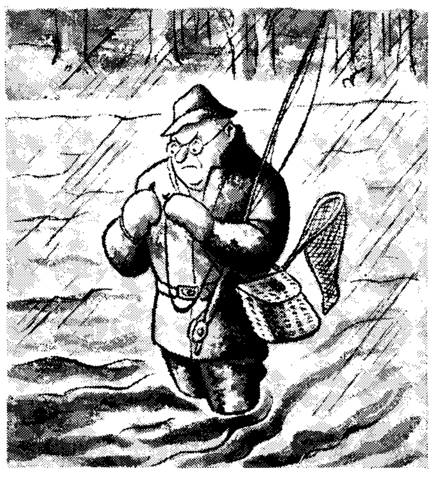
(Continued on page 41)



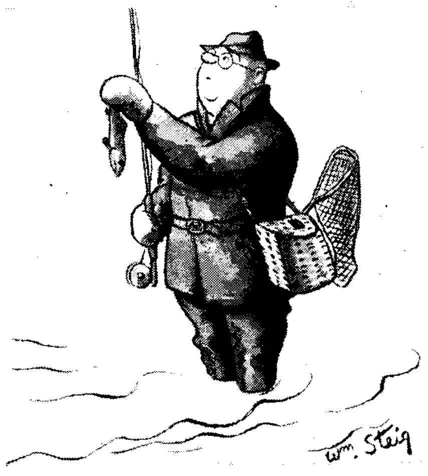
He drops by a tackle store for an hour, in a kind of trance



In a few minutes they are too numb to feel the cold any more



They have a little trouble in changing flies with mittens on



"Let's see your fish, boys. I got to check on everybody this year"

*The good word is spreading fast...*

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# Under the Underdog

## By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON
STAFF WRITER

Patrick Anthony McCarran, junior senator from Nevada, who loves a good fight and to whom reticence is no virtue

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

INTRODUCING Patrick Anthony McCarran—"Call me Pat"—junior senator from the sovereign state of Nevada, a large and prickly cocklebur in the cushion of the presidential chair, and equally a source of exquisite annoyance to the august tribunal of which he is now a member.

Nevada has a population of 93,000, less than that of Schenectady, and pays the government $1,500,000 in income taxes, a pittance compared to New York's annual contribution of $240,000,000. A crushing comparison, but do these figures beget humility in the senator from the Sage Brush Empire? They do not. As blithely as though every cent of the money was coming out of his own pocket, he calls for larger and still larger federal expenditures, and dismisses mention of economy with a lordly gesture indicative of supreme disdain.

The McCarran also irritates his colleagues by a stubborn refusal to observe the rule that a new member must lie inert for two or three sessions, showing no sign of life other than a faint flapping of the gills. The irrepressible Pat has shattered this ancient tradition so completely that poor Joe Robinson cannot even find a fragment to treasure as a souvenir.

Elected in 1932, and not due to take office until March, 1933, the Pride of Reno saddled up and rode to Washington at once. There, like the boy who peeps through the keyhole at the Christmas dinner, he haunted the Senate chamber, uttering joyous squeaks and low cries of "Goody, goody!" Whenever the backs of the doorkeepers were turned, he slipped in and sat down so that his seat might be at body temperature by the time of oath-taking.

Early in the session, Vice President Garner's eyes bulged with horror to see an unfamiliar face bob into view, and his eardrums quivered at the sound of a strange voice, doubly strange in that its shrill bird tones issued oddly from a figure scaling around two hundred pounds. Could it be the new fellow from Nevada? It was!

They tried frowns and even austere rebuke, but, unfortunately, the Senate was not dealing with a thin-skinned, sensitive soul. As Pat was born in Reno in 1876, it may be seen that his hide has known alkali dust and desert winds for something like fifty-eight years. Mere evidences of displeasure fell softly as rose petals on such a surface.

Moreover, the Senate tradition as to silence meant little to one who had gone months on end without hearing the sound of his own voice. Although Pat managed to get through high school and the University of Nevada without difficulty, he tended sheep while studying law, and sheepherding, it may be explained, is not a profession that lends itself to garrulity. Admitted to the bar in 1905, the lad started in to make up for those years of ingrowing speech, and has been making up ever since. Not that he is a Huey Long type. Far from it. His oratory is glacial rather than volcanic, moving slowly but unceasingly and irresistibly.

A lifelong Democrat, it was reasonable to assume that the new junior senator from Nevada would join the Administration chorus, but at the very outset he chose the rôle of the True Friend who believes that affection is best shown by pointing out faults rather than extolling virtues. His heart overflowed with love for Mr. Roosevelt, and if it chanced that he opposed a White House policy everybody must understand that it hurt him more than it hurt the President.

### Challenger from the Sagebrush

He voted for the National Industrial Recovery Act but almost immediately branded it as "an avalanche that sweeps away the structure fought for and reared by the great Jefferson." Trumpeting angrily, he charged against the Administration's Economy Bill, demanding the restoration of veteran benefits and an end to pay cuts for government employees. No matter what other states might do, Nevada did not intend to let some paltry millions stand in the way of justice and humanity.

He thrust himself so energetically into the "aviation scandal" that agitated Hugo Black had to take his investigation home with him of nights. Gaining foothold in an inquiry into the distribution of milk in the District of Columbia, before it was over Pat was in full control of a nationwide probe of the malign activities of the Milk Trust.

By the time the gigantic public works and relief bill came to the Senate, the McCarran had warmed to his work. Heaving to his feet, he put forward the "prevailing wage" amendment, and proceeded to give the President, Carter Glass and Joe Robinson a drubbing that all three will long remember. The unionized workers of Nevada could be put in a telephone booth, but when the smoke of battle cleared away, the sagebrush senator stood forth as the champion of organized labor and the accredited spokesman of the A. F. of L.

When the President politely requested that the life of the NRA be extended for an additional two years, once again the McCarran lowered his massive head and lumbered forward to the attack. Before any such extension could be granted, he declared, there must be a searching investigation of charges that included "not only the oppression of small industry, gross discrimination, monopoly, arbitrary misuse of power and hindrance of recovery, but also of the direct indictment that the codes have become a shelter for *organized crime*."

Much of all this anguish might have been averted if the Democratic leadership had taken the trouble to go back over the McCarran record instead of assuming that he was just another yap from the sticks. At the age of twenty-seven he charged his way into the Nevada legislature. Admitted to the bar in 1905, he left Reno for Tonopah where the gold rush was in full swing. Inside of a year he was the county's prosecuting attorney, and only forceful men rise to the top in a mining camp.

He served as a member of the State Supreme Court from 1913 to 1918, two years as chief justice, and by way of comment on his ability, not one of his decisions was ever reversed by a superior tribunal. The Nevada "machine" beat him for the senatorial nomination in 1926, but he smashed it in 1932, and then proceeded to wipe up the ground with Tasker Oddie, favorite of the privileged class.

### All for the Masses

In the Senate there is a whispered sneer that the McCarran is a demagogue, aping Huey Long, but this is a charge more easily made than proved. As a young legislator he advocated eight-hour laws and social legislation, and his record shows a fairly consistent championship of the underdog. Sometimes he has made a mistake, but as he himself points out, in a dog fight it is often difficult to tell which is top and which is bottom. On the whole, however, he always fought for the masses rather than the classes, and while this may have had a touch of the demagogic at the start, today it comes close to being a fixed habit.

There are, of course, various other considerations that may have bearing on the McCarran attitude. His father was born in Londonderry, and his mother came from Cork, and if there is any Gael that loves a fight better than a Derry man, it's a Corkonian. Or it is a probability that Pat, entering the Senate as a novice, shrewdly figured that a solo act stood far larger chance of gaining attention than membership in a chorus.

Still another possibility is that the mammoth bosom of the junior senator heaved a bit tumultuously when he saw Key Pittman, the senior senator, carrying off all the patronage plums and hogging White House attention. Or it may be that he is speaking the truth when he murmurs plaintively that he is only "plain Pat McCarran, cowman, trying to do the best I can with the talents God gave me." Who is there on earth that can look into the heart of a man?

The matter of motive, however, is far less important than this question that now excites Washington: Will the President, exercising his charm to its fullest, be able to induce the McCarran to quit the warpath and come back to the reservation? It is much to be doubted, very much indeed when the case is considered from Pat's own point of view.

A senator for only two years, and a sagebrush senator at that, yet already a national figure, getting his daily headlines along with Huey Long, Father Coughlin and Good Old Doctor Townsend. Does a tiger turn vegetarian after having tasted blood?

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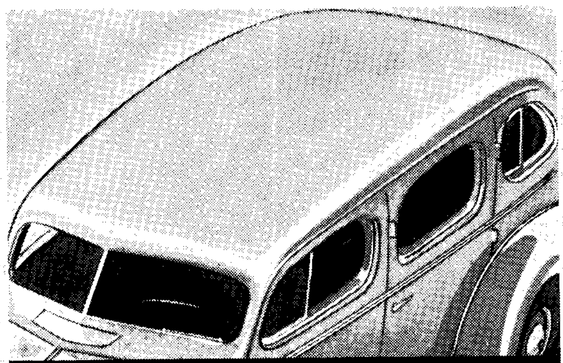
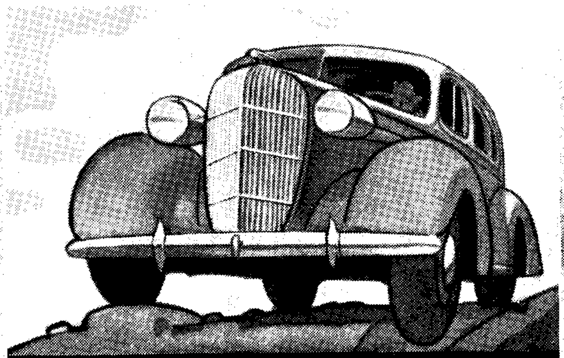
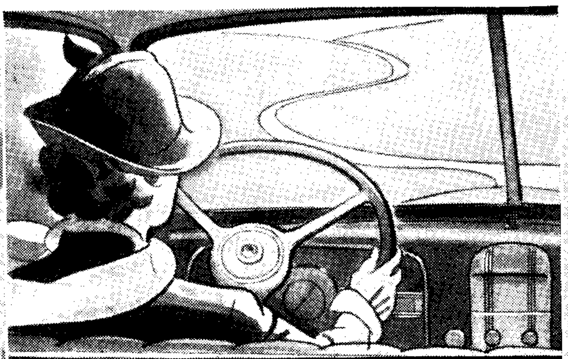

SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER


KNEE-ACTION WHEELS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*"The car that has everything"*

# Time to Dig

## By Ruth Seinfel

*Tips from a skyscraper gardener that will give spring a lift in transforming your garden, terrace or roof top*

Alpine plants making a garden of a dry wall of sandstone

WENDELL MAC RAE

A bit of old England eleven stories up in Rockefeller Center

THIS is the time of year when nice clean hands seem somehow wrong and people, like puppies, have sudden impulses to go out in the back yard and dig. For those with a fondness for getting black loam under their finger nails—and who, these April days, is free of it?—the remarks herewith may help to make the digging other than mere excavation.

Not only the smell of moist earth is in the air this April, but a renaissance of small gardens as well. Tracing the latter to its source, this garden-hound found herself, oddly enough, on a skyscraper above Fifth Avenue.

Eleven stories in the air, to the sweet music of the busses' grinding gears, some fabulous gardens are bursting into bloom. Lemon trees and primroses, Japanese azalea and English boxwood are putting out green fingers into gasoline-laden atmosphere with apparent unconcern.

I found other back-yard diggers already there, gazing at the new Gardens of the Nations in Rockefeller Center and asking how they, too, could bring a touch of Old England into their suburban gardens, or make waterfalls fall and purling streams meander on their roofs, or step out of their kitchen doors into a corner of Spain, Italy or France.

### Why Not a Japanese Garden?

A robust Englishman with the ruddy outdoors look straightened up from his carrots and orchids to answer the man from out Erie, Pennsylvania, way: "A Japanese garden in your back yard? Why not? Choose a corner with twenty-five or thirty square feet, get a Japanese stone lantern and plant a gnarled wisteria in proximity. Then put in German iris as a ground cover—those mauves and purples will go well with the wisteria. Build a low wall of dry stone like this, or of rocks, to retain the bed and make a boundary for your Japanese corner.

"Can you spare a trifle more space? Then get a Japanese holly, preferably one with character that has been trodden on by a cow when young—nurserymen really should learn to turn a herd of cows or small boys loose on their young plants. By the way, be sure to examine your iris before you buy it, to see that it has heavy rhizomes—they correspond to roots on other plants—and if you plant it now it will flower abundantly for you very soon."

The man from Erie goes for another look at the Japanese corner, and Ralph Hancock goes back to making his gardens grow on three quarters of an acre in the air. An ardent garden maker, this British landscape architect designed the garden of Princess Victoria, King George's sister, on his native soil, and has designed gardens for numerous large establishments hereabouts since he came to America four years ago. His present experiment, they are saying in horticultural circles, is the largest permanent outdoor flower show ever assembled anywhere.

Sniff the good black earth on this skyscraper lip—they carted 3,000 tons of it up in elevators more disposed to elevate typewriters and shiny executive desks—and you'll forget to ask how thirty-five-foot trees came sailing over the parapet and were coaxed into place while men perspired over geared winches and tricky booms. You'll be on your knees in your own garden before you know it, your fingers in the dirt, planning how to transform the sober rectangularity of your back yard with exuberant Italian or sentiment-rich English notions.

### Here's the English Idea

There are a dozen nationalities to choose from, and one can begin modestly and add features in character as one goes along. Take the English idea for a starter: all you need is a wall and some notion how to get or make a sundial.

Along the wall plant a hedge. Yew will do, or Japanese holly, or, best of all, rhododendron, with the caution that it requires a peaty, sandy—that is, acid—soil. The new soil, if you need it, should be eleven or twelve inches deep.

Now a very low wall in front, a foot or less high, of dry stone or brick to bank up the soil. A semicircular recess at the center of it, where the sundial goes. A brick path, and on the other side of it an English (which is to say herbaceous) border in which charm and sentiment can run riot and do nothing but good. Tradition urges pinks, thrift, snapdragons, lavender and thyme whose little red, mauve or white flowers will soon be making a carpet for Flora's lyric feet. Lyricism aside, if the border is inclined to be shady, bleeding heart and its little sister, known to horticulturists as Dielytra spectabilis and Dielytra eximia, are a good idea. So is Sedum, one of the fascinating Alpine families, whose acquaintance you will thank us for.

Tidy souls may prefer the Dutch garden, which is less architecture and more gardening. The Dutch can grow virtually anything, and it is clear that they consider a garden primarily a place to grow things. None of your pergolas or sundials, no paths which wander for the

*(Continued on page 40)*

# Plant today—Enjoy tomorrow

Springtime again. Flowers to plant—shrubs to trim—your garden to cultivate so that you and your family may enjoy them later.

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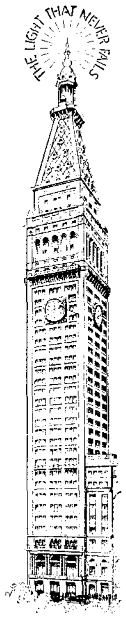
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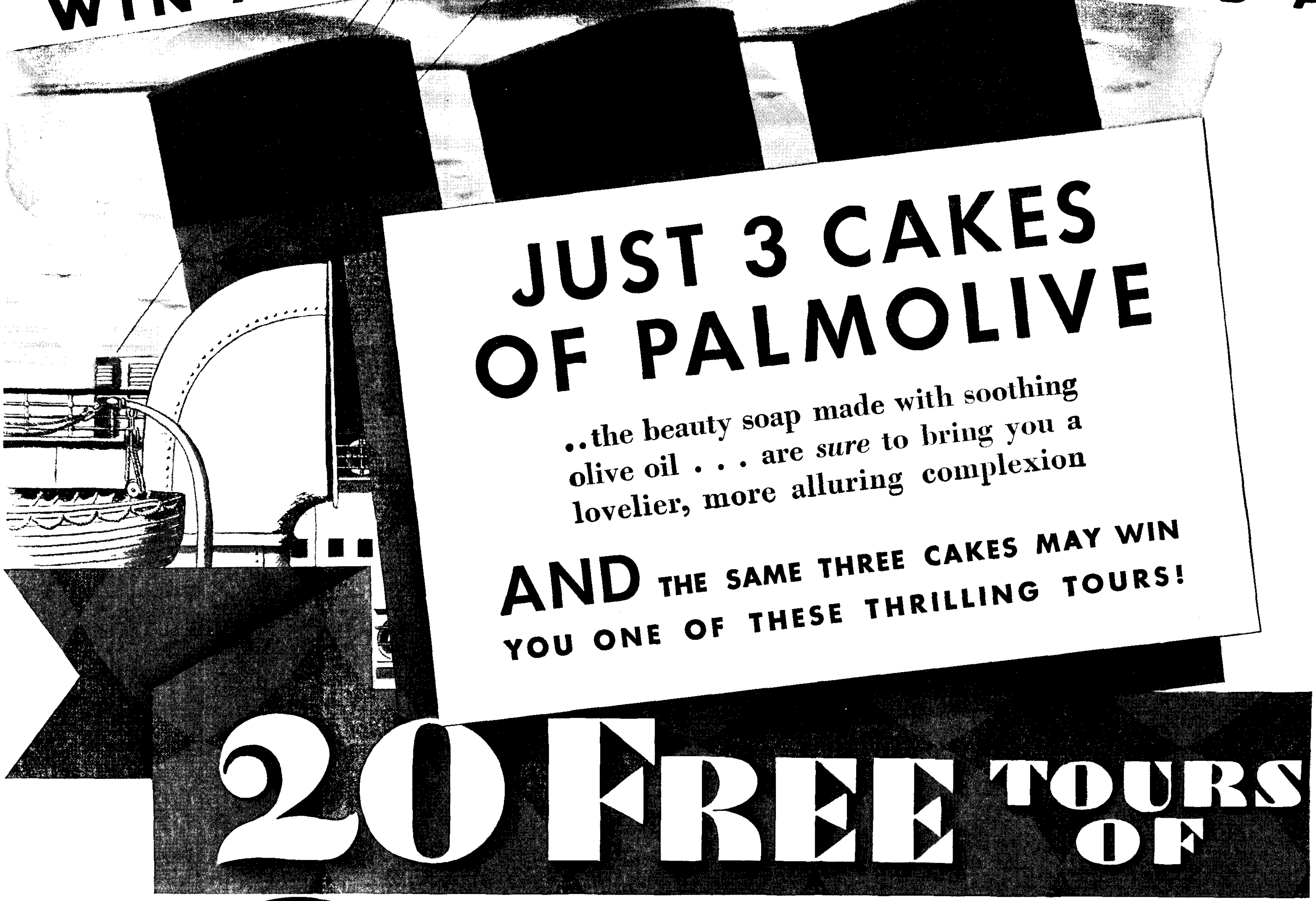

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*20 lucky winners sail July 31 on world's largest ship*
FRENCH LINE'S "S. S. NORMANDIE"
*34 glorious days in 7 European countries . . . All expenses paid and $300 "pocket money" for every winner.*

### AND 1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

At last! A contest in which you just can't lose! A contest so simple that you may ***easily*** win a trip that will be the most thrilling experience of your life! And you are ***certain*** to win the most precious prize of all—the glamour and allure of a soft, smooth, ***youthful*** skin!

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Just write us a short, simple letter, accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies) . . . That's all you need do to enter this contest.

Get your three cakes of Palmolive today. Try it . . . and see how this marvelous beauty soap will give *your* skin the thrilling loveliness that every man adores!

Every night and morning use this simple 2-minute beauty treatment . . . Massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather into your skin. See how gently, but deeply, it cleanses your pores . . . Then rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Watch your skin grow lovelier, more radiant, day by day! Even before the third cake is gone . . . see what a marvelous improvement Palmolive has made in your skin!

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Why does Palmolive do such wonders for your skin? Because Palmolive, u like other soaps, is made from precio cosmetic oils . . . a scientific blend soothing olive and palm oils . . . used l lovely women since Cleopatra's time keep skin exquisitely soft and smoot

That is why Beauty Experts t world over say: "Use only Palmoli for daily complexion care." And th is why millions of women the world ov use and prefer Palmolive Soap!

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**ALLURING PALMOLIVE BEAUTIES**

You'll dine in world-famous cafes, where congregate the loveliest and most distinguished women of Europe. And everywhere you go you will see alluring women with the most exotic skin in the world. Palmolive is the soap these glorious beauties use to keep their skin lovely and young!

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European Tour includes Paris, Rome, ndon . . . Venice, Geneva, Vienna . . . ussels, Amsterdam, and The Hague . Five wonderful weeks of sight-seeing the most fascinating cities of the Old orld! First class accommodations oard ship and throughout the tour.

A representative of the Colgate-lmolive-Peet Company (makers of lmolive Soap) will accompany the nners throughout the entire tour.

*What a glorious, care-free vacation! id you have every chance in the world to n it! So be sure to write that letter today!*

**A LETTER AS SIMPLE AS THIS CAN WIN!**

"First of all, I prefer Palmolive because of all the olive oil that goes into the making of every cake. I am sure it is just for that reason that my skin is so much softer and smoother than before I used Palmolive.

"Then, I've learned by actual experience that no other soap cleanses my skin so thoroughly, or keeps my complexion so clear and free from blemishes. I honestly think Palmolive is wonderful, and I'm not a bit surprised to hear that it is the world's largest-selling beauty soap."

**1000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!**

In addition to the 20 European tours (or $1,000 cash in place of each trip), there are 1,000 other prizes . . . For women, Beauty Boxes, containing creams, powder, lipstick, and of course Palmolive Soap . . . everything you need to keep you lovely and well-groomed. For men, Palmolive Shaving Kits.

## CONTEST RULES

(Clip and save for reference.)

1. Anyone is eligible to enter the contest (with the exception of employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and their families).
2. Write a letter of 100 words, or less, telling "Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap." Print your full name and address, and the name of the dealer from whom you bought your Palmolive Soap.
3. All letters will be judged on their clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Just write as if you were writing to a friend. Simple, easy-to-write letters will win the prizes! (You may submit as many letters as you wish.)
4. Each letter you submit must be accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies). Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. C-1, Jersey City, New Jersey.
5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All letters must be in the mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.
6. The Judges will be: Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., Nat'l. Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Fayant, Pres., American Cosmeticians Association; and Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. All entries submitted become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

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**MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO KEEP HER SKIN LOVELY!**

In Italy, too, where Palmolive is the largest-selling beauty soap, lovely women, like the glamorous beauty above, rely on it for complexion care. For the cosmetic value of olive oil is an age-old Italian tradition . . . And they know that Palmolive Soap, made with gentle olive oil, will keep their skin soft and smooth always!

**NOW 5¢**

## SELLING BEAUTY SOAP IN THE WORLD!

# Dr. Socrates

*Continued from page 17*

want Josephine. As Cardwell got up to go, he told himself that he was through drifting with the tide of events; he was going to fight against the stream. Red must be turned over to the authorities or shot.

Red got up, laughing.

"I sure stood this county on its ear, didn't I? Them stuffed shirts getting up a militia! That raised my back. It'd just be my luck to get plugged by some foreclosing so-and-so of a banker. I told them I'd make monkeys of 'em and I did. Eh, Doc?" He turned. "Lefty! Al! Dublin! Doc's all set."

Cardwell lit a cigarette. He dreaded that long ride home, blindfolded, handcuffed, absolutely at the mercy of three morons.

"Hey, Doc," laughed Red, "before they tie up your glims I want to show you something so you'll know just what this hick county is up against. Come here."

Cardwell followed Red across the room. Red opened a door and, scratching a match, lit a gas jet. Cardwell saw a small compartment which had once been a cloak-room or a retiring-room for the ladies who used to come to the dances. It was packed with arms and ammunition of all kinds. He saw machine-guns, rifles, shotguns, revolvers and automatics. Cartons of ammunition were stacked shoulder-high along the back wall. Red turned off the light.

"Not bad, not bad," he said, laughing. "If they should happen to find us, which ain't likely, it'd take all the militia in the state to get to us, and then some. When Red does anything, he does it right. What do you think, Doc?"

"Looks like you're going to fight the World War over."

"We are, if we have to. I even got tear-gas bombs in there and steel vests. Yeah, we're doing it up right. All the guys ahead of me were pikers. There's only one Red Bastian!"

Lefty Croker, Dublin and Al stood waiting. Red turned to them.

"All right, boys and girls. He's yours. Oh, by the way, Doc, how are the boys?"

"Two of them are in no danger. One of them is pretty badly shot up. But if he's lucky he may pull through."

"You mean Hughie?"

"Yes, I think so."

Red nodded and turned on his heel. Lefty started to put on the black silk handkerchief. Just as it was sliding down over Cardwell's eyes, a door opened at one end of the room. Cardwell caught a glimpse of a tall, stooped, somewhat familiar figure, then his vision was blotted out.

"Close that door," Red bellowed.

Cardwell heard running feet, then somebody said in a low voice:

"He had the blinker on, Red. He couldn't see nothing."

During all the long, uncomfortable ride home, Cardwell sat trying to place that tall, stooped figure.

THERE was a crowd around the entrance to the Odd Fellows Hall and when Cardwell came up, hurrying because he was late, due to a call, he saw two city policemen arguing with a group of newspapermen.

"Evening, Dr. Cardwell," said one of the policemen. "We sure got our hands full with this bunch tonight."

"Yeah," said the other policeman, "they think this is St. Louis. They think they can do as they please."

The reporters crowded around Cardwell.

"Want to make a statement, Doc? Won't hurt you to get your name in the paper. Good publicity."

Cardwell smiled slightly.

"What could I make a statement about? I don't know anything."

"Say, Doc; there's some talk about that Miss Gray being called in again. Know anything?"

"I'd say that was just talk."

"Doc Ginder says different."

Cardwell turned and started away. He felt a surge of anger against Ginder and he did not want the reporters to notice anything.

"Say, Doc, want to make a statement about the killing of those cops? That sure was a brutal business, eh, Doc?"

Cardwell shut the door behind him and climbed the stairs to the assembly hall, which was buzzing with excitement. Two state policemen had been ruthlessly shot to death by the occupants of a car they had forced to the side of the road for speeding. Both men were popular and had families. The county was in an uproar. Cardwell was very much worried. He was pretty sure that the men he had treated for gunshot wounds at Red's place were the men who had done the killing. One of the policemen had fallen dead at the first volley from the car; the bandits had fired without warning. The other policeman, though badly wounded, had emptied his automatic at close range before he fell.

IT WAS a dirty business. But Cardwell knew now that it was too late for him to report the men he had treated. It wouldn't help a bit; it would merely get him into trouble, very serious trouble. There was only one thing for him to do: keep his mouth shut until he could somehow discover the location of Red's hideaway. One of the bandits had inadvertently told him that it was fourteen miles from the city. But he had no idea in what direction.

Preoccupied, he took a seat in the back of the hall. Talbot was speaking from the stage:

". . . and so, my friends, you see what we are up against. We've not only got murderous hoodlums running loose, but we've got a certain part of the community against us. They say we're nothing but a political organization. One editor at Hanlonville says we are the beginning of Fascism in the country. He says that Dr. Ginder wants to dominate the county 'by force of arms.' Could anything be sillier? What we want to do is make this county safe for our wives and children. And by force of arms if necessary."

"If it comes to a pinch I guess we can use guns as well as anybody. Some of you fought in the World War. Some of your fathers fought in the Spanish War. Most of your grandfathers fought in the War between the States. You've got the right stuff in you. You don't want to be laughed at by Red Bastian, do you?"

Cardwell only half listened. All this talk seemed to him not only unnecessary but very futile; mere oratory. The Minute Men should be out scouring the county instead of cheering a rabble-rouser. What the professor said was quite true; but they all knew it. Why repeat it? The chief objection to the Minute Men organization was its domination by Doc Ginder. He was a politician and, consequently, was not trusted. He should be asked to resign. But it was none of Cardwell's business. He had his own problem.

". . . this," the professor went on, "is the third note we've had from his honor, Red Bastian. He's threatening us again. He says we had three of his men shot when they were minding their own business. He warns us. Don't you like that? He warns us to look the other way, to stand for his depredations without reprisal. In short, we're to put up with this . . . this maniac.

"I don't think I have to point out to you that our county is slowly being ruined by these stories in the papers. Here's a news story in a Chicago newspaper. This is its heading: 'Red Bastian gives Wayne County officials twenty-four hours to leave the State.' That may be very funny to Chicagoans but it's not funny to us. They tell me that tourists driving through from coast to coast are avoiding our neck of the woods. They're afraid they'll be robbed and murdered by the Wayne County bandits. That's the phrase, gentlemen. Wayne County bandits. . . !"

Cardwell shifted uneasily in his chair and looked about him. Almost all the business men in Big Bend were at the meeting; and he saw Jeff Wagner, the sheriff, sitting with John Powell, the chief of police. Even Ben Suggs and the unworldly Mr. Dickey, who ran the only bookstore in the town, were present. And close to the stage, Cardwell saw Doc Ginder sitting with three strangers. The strangers, Cardwell felt pretty certain, were the federal agents who had arrived that day. It was even rumored that Mr. Greer, one of the big bugs, was coming to the town.

After Talbot had finished, Doc Ginder spoke briefly and mildly about a volunteer patrol, then one of the agents, Mr. Anderson, said a few words in regard to the Minute Men confining themselves to coöperation with the "authorized guardians of the law," and the meeting was adjourned.

The room was very hazy. Cardwell sat wondering if he should take anybody into his confidence. Men were getting up all around him. For some reason he turned and looked toward the exit. A big, tall, loose-jointed man was just going out the door. Cardwell jumped up with an exclamation, staring. He couldn't believe his eyes. This figure, silhouetted against the brilliant light of the outside hallway, was the figure he had had a brief glimpse of at Red's hideaway just as Lefty Croker was pulling the black handkerchief down over his eyes. Bob Catlett! The door closed. The man went out.

CARDWELL was trembling with excitement. Now he knew! The enormous old colonial house Talbot and Ma Ganson had told him about! Catlett staying on at his decaying farm, absolutely penniless. It all hung together.

He took a step toward the door, but hesitated. No; that wouldn't work. He had to be sure. No use warning Catlett. Maybe he wasn't the only one that Red had attending the meetings.

Cardwell lit a cigarette and stood leaning against the wall, trying to steady himself. His hands were trembling so that he could hardly get the cigarette to his mouth. The hall was emptying gradually. Doc Ginder went past without speaking. But the federal men glanced at Cardwell sharply.

Ben Suggs stopped, also Mr. Dickey. Cardwell shook hands with them.

"My boy," said Ben, "you ain't a doctor; you're a miracle man. Caroline ain't no more the same girl than. . . . Well, she just ain't. She's always on the move now. Getting a little fun out of life, and Tom says his leg's as good as new."

Mr. Dickey smiled.

"My sister Martha—she lives over in Cold Springs—she's going to bring her boy over for you to take a look at. He's sixteen and he don't seem to grow right and he's nervous as a cat. The doctor over there can't seem to help him at all."

Ben laughed.

"You bring him over to young Doc and he'll have him playing football in a week or so."

In spite of his excitement, Cardwell was pleased. Gradually his nerves quieted down and he was able to hide his agitation from the two men.

After they had gone, Cardwell stood waiting for Talbot. Talbot knew all about the Catletts. He could clear up Cardwell's suspicions in a few words without discovering anything about the matter himself.

In a little while Talbot left the group he had been talking with and came over to Cardwell, who was puzzled by his manner.

"Were you waiting to see me?"

"Yes, Professor. I thought you might like to have me drive you home."

"It's a nice night. I think I'll walk, thank you."

Talbot cleared his throat uncomfortably. Cardwell was worried.

"Anything wrong, Professor?"

TALBOT hesitated for a long time, pulling at his underlip. Then he seemed to come to some sort of decision.

"Well," he said, "I know I'm talking out of school and you must realize that I'm speaking in strictest confidence, but . . . well, I like you, Dr. Cardwell. I think you're a fine young man and a credit to this town. But for some reason you've got Doc Ginder after you hard. He says that he has good reason to believe that Red Bastian's gang is not only getting direct information in regard to all our movements—the Minute Men, I mean—but, well, you see. . . . Hang it all, Dr. Cardwell, Doc Ginder says Red's gang is getting medical attention."

Cardwell started, then he held himself rigid, afraid he'd begin to shake.

"Suspects me, does he?"

"I won't say. But I will say this: Doc's got the ear of those federal men. And now I think I've said enough."

He turned as if to go. Cardwell put a hand on his arm.

"Professor," he said, "I want to ask you something. It's about the Catletts. A friend of mine in Chicago wrote asking about them. He's one of my old teachers. He was here about twenty years ago and he thinks he was entertained by the Catletts."

Talbot glanced at Cardwell, puzzled, then he said:

"He may well have been. All the horse people used to congregate out there . . . but somehow I just can't see a college professor. . . ."

"Oh," said Cardwell, hastily, "this man is a D. V. S. as well as a doctor."

"That explains it. Yes; if he was a veterinarian he might be interested in the horses."

"About how far is the Catlett place?"

"Fifteen miles from the center of town."

"Big place?"

"Biggest house in the state, I believe; or was."

"Is there a ballroom there?"

"Why, yes. Big as a barn. It used to be the pride of the county."

"That must be the place."

"It's off on a dirt road now. Hard to get to. Poor Bob's isolated out there. It certainly was a lively and beautiful place in the old days. Well, good night. I must be going."

"Thanks for the warning, Professor."

"I didn't say a word."

Cardwell's heart was still pounding with excitement when he unlocked his front door. Fears, suspicions, projects buzzed through his mind. What on earth was he to do? It would be a simple thing to go to the federal men or the chief of police and tell them about Red's hideaway. Simple, that is, if you disre-

*(Continued on page 36)*

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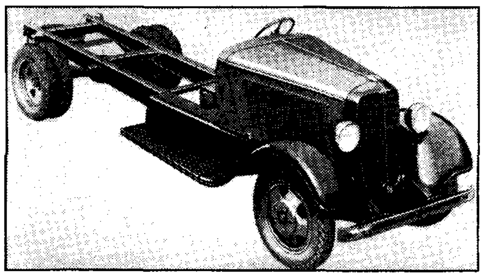

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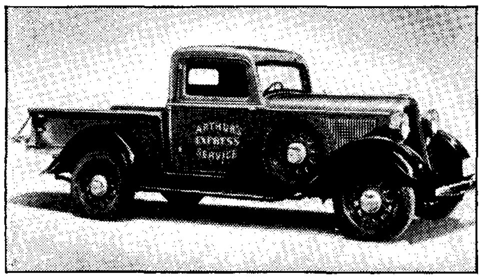

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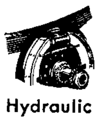

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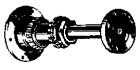

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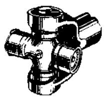

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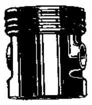

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*Dependable* **DODGE TRUCKS**

# Dr. Socrates

*Continued from page 34*

garded the arsenal, the tear-gas bombs, and Red's absolute recklessness. It would take a well-organized company of soldiers to take the Catlett house as things stood. There was no use in getting a dozen good men killed if there was a possibility of going about the matter in some roundabout way.

Much to his surprise, both Ma Ganson and Josephine were sitting in his room. He took off his hat and coat, then stood staring at them. He was a little irritated. He had a lot of thinking to do; he wanted to be alone.

"Well?"

"I'm glad you're home," said Ma. "We've had a nice time of it with them Cossacks."

"Cossacks? What in the world are you talking about?"

"Some detectives were here," said Josephine.

"City detectives?"

"No," said Ma. "Federal men. In the Gazette it said the federal men were enemies of personal liberty and no better than Cossacks and I. . . ."

"Never mind all that."

Ma got up and stood looking from one to the other for a moment, then she smiled slightly and said:

"Well, I've got my mending to do. Jo can tell you all about it."

She went out, shutting the door.

Cardwell pulled his chair up next to Josephine's. She looked very tired, he thought, and he sat silently cursing the federal men.

"It's that old Red Bastian business, Lee. They'll never get done with it, I guess."

"Were they rough with you, Jo?"

"Not physically."

"Third degree?"

"Oh, no. They just kept trying to tangle me up. Said they had an affidavit to the effect that I was in the first car."

"Did you stick to your story?"

"Of course."

CARDWELL liked the way she said that. Jo was all right.

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't worse. Doc Ginder's behind all this, you know. He hates me for some reason. I'm sorry to get you in all this trouble, Jo."

She looked at him steadily:

"It's the other way around."

"Oh, no."

"You know it is. If you hadn't picked me up and brought me home I'd probably still be in jail."

Cardwell recoiled from the thought. Why was it that he went cold all over when he realized, from time to time in brief flashes, that but for the merest chance he might never have seen Jo at all? He wasn't in love with the girl. He was sure of that. Why, she wasn't his kind at all.

"Well, we can forget all about that." He hitched his chair up closer. "Jo, I want to have a serious talk with you. But don't ask me any questions; just listen."

"All right."

"I want you to be very careful. I'm serious about this. Don't go out unless you have to, and when you go to bed, lock your door."

"This sounds serious, Lee. What ever. . . ." But she caught herself up.

"I'm sorry but I can't tell you anything more. I'll be mighty glad when I hear from your brother."

She stiffened slightly.

"Will you, Lee? Why?"

"Well, I feel responsible for you. I want to look after you and see that nothing happens to you. I want you to get to your brother safely."

"Oh!"

Cardwell stared at her for a moment, then got up. She looked very tired; her face had lengthened; the sparkle had gone out of her eyes. She got up.

**"Louisa! Please! The orchestra is all right; they're supposed to sink through the floor like that!"**

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"Well, I guess I'll be going upstairs."

"Lock your door."

"I will." She hesitated. "Lee, do you mind if I take a book to read?"

"Why, no. Help yourself."

"Have you any more by that Russian author, what's-his-name? I couldn't pronounce it if I could remember it."

"What Russian author?"

She smiled slightly.

"Well, you see, I've been sneaking your books upstairs in the afternoon when you weren't here. I always put them back in the morning. Do you mind?"

"Of course not. You're perfectly welcome to help yourself at any time. But I didn't know you read anything like. . . ." Cardwell cleared his throat.

"When I saw all your books I started to look through them. I like to read. But I never heard of any of them before. Well, I thought I'd try one anyway, so I did and liked it."

"What was the book?"

"Smoke."

"You liked it?"

"I was just crazy about it. But I could have killed that woman, Irena."

Cardwell laughed.

"Why?"

"She was no good." Jo hesitated. "That young fellow reminded me of you."

"Who? Litvinoff? Good Lord!"

"Well, he did." Jo stood smiling. Cardwell thought that she looked very young. He studied her. She flushed slightly, but the sparkle had returned to her eyes. Cardwell cleared his throat and turned away. He had thought: "Her eyes are beautiful. She's absolutely starry-eyed."

JO TURNED swiftly to the bookcase and began to look at the titles.

"Fathers and Sons," she read. "Is that a good one?"

"You won't like it as well as Smoke. Try Torrents of Spring."

"Is that by the same author, too?"

"Yes."

She took down the volume, then turned and went to the door.

"Well, good night, Lee. See you tomorrow."

"Good night, Jo."

When the door closed, Cardwell began to pace the floor. Here he was faced by a dilemma which just had to be worked out, and he hadn't an idea in his head. All he could think about was the fact that Jo had said he was like that poor, ineffectual Litvinoff.

ALTHOUGH Cardwell was preoccupied and had come to no solution of his problem, he was in a good humor. He was having lunch with Jo and Ma, and Jo was telling about some of her experiences hitch-hiking. Ma was smiling complacently, never taking her eyes from Jo's face. Cardwell had never seen Jo looking so well.

"He was just some smart town fellow," Jo was saying. I was about a mile out of town, trying to thumb a ride. He kept bothering me and bothering me. But he wasn't the sort of fellow you'd be afraid of at all. Just a smart aleck. But pretty soon I got tired of it and told him to go away and leave me alone or he'd be sorry. We were almost to one of those barbecue stands along the road. He didn't want me to go where the people were, so he took me by the wrist. This made me pretty mad and so, without thinking, I swung on him."

"You what?" exclaimed Cardwell.

"I swung on him. Like this." Jo demonstrated.

Cardwell threw back his head and laughed.

"Not a bad right at that."

Ma was shocked.

"Why, Jo!"

"When I was a kid," Jo went on, "I used to box with my brother. He was a good boxer. He taught me a lot of things. He said it might come in handy some day. And it did. That was when Ed and I were in high school."

"In high school!" Ma exclaimed. "Why, you look like you ought to be in high school right now."

"I'll be twenty-four my next birthday," said Jo, "and after that trip, I'll feel thirty-four at least."

"You certainly don't look it," said Ma. "Why, when I saw twenty-four I was a grown woman."

Cardwell smiled.

"What do you think Jo is? If she isn't a grown woman I never saw one; swinging on poor harmless boys!"

"Oh, he wasn't so harmless. I hit him right on the chin. Was he surprised! It nearly knocked him down."

"Now wait a minute, Jo," said Cardwell. "Your story is getting a little too wild for me. You couldn't knock anybody down with hands like that."

"You'd be surprised. Anyway, I didn't say I knocked him down. I said almost."

Ma shuddered.

Cardwell was just raising his coffee cup when he thought he heard somebody in the front room and turned. A bass voice said:

"Sorry to interrupt this interesting little family gathering but. . . ."

Doc Ginder was standing in the dining-room doorway; Anderson and another federal man were right behind him.

Cardwell jumped up in a rage, upsetting his coffee cup. Ma Ganson paid no attention to the men but ran for a dish towel. Jo stared.

"What do you mean walking in here like this?"

Cardwell's face was white and he was trembling with anger. Jo looked at him with surprise. She had always thought of him as a mild, conciliatory, rather distant young man. But right now he looked full of fight and she noticed how broad his shoulders were.

"Now, now, Dr. Cardwell," said Anderson. "The door was open, so we walked in. This is a pretty important matter, so we didn't bother to knock." The federal man was polite but sardonic.

"Yes, Doc," said Ginder, "keep your shirt on. We just want to ask you a few questions."

"If these men want to ask me some questions I don't mind, although I think that even government agents would understand simple courtesy, but I can't see what you've got to do with it, Dr. Ginder."

"He's head of the Minute Men," said Anderson shortly. "We're working with him. We've got our orders."

"I see."

"WE'D like to see you alone if you don't mind," said Anderson, still polite, still sardonic.

Ginder bent down and whispered something to him. Anderson turned to the other man: "Chuck, you go outside. We don't want anybody to leave this house."

The man turned and went out. Doc Ginder and Anderson went into Cardwell's room.

Ginder and Anderson sat down without ceremony. Cardwell hesitated, paced back and forth for a moment, trying to compose himself, then he sat down. He remembered Talbot's words suddenly. Could it be possible?

"Dr. Cardwell," said Anderson, "I'm going to ask you some questions. I want you to answer them truthfully. That will save us all, including yourself, a lot of trouble."

Cardwell nodded.

"Now, first, do you know a man named Hugh Mordell?"

"I do not."

"Do you know any man named Hugh or Hughie?"

"I do not," snapped Cardwell, then he started slightly and, taking a cigarette, rolled it between his palms for a moment, trying to hide his agitation. Hughie? One of Red's bandits, of course. The big one who had been so badly wounded.

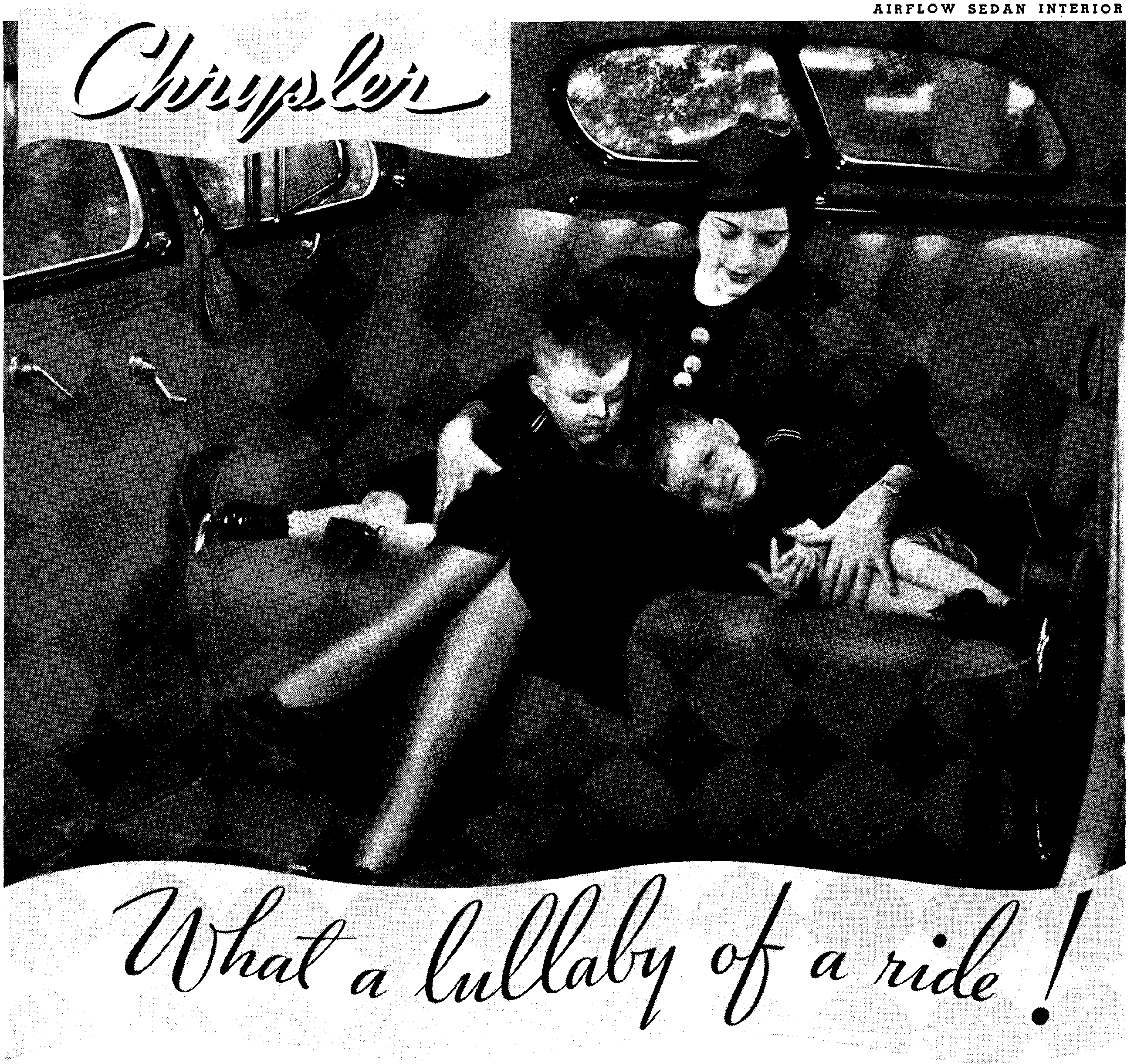
"You're sure?"

"Positive."

"Dr. Cardwell," said Anderson, producing a rogues' gallery picture, *"did you ever see that man?"*

***(To be continued next week)***

AIRFLOW SEDAN INTERIOR



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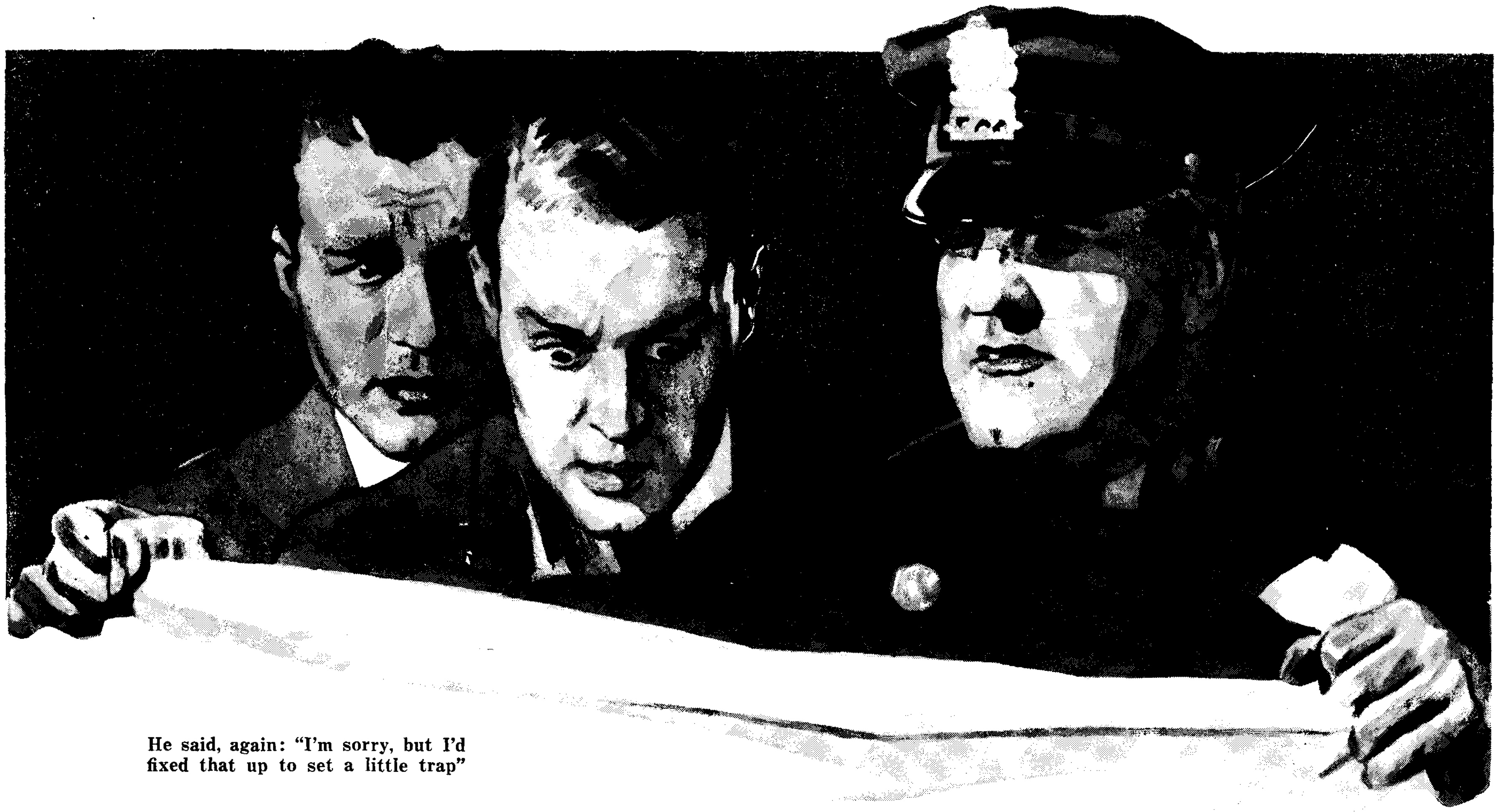


He said, again: "I'm sorry, but I'd fixed that up to set a little trap"

# Time for a Smoke

## A Short Short Story complete on this page

### By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK SHERIDAN

I GUESS we'll pin it on the fair-haired boy, all right," the Sergeant said.

I guess I shuddered, for he kept on grinning, and I said: "You mean that there are fingerprints?"

"No; you can't check them up on necks," he said. "But we could tell the hands were big."

I'd seen the team play twice that fall. I got a picture of young Derek poised to throw a forward pass, the football clamped in one big hand. But they were crazy! But this was a mess and maybe it came pretty close to home. I wished I knew how close but I had been away for nearly two years and kid sisters' letters don't make much impression.

"Where's the Chief?" I said.

"Why, right in there," the Sergeant said.

He pointed to the library, where it had happened. "Walk right in," he said.

I walked in and I almost stepped upon the figure lying on the floor and covered by a sheet. I jumped, I guess.

"I thought New York reporters were hard-boiled," the Chief said. "That's a dummy, chump. We're just about to stage a little act."

"That means you haven't any evidence," I said. "Look here, you can't think that young Derek did a thing like that."

"Why, sure I do," the Chief said. "But I'm just a country cop. It's pretty hard to beat a million dollars for a motive, though."

"Do you think a clean-cut kid like that would plan to strangle his own uncle?" I said. "To get the money he would get in just a few years anyway?"

"Not plan it," said the Chief. "This here is one of those 'see-red' things. Look: this kid comes up from college unexpected. He comes up to try to get some dough, because the butler heard them at the dinner table and the old man wouldn't give it to him. Maybe all he wants is just a couple hundred, like a kid, to clean some college bills up; I don't know. But you know the old man; he started picking at the kid; he picked at him all during dinner, so the butler says. He says he always picked at him; you know that sour, whining, picking way he had. All right; so after dinner, Henry says, the kid went right up to his room."

I said: "And never came back down again, he said, until the butler found the old man."

"Sure 'he said'," the Chief retorted, "sure 'he said'."

"And so you've got the dumb idea," I told him, "that young Derek sneaked back down and choked the life out of him just because he wouldn't pay the college tailor. Nuts."

"Well, I just guessed at that," the Chief said. "I just guessed at probably how much the kid had hit him for, or why. It might be, maybe, it was quite a lot of dough; for something more important."

I WENT cold, the way he looked at me. Finally he said: "He didn't mention why he needed money when he telephoned your sister, did he? Just by chance?"

I might have known he'd traced all calls.

I said: "What do you mean?"

"You've been away a long time. Maybe you don't know young Derek has been going with your sister. Well, the village talk is that he wanted to quit school so they could marry, now he's finished his four years of football, if the old man could be made to loosen up. Is that news to you?"

"Yes," I said. "But, even so, you haven't any evidence."

"Well, we've got this."

The Chief reached in a desk drawer. He pulled out an empty cigarette pack and handed it to me. "Take a look."

All I could see was just a crumpled paper pack.

"The murderer left this behind," the Chief said. "Yes, we've got that proved. We're certain of it—*absolutely*. We found this pack in the room, near the body. Whoever left it there killed the old man."

"That isn't any proof that it was Derek," I said slowly. "Just an empty pack of cigarettes; a brand that's smoked by millions, probably. Is that the brand he smokes?"

"I don't know," said the Chief. "Here, look at this again. See how it's opened? Not one person in five hundred, likely, opens a pack of cigarettes that way."

I took the pack. I saw that it was opened down the side and slit across the top to make it open like a cigarette case.

"It isn't evidence," I said.

"Why, sure not," said the Chief. "That's why I'm just about to stage this little act. I've kept young Derek shut up in a room upstairs, a room that I was certain there weren't any cigarettes in. He'll be hungry for a smoke when he comes in and habit is a great thing. Probably he'll open up the nice new pack of cigarettes I'll hand him just like he's accustomed to. And then, I guess, we might persuade him to a little conversation. Pete, out there, is pretty good at it."

I got up. The Chief said: "Can't you take it?" He called Pete and said: "Bring Derek Hancock down here. Shut your mouth and close the door."

"You can't do this," I said, "he's got to have a lawyer."

The Chief grinned.

Pete said, outside, knocking: "Mr. Hancock, Chief."

The door came open and I think Pete must have pushed him for he almost stumbled on it. He turned white, as I had done, as anybody would have.

"Say, I'm sorry," said the Chief. "By George, I am. I didn't mean to have that startle you. Why, I told Pete to warn you. That's just a dummy, son."

He got up, pulling off the sheet. He said, again: "I'm sorry, but I'd fixed that up to set a little trap. You see, we've got a suspect. Sit down."

WELL, it was subtler than I thought. It was a pretty act, all right. The Chief had shocked him. Could it be that—?

But you couldn't quite believe it, not to look at him. Six feet of swell, upstanding kid. He looked pale, but his eyes were straight.

The Chief said: "Sorry to have kept you shut up but we couldn't have a lot of people tramping all around. Now listen, did you hear a car last night? About eleven thirty?"

"No, I didn't," Derek said.

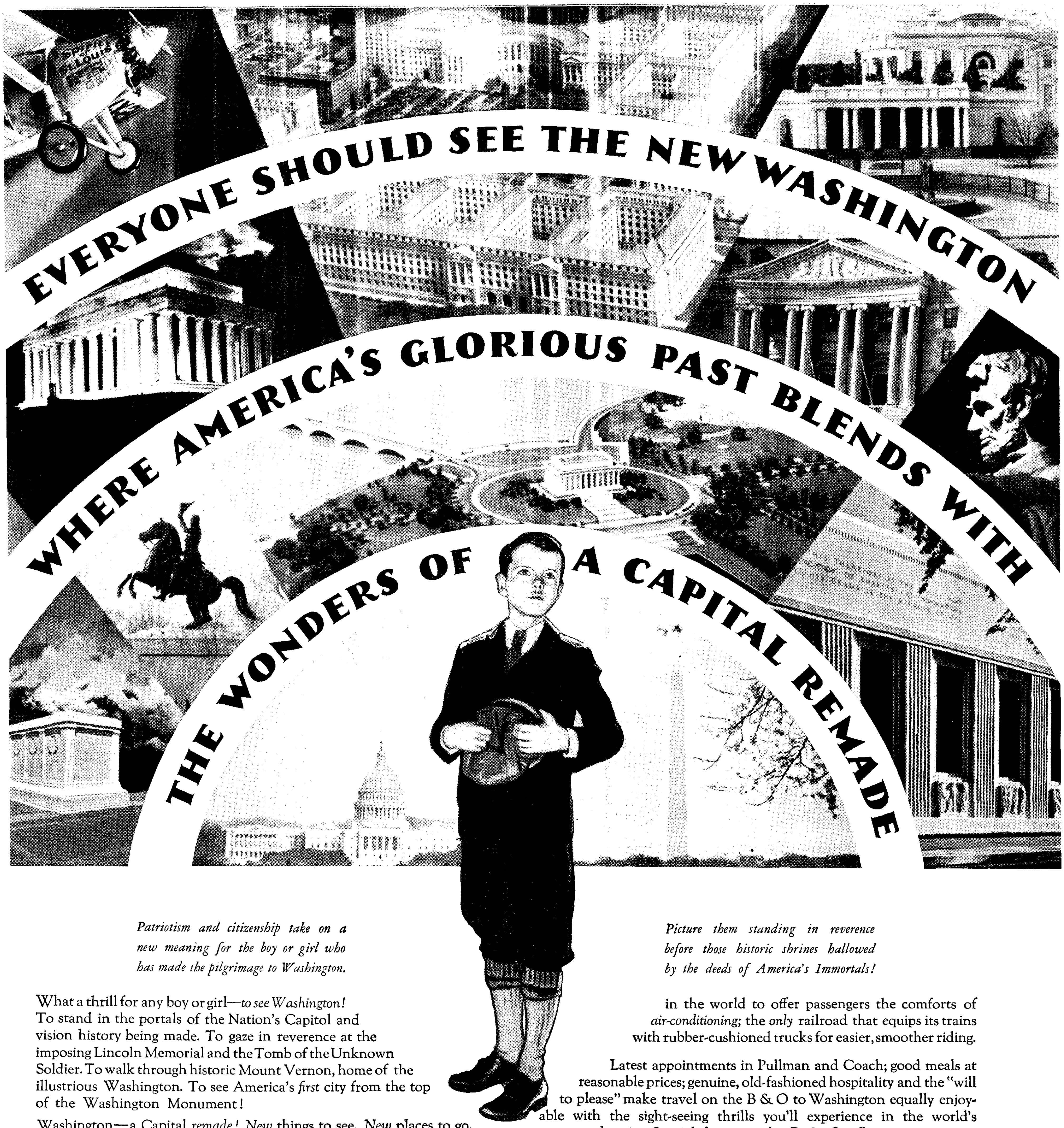
The Chief said: "Hmm," and seemed to meditate. He took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. There was just one in the pack. He lighted it. He said: "I was afraid you hadn't. Hmm." He looked at Derek and said: "Say, I'll bet that dumb oaf hasn't given you a cigarette all morning. Here."

He held the full pack out. He was a pretty smooth old duck, the Chief. It wasn't fair; I knew it wasn't but it was the best way, after all.

I kept my eyes away. The Chief said: "Here you are."

I heard young Derek's voice. He said: "Thanks, but somehow I simply never learned to smoke."

# EVERYONE SHOULD SEE THE NEW WASHINGTON WHERE AMERICA'S GLORIOUS PAST BLENDS WITH THE WONDERS OF A CAPITAL REMADE



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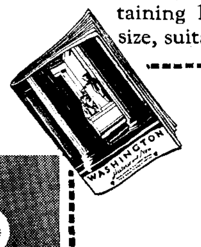

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FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES

**COL. DEAN LAMB**

**SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**

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Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream softens your beard clear down to the skin line

"Once in a lifetime" is often enough for the kind of close shave you get with ordinary lather. But treat yourself to *small bubble* lather just once—and you'll want a longer lasting Colgate's shave *every* morning!

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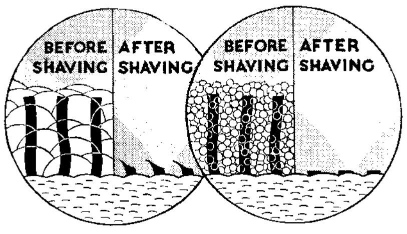
It gets down closer to the skin-line. Strips off the oily protective coat that makes whiskers tough. Soaks each bristle soft *at the skin line,* where your razor works.

Blades work closer, cut easier. No pull—because every whisker is wilted. No smart—no burn—no after irritation. Blades hold their edge, last longer. And your face stays stubble free all day long!

Study the diagrams. They show the big difference in shaving creams—and why Colgate's small bubble lather gives you a better, cleaner shave. Get a tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream—and try out small bubble lather tomorrow.

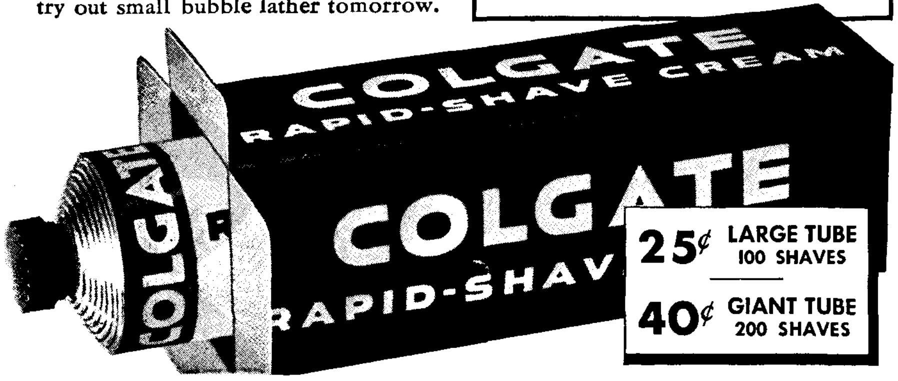
HOW SMALL BUBBLES WORK



ORDINARY BIG-BUBBLE LATHER

COLGATE'S SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER

Here's the difference between ordinary lather (left) and Colgate's small-bubble lather (right). Big bubbles hold air against the beard. Less moisture reaches the hair, so it is only partly wilted. Small bubbles hold less air, more moisture, get down to the very skin-line. The beard is made softer at the base, blades cut easier and work closer. This is the smooth, easy, "skin-line" shave.



25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

# Time to Dig

Continued from page 30

sheer joy of wandering, nor synthetic waterfalls, however charming. A set of geometric flower beds, restrained by hedges of neatly clipped boxwood or yew, comprises the Dutch garden, but to make it truly Dutch you must grow very fine flowers indeed. A good Hollandish sequence is, first, hyacinths; second, tulips, and finally a glorious burst of roses.

A real oh-and-ah spot would be an American native garden. If there are any who doubt the charm of local wild flowers growing in a birch-shaded glen around a little pool, let them visit the old swimming hole created by an Englishman on a skyscraper in the heart of the metropolis.

Mr. Hancock, for all his British heart, yearns over this sheltered corner out of America's woodland.

Fortunate folk who live in the country need to spend far less devotion on their wild garden, although the American wild flower is elusive as any wood creature and reluctant to domesticate. It craves a woodsy spot, lightly shaded, for which the delicate-leaved birch does the right amount of sun-filtering. The soil must not be clayey, but a nice woodsy compost of rotted leaves, roots and so on. With luck and care you can grow lady's-slippers, trilliums, pale blue and pink mortensia, jack-in-the-pulpit, bayberry, barberry, arbutus. The best counselors advise against digging them up out of the woods and trying to transplant them, however. You not only destroy the woods but you almost always waste your time, unless you have the hands of a surgeon or an expert safecracker to get up all the fragile rootlets.

For a small pool in the wild garden, saw an ordinary barrel in half and sink one or both halves in the ground. A pipe one-eighth or one-quarter inch in diameter gives plenty of water from the house supply.

### Garden in a Wheelbarrow

Coming back toward the house again, we might give a little thought to the annual question of what to do about the north side. If there is any sunshine at all, a rock garden full of tough little Alpine plants with their surprisingly dainty flowers is certainly the answer.

Make your rock garden this simple way: First build mounds, with stones at the bottom and gritty soil above. Experts will sniff at this method, but never mind. It takes care of the drainage, which is the important thing. Now put in your rocks, choosing flat rather than round ones and trying as far as possible to imitate the stratified effect in nature. Use limestone if it's available; it is best because most moisture-retaining. Sandstone is second best, and in that case mix a bit of ground limestone with the soil.

Put your plants in the nooks and crevices of the rocks; they'll look and feel at home there, and you'll get the illusion of inaccessibility and sudden discovery in which the Swiss mountain climber rejoices. Your nurseryman will tell you which of the 2,200 varieties of saxifrage, for example, are easiest for a novice to grow. While you are about it, ask him to show you the dwarf evergreens. Perhaps you will want to try some of these minute Alpine versions of the giant redwoods of California. They are fascinating, and they keep your rock garden in scale.

In England they grow "hens and chickens" and sedums in bowls or boxes on window sills—miniature rock gardens like those miniature Japanese gardens the florists sell. And this brings us to gardens for people who frequently change their homes—or their minds.

Transient folks rarely have the true gardener's heart, so perhaps they should be ignored in this treatise. But if they are transient of necessity and not choice, a suggestion may comfort them. There are ingenious portable gardens to be taken along when they move, or merely to move from one site to another as one moves the piano. A New Jersey amateur has set aside one of his wheelbarrows as a planting place, filled and flowing over with growing nasturtiums. When he gets bored with it on the sun porch he trundles it out to a corner of the front yard.

### Every Encouragement

With a fraternal gleam in his bright British eye for the earth-delver who aims to stay put and make things grow, Mr. Hancock has gathered a young volume of information useful to the small-scale gardener. Some of the items are these:

Item One: Always lay out your space with some unified architectural idea, and even the minutest garden spot will take on distinction, not to say enchantment.

Item Two: The dry stone wall is a feature of which the usefulness, decorativeness and comparative inexpensiveness cannot be too highly lauded. It is made of more or less uniform flat stones, it can be used to divide off a corner of the garden or to retain a bank or bed of soil and, best of all, it is itself a garden for the treasured Alpine plants. It needs no supernatural powers to bring off the miracle of making stone walls burst into delicate and exotic flowers.

Item Three: Gardeners in industrial centers who yearn for trees do well to choose yew of the evergreens and eschew pines. Of the deciduous trees, willow is excellent and Russian poplar good. The European linden, the Japanese ginkgo or maidenhair and the American elm are also good bets. The Morello or sour cherry is the tree for the north side of the house.

Item Four: For a hedge or specimen plant in a town or populous suburb, Japanese holly. It is slow-growing, and it may suffer in sub-zero temperatures if its position is not well drained, but its smooth leaves and shiny black berries are decorative and it will grow in sun or shade. The Chinese cork-bark tree is even more decorative, with light green foliage which turns flame-colored in the fall. It grows symmetrically, ten feet high and as wide, and is practically suspectible to nothing. Forsythia of the flowering shrubs is another trouble-proof idea, town or country.

Item Five: For climbing up a wall wisteria is as practical as beautiful. So is fleece-vine, which runs like mad up walls, trellises or strings and flaunts its white and coral-pink flowers from July until frost.

If this doesn't cover the ground—and no pun is intended—the seedmen's and horticulturists' exhibition just within doors at the Gardens of the Nations offers a new source of aid and information along with those already established, and so does the exhaustive garden library assembled there. The local and national Garden Club organizations are eager to supply every encouragement except the feel of moist earth under your palms. That's something you are privileged to discover for yourself.

# Opening Day

*Continued from page 24*

nor hail, nor sleet can halt these hardy members of the frost-bite brigade from wetting their lines each year on the first day that the law goes off. They will not listen to rhyme, reason or weather reports.

They are a race apart, these devout brethren of the angle. Sometime they have been bopped upon the noggin by a divine madness. Their inspired eyes have seen the vision of a rainbow rising from the deep, they have felt a bamboo rod come miraculously alive in their hands, their ears have heard the chant of a frenzied reel and the devout hum of a taut line against the current. They are not quite like other men. A little low temperature and high water are not going to discourage your true dry-fly fisherman who has waited for this moment all through the lone and weary winter. He'll be ready when the Great Day comes.

Golf widows, they say, sometimes get a chance to meet their husbands socially when the snow is deep; business widows have their spouses to themselves on week-ends and holidays; but the trout widow rarely gets to know her better half at all. For him, trout season ends as a rule on one day and begins again on the next. This gives him almost twenty-four hours to shake hands with his wife, introduce himself to any new members of his family who may have arrived during the fishing season, drop in at the office and see how his business is getting along, look over his mail, and get caught up on a little sleep before it is time to start getting his tackle in shape for next year.

It is along about January, when the coal is getting low in the bin and the winds howl down the chimney, that the first fatal symptoms begin to appear. He will finger the pages of an old sporting magazine uneasily, lay it aside with a sigh, fidget in his chair, pick up a Hardy's Anglers' Guide or a last year's fishing catalogue and pore over it with an increasing show of restlessness.

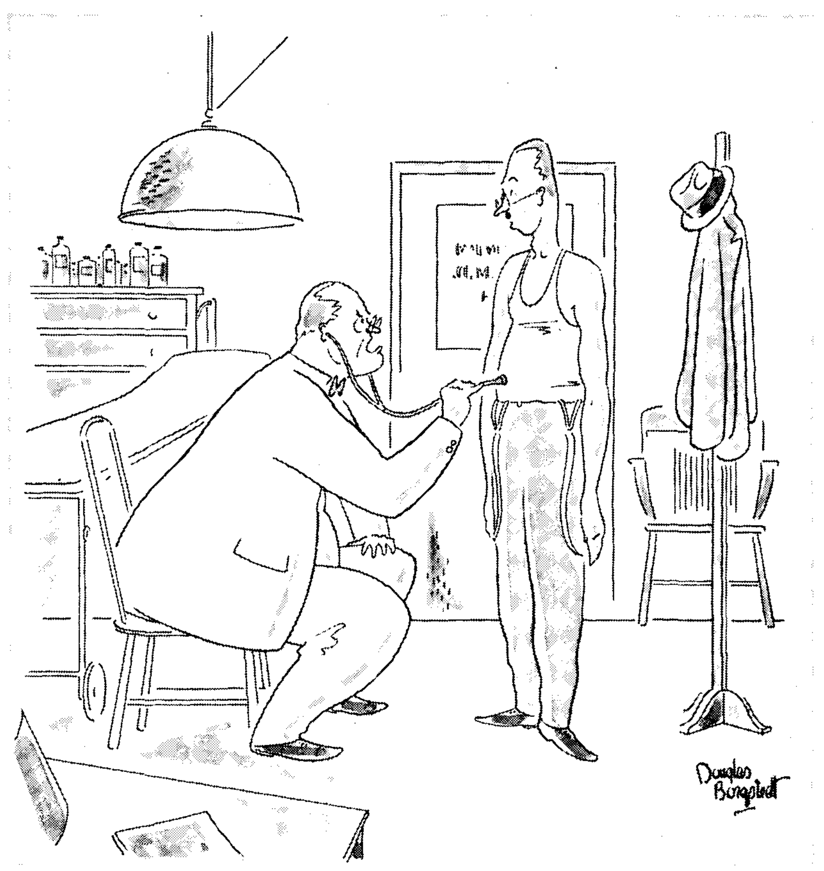
### The Fever Rises

His lips move silently, his fingers drum absently on the sides of the chair, his eyes shift from the pages, and he stares into space. His wife lays down her knitting and watches in resigned silence as he rises from his chair with a mumbled excuse, shuffles upstairs to his bedroom with the rapt expression of a pilgrim visiting a forgotten shrine, and takes down his fishing jacket reverently from a peg in the attic. Amid a deep cathedral hush, he empties the pockets and pores alone over the holy relics; his last year's license, some tangled leaders, a handful of water-soaked matches, a button from his wading suspenders, something unpleasant like old gravy in the bottom of his pocket—"that's where that chocolate bar disappeared to!"—the key to his partner's car, and a red bandanna still smelling faintly of fish. Downstairs his wife shakes her head and returns resolutely to her knitting. She knows the telltale signs. It won't be long now.

Hour after hour, long after the rest of the household has retired, he sits alone in the dim light of a single candle, telling over his artificial flies like a rosary; big flies and little flies, dark flies and light flies, fluffy and sparse flies; flies tied on tens and twelves and fourteens, flies tied on the bivisible pattern introduced by La Branche—and as La Branche is bent, so is the entire fishing fraternity inclined—flies tied with quill bodies, flies tied with fan wings, flies tied with mole fur, flies tied according to some special pattern of his own with pale mauve hackle, a cowbell, and a small electric light in the eye; Montreals and Quill Gordons and Pink Ladies and Royal Coachmen and Hackles and Hare's Ears and Sedges and Duns and Willows and Gnats.

March, and the honk of wild geese is heard in the soft, lazy air. The sun is hot at noon, and the mud begins to burble up between the flagstones. Now there is a wild, fanatic gleam in his eye. Abruptly his bedroom bristles with freshly varnished rods, crowded line driers decorate his wall like pinwheels, and the claxon shriek of winding reels sounds a heady challenge to the onrushing spring. Day by day his excitement increases. No longer does he recognize acquaintances on the street. Perhaps he halts absently beside an excavation during lunch hour, watching the block-and-tackle with a faint smile as he dreams of a distant reel and line.

Perhaps he drops by a tackle store for an hour, and wanders in a kind of trance amid camphor-soaked trays and thickets of split bamboo, discussing a seven-eighths-ounce de luxe model Hardy, which he has no intention of buying, with a clerk who entertains no delusions of selling it to him, impressing his neighbors with highly technical terms about its speed and movement—"the correct action of a rod should always fall somewhere between the upper end of the butt joint and the upper end of the middle joint"—or lingering hopefully before the bulletin board with its latest flashes from the front: "Water still high in the Beaverkill and Neversink," "Heavy snows on the Brodhead," "Canadian National reports ice still in Lake Nipigon. . . ."



"Is that *you* humming, Mr. Peabody?" DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Ten days. Eight days. A week. One by one, in cities and suburbs and hinterland, the scattered members of the fishing fraternity begin to prepare for the approaching day of days. Merchants make plans to close their shops, doctors arrange for somebody to take over their practice, lawyers wind up their calendars, husbands are more than usually polite to their wives. Five days left. Four days. Gradually the vast army begins to mobilize on a hundred varied fronts. There are waders to be patched, socks to be mended, boots to be hobbed, felt hats to be cleaned only over their owners' respective dead bodies.

### Time to Strike

Three days. Two. Their faces are transfixed, their lips dry, their foreheads hot and feverish, their voices have a dull and far-away sound as though they were talking in their sleep. One day to go. Hour after hour they lie wide-eyed in bed that night, staring at the wall, visioning a scene of sunshine and clear water on the Opening Day tomorrow, perhaps a small hatch of insects in the balmy air, a flat, quiet pool and a deep eddy beside the farther bank.

March Brown is a little late getting to the stream the morning of Opening Day, as it happens. It seems his partner was right about that snow. Nothing serious, of course, just a couple of inches; but the roads were pretty icy, and they could not make quite the time they had planned. And then there was that puncture near Middletown, and the unfortunate discovery that the repair kit was nowhere in the car. "I remember now I was using it last night on my waders—" It is six o'clock before they can rouse an irate garage man, and it is after seven before they reach the Beaverkill at last.

The Beaverkill, it seems, is high. In fact, the water has almost submerged the tops of bushes along the bank, and the tent poles are barely visible at their favorite camping spot. It is, moreover, roily, with sections of trees and large, detached chunks of topsoil swirling ominously in the yellow flood. Their particular pool is already occupied by some half dozen anglers standing abreast, elbow to elbow, trying to make short casts into the teeth of a wind that is rapidly approaching the proportions of a gale. They find a spot at last which is deserted save for two fishermen and a native using worms, rig up their tackle with hands that grow numb before the line is threaded through the guides, and wade out grimly into the icy torrent.

It is not so bad after their feet freeze. In a few minutes they are both too numb to feel the cold any more. There is some slight difficulty casting, to be sure, owing to the fact that the snow has turned to sleet and the ice forms a solid coating on their lines; and they have a little trouble changing flies with mittens on. Brown manages to land one fish in the course of the morning, a six-inch speckled trout which he hooks accidentally in the belly. It comes up to his net, fighting with all the maddened fury of a submerged boot, and freezes instantly as stiff as a board before Brown can drop it guiltily into his creel.

Brown does not bother to change the fly. He would need an ice pick to get it off by now. His body is shaking involuntarily with the cold, he clenches his jaws to keep them from chattering, and his eyes roll in silent agony as the water finds an insecure patch in his waders at last and begins to trickle drop by drop down his leg. Brown and his partner exchanged covert glances, each unwilling to quit before the other, both trying to gulp down a rising tendency to sneeze. A bulky khaki-clad figure hails them suddenly from the bank.

"Let's see your fish, boys," he calls, displaying an official badge fastened to his pocket. "I got to check on everybody this year."

### And So to Bed

Brown lifts the lone trout rather sheepishly from his creel. It slips through his numbed fingers and splashes heavily into the water. Brown makes a desperate dive for it, plunges his sleeve into the water up to the elbow, and ships a generous quart or so down inside his waders. He straightens with a smothered groan. The fish revolves slowly belly-up in the eddy, just out of reach, returns almost to Brown's feet, bobs up and down before him for a moment with a last reproachful look in its glassy eyes, then turns and heads downstream with the current.

The warden turns away in thoughtful silence. Slowly Brown and his partner clamber out of the stream. Without as much as a backward glance over their shoulders, they head together stiffly for the car. . . .

It is evening, the evening after the morning of the Opening Day. Mrs. Brown is on the telephone. She is talking to the wife of Brown's partner.

"Just wondered if you had any mustard plasters left. No, never mind, dear, I can borrow some from the medicine kit in the car. Yes, I've put him to bed. Yes, he was sneezing pretty hard, and I didn't want to take any—Is he? That's too bad. Yes, that's how my husband was, too. Chills and all. Yes, I'm going to give him a good one tonight. Yes, I always say there's nothing for a cold like a good old-fashioned—

"What? You think it will teach them a lesson?" She nods grimly. "You think maybe at least that husband of yours will know enough not to try it next year?" Her voice breaks into a harsh laugh. "Well, I was talking to mine just now, and he says next year they're not going to start out at four o'clock and let somebody else get into their pool. No, sir. Next year, he says, they're going to start the night before the Opening Day, and camp out right there on the stream."

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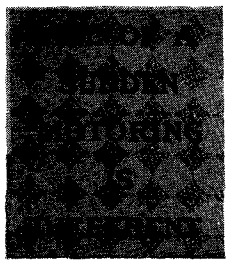

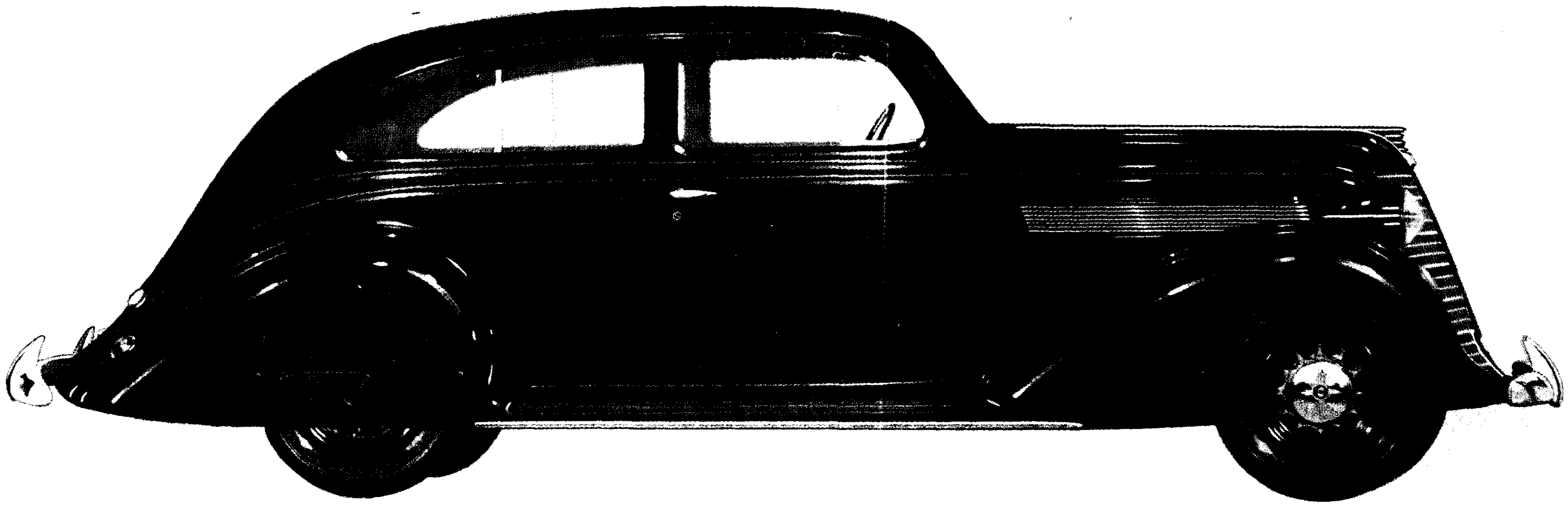

# The Bat Flies Low

*Continued from page* 13

"That'll do, Slim," growled Maguire. "You've told me all I want to know."

Slim, with a final truculent glance around, turned and went out.

Dr. Adderley came in almost at the same moment, twirling his monocle.

"Some apparatus will be here from the laboratories," he said in his low voice, "at almost any moment."

He went upstairs. There was an uncomfortable, silent pause, broken by District Attorney Maguire.

"The witness we really want isn't available," he remarked. "But I should like a few words with Lurgan."

LURGAN crossed the lower end of the lobby, went out and opened the front door. A man came in carrying several bulky packages. Lurgan led the way upstairs. A hush fell on the party and all eyes followed that procession of two, bound for the room where Ann Wayland lay strangely poised between life and death.

Detective Sergeant Hawley came back from the telephone. His ferrety eyes were angry. He stared at District Attorney Maguire.

"Well," growled the latter, "have you made a mess of the inquiry already?"

"The man known as Mohammed Ahmes Bey," the dry voice replied, "with a woman companion left the hotel half an hour ago."

"For where?"

"Destination unknown."

"You instructed headquarters to move?"

"Naturally, Mr. Maguire."

"Not at all sure," came Lincoln Hayes' monotonous voice, "that Mohammed Bey had anything to do with the matter. No evidence to that effect."

"On the con-contrary—" Stefanson became suddenly lighted up. "If you've l-lost Mohammed Bey, you've l-lost your m-man!"

"Why do *you* say that?" Maguire challenged. "Have you got information that we haven't got?"

"I th-think so."

"So do I," said Captain Rorke. "But I don't want to say too much now."

Lurgan was crossing the lobby from the stairs, when:

"Hi, you!" Maguire shouted.

Lurgan pulled up and turned.

"Yes, sir."

"Come back here."

"Very good, sir."

"If I might make a suggestion," Rorke went on, "while you, Mr. Maguire, are obtaining any available evidence from Lurgan, here, I would suggest that Detective Sergeant Hawley and myself look around the museum."

Hawley had never ceased to watch Rorke. Now his expression changed.

"All ready here," he replied; "just where I want to go."

"Come this way, Sergeant Hawley."

The two went out. . . .

"You're an Englishman, aren't you?" said Maguire, staring at Lurgan.

"By parentage, sir," the butler replied, seeming more than normally pale, as he stood facing his interrogator, "but an American citizen. I was born in Buffalo."

"Always been in the buttling line?"

"More or less, sir."

"Who was your employer before Mr. Lincoln Hayes?"

"General Petherington, sir."

"Oh, yes. I remember meeting you there. How long with the general?"

"Two years, sir."

"Why did you leave?"

"This vacancy offered, sir."

Except for his pallor, Lurgan's behavior was that of the perfectly trained servant that he was.

"Give me," Maguire directed, "in your own words, a brief account of what happened here tonight."

"From what time in the evening?"

"From the time Mr. Hayes left you to join Captain Rorke in the library. You and Miss Wayland and the Egyptian were in the oak room."

"I brought refreshments to Mohammed Bey and Miss Wayland, and then Miss Wayland asked me to go and turn up the lights in the museum, which, as you know, sir, is more or less detached from the main building. I proceeded there and turned the lights up. I waited until Miss Wayland and Mohammed Bey came in, inquired if I could be of any service, then went to my room."

"Where is your room?"

"Downstairs; immediately below the oak room."

"Go on."

"The phone bell rang and I went upstairs to the lobby."

"Stop a minute. Were there any other servants on duty?"

"No, sir."

"Are there any other menservants?"

"Slim, but he was outside. The women, Mrs. Dimes—the housekeeper—and two resident maids, were upstairs in their rooms."

"Good. Go ahead."

"I went up to the telephone room. The call was from Mohammed Bey's hotel."

"Who was the caller?"

"A lady."

"I wonder how she knew Mohammed Bey was here?"

"I don't know, sir, but I proceeded to the museum to inform Mohammed Bey that he was wanted on the telephone. I showed him to the instrument and then stood by, in the lobby. After a short time he came out. I showed him into the museum again. I had returned to the lobby when I heard a bell. I went back. Miss Wayland was standing at the door of the museum. She instructed me to notify Mr. Hayes that Mohammed Bey was leaving . . ."

Lurgan paused.

"Right, go on."

"I went to the library, knocked and . . ."

There came a sudden interruption. Detective Sergeant Hawley appeared.

"Excuse me, Mr. Maguire," he said, "but we've found something funny in there."

"Funny? You don't seem to be laughing," Maguire growled.

Lincoln Hayes stood up.

"What is it?"

"Well, one of those painted lids has been moved—and a wall case is open!"

IN THE museum, with its pendent lights and gruesome exhibits, Captain Rorke was standing by an open wall case. The case contained a beautifully painted sarcophagus lid, that of a priestess who had been a member of the family of Rameses III. Its usual position was indicated by a wooden peg upon the wall, which normally secured it. It stood now a foot removed from its proper place.

"Did you find it in this way, Paddy?"

Lincoln Hayes' voice was normal, but he was dusting the lapel of his coat.

Rorke nodded.

"Door of the case was ajar. Do you keep it locked, Lincoln?"

"Yes. Ann would have got the keys, though."

"She wouldn't have moved that lid?"

"Unlikely—next to impossible."

"I'll tell you what *I* think, Mr. Hayes," said Sergeant Hawley. "Somebody hid in here tonight behind that lid. Why! I can almost reconstruct what happened. Assisting the lady who was showing him around, he pretended to relock this case, but didn't do it. He aimed to hide there later on. There is something else." His beady eyes glanced alternately at Captain Rorke and Lincoln Hayes. Maguire was examining the open door. "We've only got the word of Lurgan that he left this room when Mohammed Bey and Miss Wayland came in. I'm going to tax him with that."

He stared at the lid of the mummy case as though he hated it.

"Get headquarters when you're through," Maguire directed. "Have Stainer come right along to hunt fingerprints. Nobody touch this door."

"Queer thing!" Rorke murmured. "That odd smell which we have noticed isn't perceptible in here, at all. It seems to center in the library and lobby."

"If I may say so," said Hawley, "you've got a theory about this smell."

"Suppose I have, Sergeant?"

"I want to know it."

"I am afraid," said Captain Rorke, with a faint smile, "you will have to wait. You see, there's more behind this case than you appreciate at the moment."

"There's a lot behind it," the drawling voice replied, "which I mean to find out."

"Good luck to you," said Rorke.

THEY returned to the Venetian lobby. Stefanson was standing near one of the Cellini silver lamps, scribbling notes on the margin of a loose page. Lurgan remained where they had left him. Stefanson looked up.

"W-well?" he said.

"Looks like someone hid himself in the museum tonight, Stefanson," Lincoln Hayes replied. "What for—I don't know."

"Perhaps," growled Maguire, suddenly glaring at Lurgan, "*you* can tell us."

"No, sir, I assure you. I can't."

"Might *I* say a word, sir?" came the dry voice of Hawley.

"Go right ahead."

"You stated, Lurgan," the detective sergeant went on, "that you left the museum almost directly Miss Wayland and the Egyptian came in, and went to your room."

"That is so."

"I suggest you're a liar."

"In that case," Lurgan replied, "I hope I may never have to come to you for a reference."

He suffered a barrage of stares from Detective Sergeant Hawley, District Attorney Maguire and Captain Rorke. He was pale, but unmoved.

"The last of your evidence I heard, Lurgan," said Maguire, "took us up to the time Mohammed Bey disappeared while you came to the library."

"I rapped on the library door," Lurgan replied quite tonelessly, "under the impression that Miss Wayland had remained in the museum. Apparently, however, she had followed me. I suddenly discovered as I opened the door that she was behind me in the corridor . . . When it was found that Mohammed Bey had gone, and when you, sir—" he addressed Lincoln Hayes "—and Miss Wayland went to the museum, I looked through the lobby curtains and saw that Slim was standing beside the car outside. You may re-

*(Continued on page 44)*

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*(Continued from page 43)*

member, sir, that I told you he was there when you asked me if he had driven Mohammed Bey."

He turned again to District Attorney Maguire.

"I saw Miss Wayland go upstairs, presumably to her room, and I returned to my room."

"Where's Miss Wayland's room?" Hawley asked.

"She has a bedroom, sitting-room and bathroom almost immediately above us."

"Go ahead."

"I was making up a few accounts, when I heard a terrible scream—"

"How long had elapsed?" Maguire's deep voice interrupted.

"I should say, sir, less than ten minutes. But I have no means of being sure on the point. I rushed upstairs, and had begun to run across the lobby, when I saw Miss Wayland just ahead of me, running in the same direction—"

"Where had she come from?" Lincoln Hayes inquired.

"I don't know, sir. She was heading for the library when I saw her. Then, suddenly, everything went dark. There seemed to be a sudden flash as though all the lights flared up—and then it all went dark."

"What did you do?" Detective Sergeant Hawley asked.

"I groped for the nearest switch. It was on; I thought the main fuse had blown. I could see no light anywhere. I groped my way downstairs—I know the house very well—and reached my room; the fuse box is there. There were matches on my table and I struck one. It showed no light . . . but it burned down to my fingers!"

"What do you mean?" Maguire growled.

"What I said."

THERE was a momentary awkward pause, then:

"Let it pass," said Captain Rorke; "queer things have happened here tonight."

"Evidently." District Attorney Maguire's voice was pitched in its lowest register. "I came here as a friend, Hayes, but it's just as clear as can be that you're keeping something back. I don't call that fair."

There was a second pause.

"You have all the facts," said Lincoln Hayes, "known to us. We don't want to confuse you with theories. Theories can come later."

"Qu-quite!" interrupted Stefanson, "but I th-think I can explain the phe-phe-phenomenon."

"It wants a bit of explaining," commented Detective Sergeant Hawley.

"Go ahead, Lurgan," Maguire growled. . . .

There came a sound of footsteps on the stairs. It induced a sudden silence.

All eyes watched Dr. Müller as he descended. He did not hurry, but his very atmosphere spelled news.

"I'm very happy to report," he began—

Rorke crushed a cigarette in an ashtray and locked his hands behind him.

"—that my brilliant confrère has demonstrated the impossible. He has restored the dead to life. Miss Wayland will live."

He turned, in his queerly pedantic manner, and remounted the stairs. Rorke walked across the lobby and went out in the direction of the street entrance.

Detective Sergeant Hawley stared, but Lincoln Hayes understood. Yet neither his understanding nor his sympathy found expression upon that immobile face. One would not have supposed him interested in the life or death of Ann Wayland; in the happiness or the sorrow of his friend Patrick Rorke.

As a matter of fact, a dark curtain had been lifted from his mind. The dreadful idea that Ann Wayland had been murdered no longer obtruded itself between his vision and those distant, strange things on which he wanted to focus. He saw again the delicate face, crowned with flame-like hair, of the girl in the theater box; the dark features of her companion, Mohammed Ahmes Bey. He felt again the thrall of the dignified Egyptian; he realized, against his will, that Mohammed Ahmes Bey, in all probability, was responsible for the occurrences in his house tonight. He challenged himself: where did his interest lie?

And instantly he knew the answer. He was in love with a woman he had seen only at a distance; never before had he known this intense desire for contact with any human being. It was a kind of madness. He had exchanged one long glance with her across the breadth of the theater; he had called to her, and she had seemed to understand.

"THE phone is ringing, sir."

"I don't hear any bell," growled Maguire.

"I'm used to it, sir."

"Answer, Lurgan," Hayes directed.

Lurgan inclined his head and walked across the lobby. As he went out:

"What do you make of that bird?" Maguire asked, addressing Detective Sergeant Hawley.

"He's clever, but he knows more than he tells."

"In regard to his tes-tes-testimony," Stefanson interrupted, "I th-think he's t-telling the ab-absolute truth. He may know s-something b-bearing on the matter but I think his evidence is sq-square."

Captain Rorke came back. He overheard Stefanson's words.

"I'm with you, Stefanson," he said. "We have to look elsewhere for the clue to this mystery."

Lurgan reappeared.

"Police headquarters, sir," he reported. "Captain Anderson is asking for Mr. Maguire."

Maguire stood up and went out.

Lurgan was crossing the lobby when:

"Hi! You!" The harsh voice was that of Hawley. "Don't go: I've got something else to say."

Lurgan paused, turned and inclined his head. He stood still.

"I won't say it now," the detective sergeant went on, "but just stay where you are."

Lincoln Hayes and Rorke exchanged glances. Stefanson expressed himself:

"In s-s-some ways, Detective S-sergeant Haw-Hawley, you-you're right," he proclaimed, peering in that officer's direction. "In another w-way—you-you're wr-wrong."

"Thank you," said Hawley. "I guess I can manage my own affairs."

Another awkward hiatus occurred. It was broken by Lincoln Hayes.

"Help yourself to a whisky, Paddy," he directed; "it's just at your elbow. Maguire could do with another one, I think; and I. And Lurgan—"

"Sir?"

"Two more *Liebfraumilch*, small bin, for Mr. Stefanson."

"Very good, sir."

"Have you relented, Detective Sergeant, or are you still on the water wagon?"

Detective Sergeant Hawley watched Lurgan as he moved across the lobby and disappeared, then:

"I suspect that man, Mr. Hayes," he said harshly, the beady eyes registering anger. "If he makes a get-away I'm the rabbit that's going to be shot at."

"Don't worry," Hayes replied—"he won't make a get-away. Slim is outside, and so is the driver of the police car. Duties of a host, you know. . . . What about a lager beer?"

Detective Sergeant Hawley met the uncompromising stare of those strange, ingenuous eyes for a few moments . . . and then gave in.

"Maybe two fingers of Scotch wouldn't hurt me," he admitted.

Maguire came back; his heavy-jowled face registered anger.

"Listen." He stood in the doorway, his powerful voice audible across the wide lobby. "The ship was late. They just turned her around. She sailed at one A. M. That is—" he glanced at his wrist watch—"half hour ago. Mohammed Ahmes Bey and his—niece are on board!"

Lincoln Hayes stood up, dusting ash from the lapel of his coat. He was smoking a cigarette.

"That certain?"

"It's certain."

"Good enough."

"Well, what'll I do? All evidence points to the fact that this Egyptian bird, in spite of his credentials, has attempted the murder of your secretary, and stolen valuable manuscripts from this house. Do we take him off the ship? It's up to you. You haven't taken me into your confidence. I don't know the value of these documents that have been stolen. What'll I do? Say the word."

There was a short, tense silence. During it Lurgan returned quietly, carrying two bottles immersed in an ice bucket. Everyone else was watching Lincoln Hayes. Presently he spoke.

"Do nothing," he said. "I make no charge. I have my own plans."

Detective Sergeant Hawley had crossed to a side table and poured himself out a drink. Now he turned. He was a man who believed in Detective Sergeant Hawley. Lincoln Hayes automatically had earmarked him for success. Hawley was no respecter of persons; he had tremendous self-confidence.

"May I say something, Mr. Maguire?" he interrupted.

"Say what you like."

"What I want to say is this—" he pointed to Lurgan, who was uncorking one of the long-necked bottles: "That man's a *spy!*"

Lurgan did not turn; he continued to manipulate the corkscrew. Lincoln Hayes watched the speaker.

"What he said may be straight talking," Hawley went on, "but what he hasn't said is what we want to know. It isn't his fault that murder hasn't been done here tonight. Answer up, Lurgan. Am I right or wrong?"

Lurgan removed the cork, sniffed it, and placed it beside the ice bucket. He turned.

At which moment:

"*Sssh—ssh!*" came a voice from the balcony above.

A HUSH fell upon the company in the Venetian lobby. All stared upward. Ann Wayland was coming downstairs!

She wore a flimsy nightrobe and was barefooted. An anxious-faced old nurse hovered behind her, hands outstretched to catch her if she should stumble. Dr. Adderley, from the balcony above, made imperious signs indicating silence.

"He is called The Bat," she said, her musical voice seeming to come from far away, her eyes staring straight ahead. "He is as old as Egypt, and as wise. His wings hide the light because no one must see it. And so he is called The Bat. To look upon the light is death. . . ."

She extended her hands before her, gropingly, then clasped them, turned and began to mount the stairs again.

"He is called The Bat," she said softly, her voice echoing about the lobby. "He has great power . . ."

***(To be continued next week)***

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# Settled Out of Jail

*Continued from page 21*

"It's these blasted three days' waiting," he confided, as he sank into a chair. "I ought to have made you decide straight away. It's no good going about with a thing like this in your brain. You want to do it or forget it."

"Well, if you take my advice—you'll forget it," Miss Mott told him.

"You're not coming in, then?"

"I certainly am not," she assured him. "Fifteen hundred pounds is a pleasant sum of money, but I don't care to go about with a curse upon my head for the rest of my life."

"What do you mean—a curse upon your head?" he sneered. "The gang's all broken up nowadays. If Meredith's once in prison he'll never get out again and there's no one left but Violet Joe to turn awkward."

"What about Violet Joe?" she said. "Why wouldn't he be dangerous?"

"Never touched firearms," Harry Leneveu explained triumphantly. "Never packed a gun even against the cops. No need to fear Violet Joe."

"It is a question of my own feelings more than any sentiment of fear," Miss Mott confided. "I do not wish you to tell me where Meredith is or what name he is living under. Even if you do I shall not give evidence against him."

Harry Leneveu sat for a few minutes in sullen silence. Then: "*Are* you in this with me or *aren't* you?"

"I am not," she told him firmly.

Harry Leneveu took his leave, slamming the door noisily behind him. . . .

Miss Mott rang up a number upon the telephone and soon found herself speaking to Meredith.

"Harry Leneveu has just been here," she reported. "He is terrified but, I'm afraid, determined. I believe that he is on his way now to Scotland Yard."

Meredith's voice as he answered her was cold and pitiless.

"He will never reach there," he said.

"But I thought the band was all broken up," she suggested hesitatingly.

"Yes, the band is broken up," he agreed, "but informers still pay."

"You yourself—" she began.

"I have made my plans," he interrupted. "Goodby, little Miss Mott."

The telephone went dead. Miss Mott sat for a moment with the vision of ugly things before her eyes. She was not sure after all whether crime appealed to her so much.

ON THAT same afternoon, Superintendent Wragge gazed long and earnestly at a visiting card which had been brought in to him. Upon it was engraved the name of "*The Hon. Joseph Chilcott*," and in small characters in the left-hand corner "*Bachelors' Club*."

"You can show the gentleman up, Parkins," he told the commissionaire.

A tall young man, personable, and of a pleasant expression, in spite of a few telltale lines on his face, was presently ushered in. He smiled good-humoredly at the inspector and took the indicated seat. Superintendent Wragge's strange eyes seemed almost to disappear in those creases of flesh. There was a momentary silence, during which the door was closed.

"Violet Joe," Superintendent Wragge murmured softly.

"They would call me that," the young man admitted. "A trifle familiar of them, I thought."

"Why have you walked into the lions' den?" Superintendent Wragge asked.

"I came to find out if it was a lions' den," was the prompt reply. "In other words, I have come to ask you if you have anything against me."

"A curious question," the latter meditated. "For six years you appear to have been a member of one of the most dangerous bands of gangsters in London, and although I am not prepared to say that we have evidence involving you in any of their exploits, I have no doubt but that it could be collected."

"Why rake up the past?" Violet Joe asked deprecatingly. "I haven't come to plead my cause, but remember this: I was compelled to step out of the gang because of my stipulations—no women and no firearms. I've never carried a gun against the police in my life. I have more than once, as a matter of fact, been on the side of the law."

THE superintendent held out a warning hand.

"I know all I wish to know about you, Mr. Chilcott," he said. "I will answer your question if you like. We have nothing against you."

The young man laughed pleasantly.

"Just the reply I'd hoped for," he confessed. "Well, now comes the next thing. Have you any objections to my marrying your niece?"

Superintendent Wragge winced.

"Several," he admitted. "But I shan't press them. Have you any money?"

"Eight thousand a year and a fine property in Norfolk. I don't think that will make any difference to Miss Mott, though."

"I don't think it will," her uncle admitted. "If you've made up your mind about it I have nothing to say."

Violet Joe coughed.

"Then you won't mind shaking hands," he suggested, with a broad smile.

The superintendent extended his large and muscular fingers to the other's grip, after which Violet Joe brought his unusual visit to an end, and went on his way.

A light rain was falling as Violet Joe proceeded toward the Embankment, and he glanced inquiringly first at one and then at the other of two taxicabs drawn up by the side of the curb. Neither responded to his summons, and moving a step farther, he saw that their flags were down. He saw something else too which brought back the lines of anxiety to his face. He glanced quickly around him in every direction. A moment later he grasped the shoulder of a young man who, with a mackintosh turned up to his throat and a bowler hat pulled down over his eyes, had just crossed the road.

"Stand close to me, Harry Leneveu," he ordered. "Don't move!"

"Who the hell are you?" the young man blustered, shivering.

"You know who I am well enough," Violet Joe replied. "Look at those two taxicabs. *Fly-by-nights!* Another few yards, and you'd have felt a bullet rattling in your chest."

The young man was shaking like an aspen leaf. He looked toward the city and he looked toward Westminster—in each direction two great staring eyes glittered at him.

"What shall I do, Guv'nor?" he asked anxiously.

Violet Joe looked down at him and his usually kindly eyes were like points of fire.

"You dirty little skunk," he said. "You were going in there to give Meredith away."

Harry Leneveu had just sense enough to know when lying was useless.

"They'll nab him before long," he declared earnestly. "They'll get him sure. Why shouldn't I have the five thousand?"

"Walk along by my side," Violet Joe ordered. "We'll find a taxi at the corner and I'll take you to some place where you can hear a few words of plain truth."

Harry Leneveu, however, had obviously no desire to hear those few words of plain truth. He slunk along the pavement, keeping as near as possible to his protector, but glancing furtively around in every direction. Suddenly he saw what seemed to him his chance. They had passed the broad entrance and were within a few feet of the narrower gate. They were no longer alone on the pavement either, for a little crowd of men and women had hurried over from one of the islands in the middle of the broad road.

Harry Leneveu ducked low and broke into a coward's run as he had done many times before in his life. Unfortunately for him, the crowd thinned for a moment just as he moved. There was a startled shriek from one or two dumfounded passers-by, but the singing bullet sped safely to its home. People even a yard away had no idea of what had happened. There was a sharp report like the cracking of a whip, a pencil of flame and a groan. Harry Leneveu, rapidly surrounded by a little crowd of people, none of whom realized the cause of the tragedy, lay huddled up on the pavement—one hand clutching at the railings, the other at his side. Violet Joe was one of those apparently who felt no interest in street accidents, for he walked calmly away into the sheltering twilight. The two taxicabs were lost in the stream of traffic.

MISS MOTT recognized the step upon the stairs, and she felt her knees grow weak, although there was nothing at all like fear in her heart. She had been daydreaming a moment before, but she surrounded herself swiftly with papers and affected to be deeply immersed in their perusal when the expected knock at the door came.

"It's the gentleman who's been here before," her secretary announced. "Mr. Joseph Chilcott, I think he said his name was."

"You can show him in," Miss Mott directed calmly.

Mr. Joseph Chilcott seemed to be little changed under the shelter of his new name. He shook hands with Miss Mott across her desk and she felt suddenly and ridiculously embarrassed.

"I've come to consult you on a personal matter, Miss Mott," he said as the door closed.

"You haven't come for any rubbish of the sort. I won't be made fun of," she laughed.

He took her other hand, and then, changing his mind, relinquished both and came round to her side of the desk. Her knees trembled more than ever. So this was what it was like to be in the power of a criminal!

"No one has ever dared," she faltered.

"No one else has ever had the right," he told her, as he took her into his arms. . . .

Superintendent Detective Wragge ought to have knocked at the door, but he was so used to visiting his niece at unexpected moments that this time he forgot. He made indifferent amends by turning round to hang up his hat.

"So you've taken a partner into the business, Lucie," he remarked.

Miss Mott smoothed her hair. Her heart was singing and there was the light in her eyes which shines only once in the eyes of young women of her type.

"You won't mind, Uncle?" she ventured.

"A reformed criminal is the safest kind of nephew-in-law," Mr. Joe Chilcott added.

Superintendent Wragge shook hands with them both, then he sank into the one vacant chair.

"Look here," he said, "come back for a moment to serious subjects. It's no question of informers any longer. We linked up early this morning on Lord Westerleys."

There was a twitching at the corners of Miss Mott's lips—a look of pain in Violet Joe's eyes.

"I needn't tell you both," the superintendent went on gravely, "that as between you and Lord Westerleys there is, from the official point of view, an enormous difference. What I was able easily to do for you, Chilcott, no person on earth—not even the chief commissioner himself—could do for Westerleys."

"He isn't arrested yet?" Chilcott asked.

The superintendent shook his head.

"I've delayed the arrest upon the pretext of verifying an unimportant piece of evidence. If either of you young people should think it worth while—"

"Thank you, Superintendent," Violet Joe interrupted. "You needn't say any more."

Superintendent Wragge picked up his hat and stick.

"We shall perhaps have the pleasure of seeing you at dinner tonight, young man," he suggested. "I'm sorry to say I shall have to leave you early myself as there is a meeting of the Police Orphanage Fund, but—"

"Please don't apologize," Violet Joe begged earnestly. "About eight, I suppose?"

THERE was a sober-looking but very handsome limousine drawn up outside the house in Berkeley Square when Chilcott's taxicab set him down. The door was promptly opened, but not until he had recognized the visitor did the butler withdraw his portly form from the entrance. There were several other menservants lurking in the background.

"I will send your name in to his lordship," the man promised. "He is engaged for a few minutes with his physician—Sir Godfrey Foss—but he may be able to see you afterward. Step this way, sir."

Chilcott had barely established himself in the morning room before the butler reëntered.

"His lordship would like you to meet Sir Godfrey," he announced. "Will you step this way?"

Chilcott acquiesced without delay. He was ushered into the great library where Meredith, assisted by his valet, was resuming his clothes. The physician was standing with his hands behind his back, examining a celebrated Romney upon the wall. Meredith nodded to the newcomer and waved the servant away.

"I'll finish myself, Charles," he told the valet. "I'll ring for you when Sir Godfrey's ready, Morton," he went on. "Glad you came, Joe. I should like someone else to hear what Sir Godfrey has just told me. My friend—Joseph Chilcott, Doctor—Sir Godfrey Foss."

They shook hands. The three men were now alone. The physician turned to his patient.

"Yes, tell him, please," the latter begged, "exactly what you told me."

The physician cleared his throat.

"Lord Westerleys," he confided, turning to Chilcott, "asked me here to make an examination of his heart. He is suffering from a rather uncommon but dangerous type of heart disease which one sometimes finds in men of his age and adventurous disposition."

Meredith touched the bell and held out his hand to the doctor.

"I am much obliged to you, Sir Godfrey," he acknowledged. "It's a relief to me to know the worst, at any rate."

"But can't something be done?" Chilcott intervened anxiously. "A period of—"

Like a flash the recollection of the truth flashed into his mind. He broke off in his speech.

"I have given Lord Westerleys my advice," Sir Godfrey said, "although I'm afraid he won't find it much to his liking. I have told him that his days of travel and active life are over. It is a very sad decision but I was able to arrive at no other."

Westerleys handed over the check which he had just signed and the famous physician took his leave. The two men were alone.

"I say, Meredith, I'm awfully sorry about this," Chilcott sympathized a little awkwardly.

Meredith leaned back in his chair and for a moment the old laugh disfigured his face. Then he broke off. There was a sudden change. A different expression had triumphed.

"Joe," he said, "I think I was born with a sardonic sense of humor. It stays with me to the last, you see. Thanks to my traveling in those out-of-the-way places, I know as much about drugs as any physician. I took some tablets before the doctor came which did exactly what I meant them to do. They fooled him! My heart's leaping about now so that I can scarcely keep my breath. By tomorrow it would have been all right again, but you probably know as well as I do that there will be no tomorrow."

"You've heard?"

"Yes, I've heard. I'm surprised they haven't had their hands on me by now. I'm running no more risks. I want you out of this room in less than sixty seconds, Joe. The physician will give his evidence—you will give yours. The life of an invalid wouldn't exactly suit me. Shake hands, Joe. Don't be a fool, man," he went on, in an altered but a kindlier tone. "You went your way and I went mine. There wasn't excitement enough in your way for me. I'm sorry for some of the things, of course. For what I stole from life I pay. Not another second. My time's up. Morton," he added, turning to the butler who had opened the door, "show Mr. Chilcott out and admit no one else for half an hour. I have some important letters to write."

From the door Chilcott looked back. Meredith was seated at his table, his pen in his hand, his head bent. Chilcott strangled the last word of farewell upon his lips in deference to Morton's stately presence and followed the butler down the hall.

FOR weeks after Westerleys' funeral the few words of his unfinished letter were quoted everywhere as containing the very elements of dramatic pathos. No one knew for certain to whom it was written:

"My dear Friend:

"The physician has this afternoon told me that I am suffering from a mortal disease, that I must forgo my life of adventure, my travels, any thought of a political career. It is a sentence of death which I claim the right to deal with in my own fashion. . . ."

There would have been more of the letter without a doubt, but the butler in his evidence admitted that against his late master's orders he had knocked at the door to deliver a note from the Prime Minister. What was written served its purpose, however.

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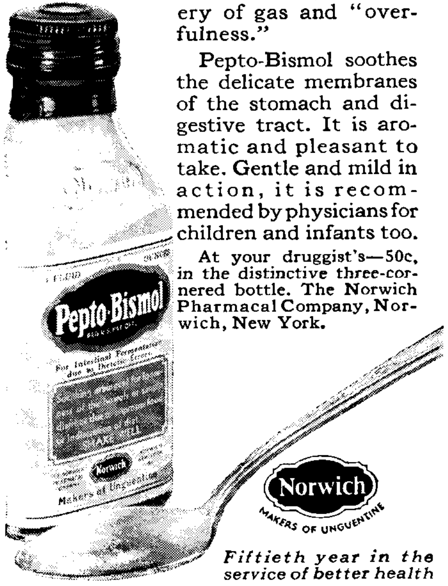

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# Not for a Year

*Continued from page 19*

unique and not to be confused with the ungilded loves of other persons. But nothing could ever be confused with this, with his arms which were reaching out for her, never, never to let her go again.

"Janet," he said, alight, eager, newborn, "Janet. Then we haven't been hating each other. It isn't hate. It—it's love." He gazed at her, the light bright on the astonishment and revelation in his face and bright on the yellow of her hair. "I love you, I adore you," he repeated, over and over as if the words could never be said enough.

And all at once they were in each other's arms. So perfectly natural, so perfectly. If they had practiced for years they could not have surpassed the naturalness of that embrace.

SOUNDS of the outer world returned. Vaski's voice uttered farewells, a door clicked, and he was back again. "That's a nice lighting," he said. "Fine composition." Seeing them standing there, with a few inches of space between them. "Let me get that." He thought a moment.

"Move just a bit closer, Adair," he said, "and take her hands. Look down at her. That's it. Now hold everything."

Duncan Adair held Janet's hands in his long, adept fingers. He looked down at her with his warm brown eyes, eyes set high and deeply in his face. Against the light his long jaw had a sharp, pure edge. He smiled down, that laughing, slanting look which stirred something deep inside her. Which stirred something in most women.

"Hold it," said Vaski. He saw his picture. His masterpiece. He did not question the miracle but there it was. He bent, his hands moved, he straightened again. "Good—fine." He had caught, in light and shadow, some final everlasting beauty.

"That's all for today, Miss Talcott," he said jubilantly. "I'll need you an hour or two longer, Adair. For Collegiate Hats."

Janet went out.

"We'll have an entirely different lighting for this," Vaski said. The two men were hemmed in again by the compelling authority of a job to be done. "I'll break the date for tonight," Adair told himself and knew all the time that he would not break it. All his life he had been expecting a miracle and it had come. Would he throw away his happiness? He stared at Vaski, at the camera. . . .

He telephoned Janet's apartment when he left Vaski, and she was out. She heard the bell ringing as she unlocked the door but she did not reach it in time. It had evidently been ringing for many minutes. Some echo seemed to tell her that. But Central said: "Excuse it, please. There is no one on the line." How she hated Central! But he would call again.

He had not called at eleven, however. He had not called at twelve. Nor at one.

Silence the next morning. But her understanding was swift and chivalrous. "He worked late last night," she thought, "and must have had a nine o'clock sitting this morning."

Walking up Park Avenue to the office of United Models, she tried not to look as happy as she felt. Not to laugh aloud. All she would permit herself was to walk very fast with secret smiles of delight.

"The de Selding Studios want you tonight at nine," Miss Braing told her from behind a battery of telephones. "Better rest today."

"Yes," said Janet. She turned to go and stopped as if she had just remembered something. "Oh, if Duncan Adair asks for me," she said, "tell him I'll be home all day, will you?"

"He won't be in," said Miss Braing grimly. "We're through with Adair. He broke a date for a sitting this morning."

"Oh," said Janet, utterly incredulous.

"Look here," jerked out Miss Braing in a voice poignant with the worst expectations. "I hope to goodness, Janet, *you* haven't gone goofy about that good-for-nothing too!" She leaned over the telephones. "What I mean is, he isn't your sort. He's no one to put any trust in. I'm not saying a word against him. He's just inevitably the sort of person that would let you down—"

"Oh—oh, he has a vanity case of mine," Janet said, hurriedly. "I wanted to tell him where to leave it, that was all."

"He probably kept it on purpose," said Miss Braing, old-maidishly scornful of the authenticity of anything a handsome young man might say or do. "He's a waste of time and nervous tissue," she said. "Girls like you are worth a whole townful of men like him."

But Janet knew better. She couldn't have said any of it to Miss Braing because she was shy with happiness, steeped in glory. But some day Miss Braing might be told.

She went back to her apartment, sure there would be word from him. And of course there was. There on the table it stood—a long, thin box that reached from here to there. Though Bill Randall often sent roses like that, she knew it was from Adair before she saw the card. Under the roses there was a note.

His handwriting brought back his face, his smile. She could look at it and from it his golden-brown eyes seemed to send her their clear and shallow light.

She began to read.

She read straight through. Then she sat utterly passive, the letter in her hand. There were only a few lines. She sat and stared at a print on the wall, all pale grays with a spot of yellow in the right-hand lower corner.

"Going south unexpectedly at last moment," the note said. "With the van Meters, to their place at Palm Beach. Will see you when I get back."

SHE moved through the day. She packed a bag with evening things some hours later and taxied to the de Selding Studios. She was glad it was a long difficult pose with five or six other models in a grouping. A gay, jolly lot, in colored photography.

"Let's see," thought Janet. "He left this morning. Probably about nine. Where will he be by now?" She had never been south, she was a bit hazy about it. Virginia? North Carolina? Were they in a private car? She couldn't think what a private car was like. She saw herself applying powder in the mirror and Duncan Adair and Cosma van Meter in a private car, sitting there, without hats. . . . And Mrs. van Meter or someone like that. Others. "I'm crazy," she thought.

But her mind was so clear. So easy to blame him. She must not do that. She must be fair.

Perhaps he hadn't even said, "I love you." Perhaps she had imagined that. Perhaps all the women who wanted so much to hear him say it had imagined that. And anyway, that was no ultimate declaration. Just three words, not meaning much.

By midnight the photography was done and she went home exhausted and fell asleep immediately. She went through the next day and many others; and she was very tired.

"You must eat more, you must stop driving yourself," Bill Randall told her. "You could really be very friendly with food if you'd only try to be." And sometimes he picked her up at the studios where she was working and carried her off to dinner.

He did this one night when she felt too tired to speak. "Don't talk. Rest," he said. And as if it were the most natural thing in the world he pulled her over and she rested on his shoulder until they reached the restaurant.

But she could not eat, that night. She looked at the slim, agile gentleman who was playing the piano. A red-haired girl in fuchsia velvet was leaning against the piano, singing. Looking out at the room with a pair of purple eyes as preposterous as a cinema poster and singing old song-hits in a husky murmur:

> *"Not for just a year, but always,*
> *always. . . ."*

"Not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year," said Janet, poking at her oysters. "Bill," she said, "do those words mean anything to you? Have you ever been in love? Not the way you are with me, fond of me, but really in love?"

BILL placed his glass down carefully. He might have been putting it down neatly over an open wound. "So that's how it is," he said. He looked at her kindly, his words were level and straight as if he were leading them on a string. "Do I know the man, Janet? And why are you so sad about it?"

"I'm in love with someone who's forgotten I exist," she said, because it simply had to come out in the open sometime. You can't carry a thing like that around with you forever, hidden, silent.

His hand covered hers on the table. "I'll bet he cares," he said.

She shook her head.

"I'm tired," she said. "Do you mind taking me home now?"

"Where is he?" asked Bill, paying the check. "Does he live here?"

"He's away."

"He'll be back soon," said Bill efficiently. "If you care for him, Janet. He's eating his heart out for you somewhere this minute. He'll be back."

He must have been a prophet. Bill, who looked so businesslike and practical must have had second sight. For it was next day, in a snowstorm, on Park Avenue, that Duncan Adair came back.

Janet was standing on the corner of Forty-sixth Street, signaling to a taxi, but they were all taken. She saw an elderly woman skip like a bleating lamb in front of a speeding town car and looked up and there was Adair.

He stood quite still, looking flushed, looking as if he wanted to run.

"Hello, Adair," said Janet. In the snow the city was as quiet as a village. He looked tired and haggard. "So you're back," she said stupidly. She wrapped her krimmer coat tight about her in all its grayness, for she was cold, cold. Shivering, shaking.

He stared and then he ceased to look as if he wanted to run. He looked as if he saw the lights of home. He reached out and caught her hands, caught them from the krimmer coat.

"Janet!" he said, his eyes clinging to her. He stood like a madman in a trance gazing at her lovely paleness. "Gosh!" he said. "To see you again! To be with you! I've never had such a rotten time anywhere. I expected to stay south until spring, until this beastly winter was over, but I couldn't stick it out. I had a row with that hellion of a girl, Janet. Janet, she's awful! And her friends! If I ever have to play contract again I'll kick in. And having to be such a sporting proposition all the time! We tore up and down Florida from Palm Beach to Miami as if we were a bus line. And gamble? If it isn't Bradleys all night, it's that what-you-call-it place in Miami. I'm a wreck. I haven't had a rest in weeks—and they never eat—champagne all their diet. I'm all in. And broke. Flat. Stony."

He threw up his hands. "Oh, God!" he said.

Janet brushed a flake of snow from her face. "You were going to stay all winter?"

"Yes, if things had been halfway decent."

"But you couldn't, of course." She stood still, on the corner. "And you are glad to be back even in this weather."

"Now that I've seen you," he said powerfully. He stood looking so large, larger than life.

JANET said nothing to that. She stood looking at him as if she had never seen him before.

"I've got to get work immediately if not sooner," he said. "I'm on my way to United now." He looked annoyed once more. "Gosh," he said, "after running me ragged with all that gambling down there, when I told Cosma she'd have to come across with my fare back, you'd have thought I was asking for a million. Can you beat it?" He looked at her with that air of wistful sincerity which she had always loved.

The snow kept falling. Janet heaped a little pile with the toe of her shoe. "You mean you took *money* from her to get home?"

"Took money!" he echoed. "I tell you," he said impatiently, "I'm stony and no fooling. How *would* I get home? Walk?"

He regarded her. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Why do you look like that?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking." She saw an empty taxi and signaled to it. "I think," she said, "you had better come along. I know where there is some work and you can't get any at United, you know."

He looked at her half fearful, half full of bravado. "Oh, on account of those broken appointments?" he said. "I think I can fix that up all right with old lady Braing. I'll get around *her*."

"You can't," said Janet succinctly. "She thought very little of you in the first place, so she can't think any less now; but you are out as far as United is concerned." She entered the taxi. "You haven't a prayer with Miss Braing; you'd better understand that at once."

He got into the cab behind her. "The trouble with Braing," he said, "is she takes things too seriously. She doesn't know that nothing's worth getting excited about. She ought to stop worrying. I never worry." He leaned over and took her hand. She let him do that but something about her kept him from kissing her. And in any case it was only a block or so before they got out.

Janet hurried into the building, up the elevator, into the huge suite of offices, past desks and secretaries. "You wait here," she said, and all at once she had come alive. It was as if something dammed up for months was being released, was giving way, was breaking through. "Wait, Adair," she said, and went on into the inner office.

Bill Randall was sitting there at his desk behind the door marked "President."

"Bill," she said, going close to him, shining at him. "He's here. He's come back!"

Bill had started to get up when he saw her, but now he hesitated a second, as if something had struck him full in the chest. Only for a second, then he got up and put his hand, his kind, big hand on her shoulder. "Attagirl," he said.

"Sit down, Bill," she said, and sat opposite him herself. "Listen, Bill, he's back and hasn't any work and he's broke."

He sat regarding her in silence. "That's tough."

"He's a model, his name is Duncan Adair. United is sore at him and he's —he's one of these irresponsible persons, he's not worrying." She pulled at the blotter. "He said it," she said, "he's not worrying."

"Worrying doesn't do much good," said Bill easily. He watched her.

"Vaski is beginning the series for your account, Bill," she said. "He's annoyed with Adair, too. But if you told him to use him—"

"Certainly," said Bill. "Why not?" He reached for his telephone. He told Vaski. Janet watched his bent head, she listened to the undertone in his deep voice. "And another thing, Vaski," said Bill. "This looks like a long hard series ahead. Tell the models, all of them, that we're paying them for the first two sittings in advance." He drummed on the table. "Yes, I know it's unusual," he said, "but we're an unusual company, Vaski. I'll tell my secretary to send you a check. Let her know what it is."

He hung up. He looked tired, heavy. He rang for his secretary.

"Yes, Mr. Randall," said the secretary, and started out again.

"And please," said Janet, "tell Mr. Adair, who is waiting outside, that Mr. Vaski wants him to report to him."

"Yes, I shall," said the secretary and closed the door.

THERE was silence. "Don't you want to tell him yourself?" asked Bill at last.

Her face for a minute was quite expressionless as if she had discovered a way of being there and not being there at the same time. Then she got up and ran around the desk and caught Bill Randall in her arms, half-laughing, half in tears.

"I never want to see him again," she said. "Oh, I can't bear men like that," she said in a queerly breathless way. "There's only one man in the world for me."

He twisted her arms away and stood up. He had gone white under his ruddy tan and his mouth was set. He could not believe it at first.

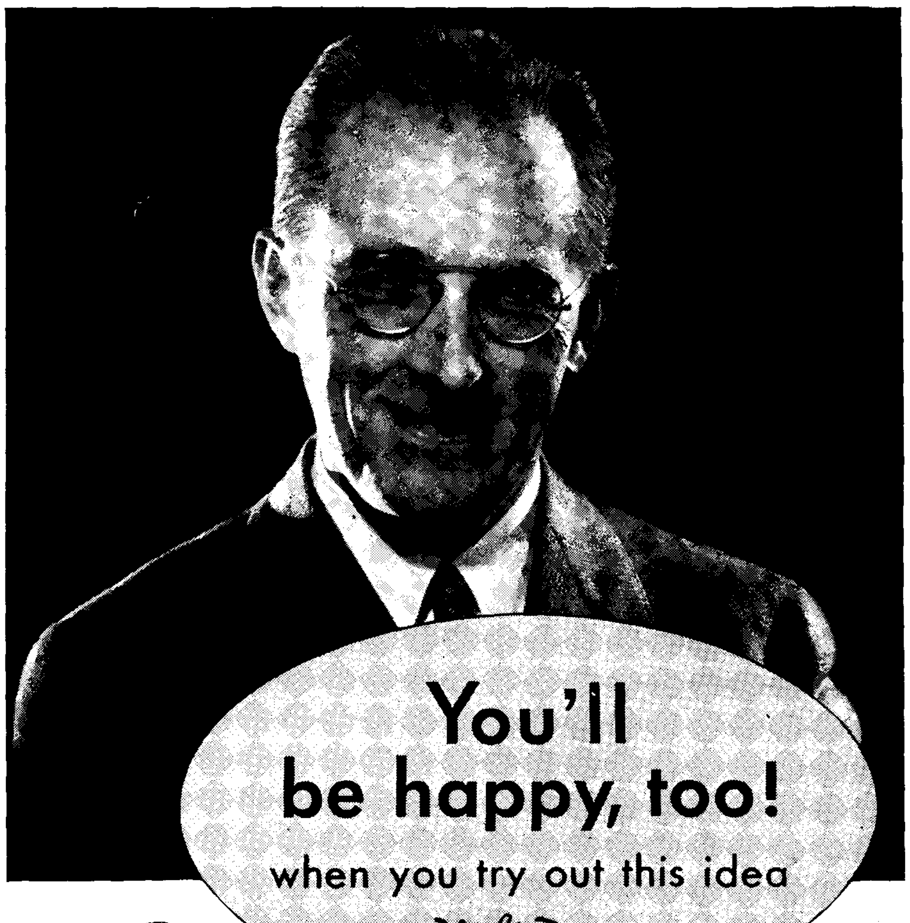
"Don't you see?" she said. "You couldn't love a man like that! You have to have a refuge, someone on whom you can rely, no matter what!" He was holding her, listening to her. "Oh, that isn't it," she said, "or it isn't all of it. It's just that I've always loved you and hadn't sense enough to know it."

She laughed. She wept. She kissed him.

At first he couldn't believe it, but then he could. Then he believed it.

And all over the country, all over the world, they were going to miss seeing Janet's face on the back covers of magazines. That face would be gone, like magic, as if it had vanished up its own sleeve.

There was a new magic now. For always.



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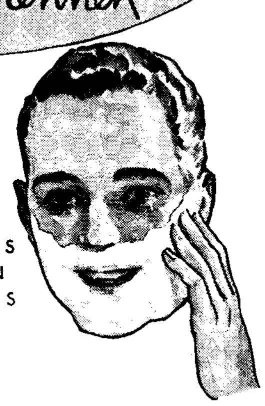
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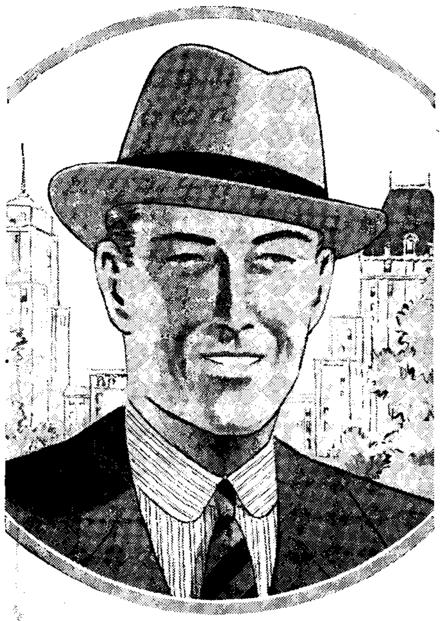

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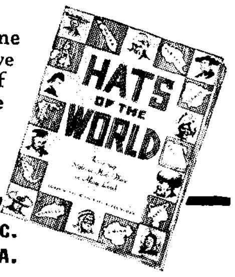


STYLEPARK HATS, INC.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# Bottle Post

*Continued from page 9*

best and no more than a month at worst. A month of enforced idleness would not hurt him. There were plenty of stores and plenty of oil for the galley stove. His own cabin was weather-tight. Night and morning he would do calisthenics and keep fit, and every Sunday he would read the service and preach himself a sermon.

Meanwhile the weather to the southwest had a horrid, condensed look, and it might be a good idea to go ashore for a bit and look about. The shore was the usual thing, a forest, mostly coconut and palms, behind a beach of white and black sand. The white sand was pounded coral, of course, and the black sand probably had something in common with the sawed-off volcano in the distance. Water out of a cask keeps a man from dehydrating, but it would be pleasant if he could find a spring and have a real drink.

Considering the great waves of the night before, the ocean and the lagoon were astonishingly calm, and it was child's play to get the dinghy overboard and row it ashore. Having landed, Captain Bottom once more glanced seaward and perceived that the sky to the southwest was a darkening indigo color with hot streaks of sepia. And he knew that it was going to blow. But he did not know that it was going to blow then and there.

The harder it blew, the more he worried about Jeffirs and the longboat. But he didn't worry about himself until the tops of trees began to snap off, and then it wasn't so much worry as fright. A sailor's place in a high wind is at sea. He can do something about it—let things go or make them fast. Masts have standing rigging and backstays. Trees haven't.

CAPTAIN BOTTOM endured a hellish black afternoon and night. By morning the hurricane had blown itself out and the dawn was all rose and baby blue.

Except for a few stores which had come ashore, there was no trace of the Get There and even the dinghy had been blown into the stem of a tree and smashed like an egg.

But Captain Bottom was a practical man and, having struggled with a dreadful sickish feeling and fought it off, he began to gather up the jettisoned stores and prepared for a long stay in those parts.

Already his duck trousers and tunic showed signs of wear, and against the possible though now improbable event of his rescue, he hung them in a hollow tree, and went about in his underclothes until these fell to pieces. Thereafter he plaited a kind of thatch for himself and might have been mistaken at a distance for a native hut.

He happened to know that he was on an island, and that it was marked uninhabited on the chart. But a chart isn't a Bible, and the discovery of certain clay pits which had certainly been worked since the last rains seemed to prove at least an occasional habitation. And then, one night of fever, he thought he heard drums. But these percussive impressions may have been nothing but his own pulses playing tricks. And that was what he tried to think, and finally did think until about a month later. This time he had no fever, and his only comfort was the realization that even in Papua there is such a thing as not being a cannibal.

It disturbed him to realize that he did not miss his family. It seemed hard-boiled in him and inhuman, but in spite of conscientious efforts he found it impossible to miss them on purpose. Johnny would have been a cheerful and useful companion, and Mrs. Bottom was not without a remainder of good looks, but Freddie would have been a perfect nuisance. A tough customer, that Freddie! And Captain Bottom reproached himself for having spared the rod and spoiled the child.

ONE DAY, which he thought to be a Sunday, he preached himself a sermon on the duty of a man to his family, and thereafter meditated in the shade and did what he could to miss his own. But it was wasted effort. They were a nice little family, nicer on the whole than any sinful man has a right to expect, but they were not to be missed. He sighed and came to the conclusion that you only miss people when you happen to be in places where you are accustomed to having them about. And the best that he could do was to hope that his family missed him a little, and not too much.

By now it seemed certain that Jeffirs and the crew must have been lost in the hurricane, and Captain Bottom no longer hoped for any but an accidental rescue. And he made himself a spare thatch which resembled a native hut even more than the one he was wearing.

To his friends, Captain Bottom was known as a man of few spoken words and of still fewer written ones. And this was the truth about him, but solitude and meditations work curious changes in a man, and now that Captain Bottom was without companions he longed to hold forth, and now that he lacked pen, paper and post office he itched to write letters—serious letters to his family, and facetious letters to his friends. He even had some notions of an article for the fashion paper to which Mrs. Bottom subscribed, concerning what the well-thatched man will wear in the dog days.

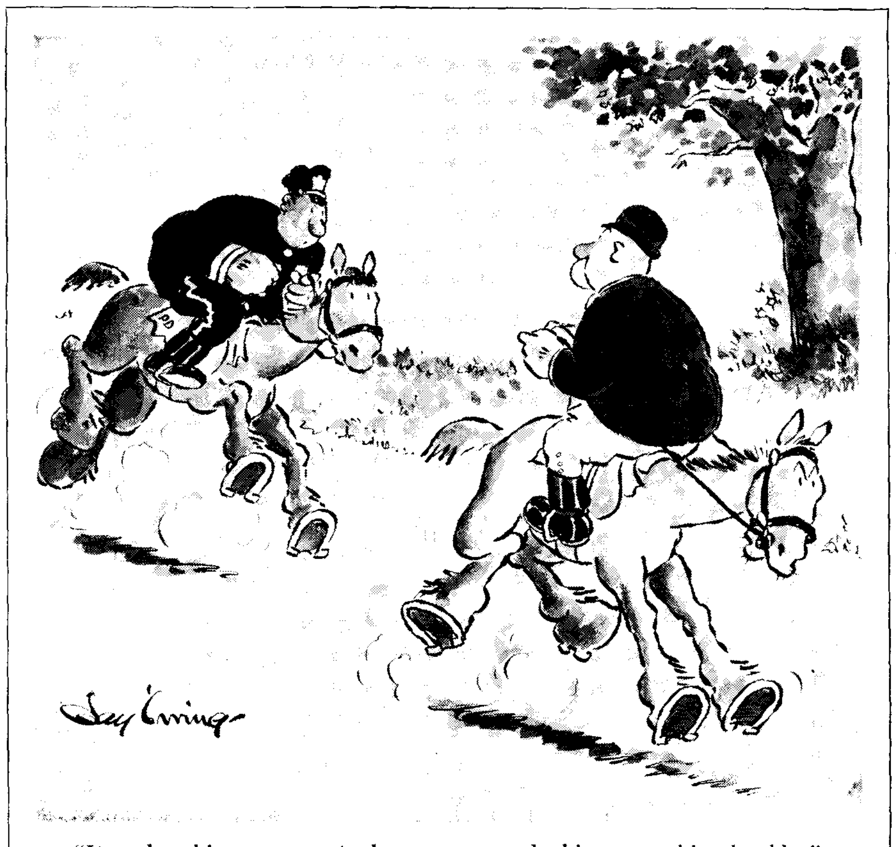
One day Captain Bottom walked the beach composing an imaginary letter to an imaginary admirer, and almost stubbed his toe against an empty whisky bottle half buried in the sand. He laughed aloud.

He didn't laugh because the whisky bottle was empty—far from it. He laughed because it had a sound cork, and on the way from wherever it had come from to get itself washed up on this particular beach it hadn't leaked a drop. Captain Bottom had spent many leisure moments thinking of carrier pigeons, and of bottles that didn't leak and that turned up in the most unexpected places with messages in them.

His paper was the inner bark of a hibiscus tree, his pen was a pin-fine reed, his ink was the blood which flowed in his own veins. But the letter which, swimming by night clear out to the barrier reef to do so, he mailed presently by Bottle Post was short and to the point. It gave his name and address, and stated the facts of his case. It begged the recipient to communicate with Mrs. Bottom, and gave her address.

Captain Bottom might have mailed the letter in the lagoon and it might have made its way to the open sea. But it seemed best to mail it in the open sea to begin with, and the only way to do that was to swim with it to the barrier reef. He swam to the barrier reef at night because of the drums. They were going half the time, these days, or so it seemed; and although Captain Bottom was beginning to slip a little mentally, what with worrying over what the well-thatched man will wear for Thanksgiving and the fact that he wasn't able to miss his family, he distinctly remembered that of all musicians those who play upon drums, and make them talk, have the sharpest eyes—and the sharpest teeth.

THE bottle was an experienced traveler as certain coralline incrustations proved, and having been slipped from Captain Bottom's hand into the strong current that came pouring out through a pass in the barrier reef, it moved offshore with what actually seemed to be knowing nods of its corked head.



"It makes him nervous to have someone looking over his shoulder"

JAY IRVING

The bottle for a little while could be clearly seen in the starlight, intent upon its destiny. Its course, Captain Bottom judged after a brief examination of the heavens, was precisely the course which he himself would have steered if the bottle had been a ship and he had been in command.

A fish bumped the bottle from beneath so that it jumped half out of the water and, in settling back to its load water line, created a series of concentric rings. These moving rings, Captain Bottom reflected, for he had been so taught, could never stop moving.

Then he lost sight of the bottle and, realizing that he was shivering cold, re-entered the warm water of the lagoon and swam back to the shore. He did not miss his family, but he missed the bottle. It had had a personality. It had seemed a self-reliant sort of bottle. If it had seemed a little reticent, that was only natural; but it had also seemed friendly on the whole, and then of course he might never see another bottle as long as he lived.

The drums were at it again. They seemed a little nearer than usual.

WHEREVER coral grows with sufficient vigor to form reefs and islands, the ocean currents varying from day to day in speed and direction are the despair of navigators. Waves broken against barrier reefs roar on over the top and fill lagoons. The impounded waters find an egress back to the ocean by way of narrow breaks or passes in the reef. And the speed of these outpourings varies with the volume of the waters pressing for release. A thundering speed of twenty knots has been recorded. In the Paumotus, that far-flung milky way of islands, and in that amphibious region known as the great barrier reef, navigation is not a science but a game of chance.

The bottle had got away to a good start, and for some days moved steadily upon a course which Captain Bottom himself could not have bettered. And then for some days, if any given destination is alone considered, it stopped moving. It was the victim of some dozens of currents coming together in a listless neutralization of each other. It was no longer going anywhere in particular. It seemed a carefree, bobbing bottle, a bottle without any sense of responsibility. From its lackadaisical goings-on no man would have guessed that in its belly it carried the destiny of a shipwrecked mariner. It was nothing but an old bottle, snailing about.

A black rain squall swept over the ocean and brought one of the listless currents to life so that, carrying the bottle closely hugged to its breast, it shouldered a way through the other currents and played a clear-cut rôle in the comedy of destiny and coincidence.

Some weeks later the bottle had a narrow escape from savages. The outrigger canoe, the savages themselves, and their great sail, shaped like a crab's claw, were a black silhouette against the dawn. No breath of air stirred, and the sea was oil-flat. The canoe was without motion, but the bottle not fifty yards distant traveled briskly as if in the tow of a fish.

The savages talked about the bottle and desired it, and a young one who, like the others, was mother-naked, went overboard to fetch it. He swam with easy power and a smiling face and he would have made short work of the business in hand if it had not been for a sudden crash of laughter. The smile froze on his face, he doubled convulsively on his wake, and regained the canoe with the pace of a sea-sled.

It was the triangular fin of a cruising shark which had so tickled the primitive humor-sense of his companions.

The shark nuzzled the bottle and moved off disappointed, but it returned a number of times on the off chance that by now the bottle might have changed into something else.

For three days and nights the bottle whirled in the exact center of a hurricane, and preserved its precious contents bone dry.

After some months of travel the bottle voyaged in more frequented seas. Sails were to be seen, and to the west high land with a fabulous sky line. One night a steamer passed near at hand, brightly lighted, and with music. And one morning the bottle, now thick with incrustations of coral, passed between two miniature headlands into a tiny harbor, round as a dollar, and smashed all the accepted rules of coincidence to smithereens.

That pleasant-faced, low-lying house with fine gardens to left and right, the lawn sloping to the water edge in front, and the towering palms behind, was Captain Bottom's house. The harbor was his, and so also the long skeleton gangway terminating in a workmanlike rectangular float. And so also the red-headed child who stood on the float and scanned the placid waters of the harbor with bulging, unblinking eyes.

The grandmother of Glok the chauffeur had once again sickened and died, and that was why Johnny had substituted for him and was driving Mrs. Bottom into town for a whole day of shopping and gadding. It was a lovely winter day and not too hot, and neither Johnny nor his mother, nor Freddie, who was to be left to his own devices for the entire day, could possibly know that there had been a cloudburst back in the mountains and that this had swollen a fingerling rivulet into a rambunctious torrent and swept the legs of an important bridge out from under it.

Johnny turned back the flivver at the place where the jackstrawed bridge would be rebuilt one of these days, and Mrs. Bottom, who was really disappointed, went into a glum silence.

FREDDIE, who for a long time had been purloining cartridges by ones and twos until he had a whole bulging pocketful, had resolved upon a day of sport. An unusual gathering of sea birds had indicated the float as a new and possibly happy hunting ground. But at Freddie's purposeful approach the sea birds, uttering all the gamut of plaintive cries which are peculiar to them, retreated to safe distances, and the small boy with the sure eyes, the steady hands and the loaded rifle had no target.

Then he perceived the bottle. But this did not offer a sporting shot. It was much too close.

He put down his rifle, got a boathook from the chest where odds and ends of wharf gear were kept, and succeeded in drawing the bottle close enough to the float to be recovered by hand. He wasted no time in an examination of the bottle. He merely took it by the neck, and tossed it back into the water as far out as he could toss it. At that range it wasn't just everybody who could have hit it.

Freddie, his feet well apart, took a quick aim.

He might have reminded the old-fashioned of a passage in Cooper. To quote from memory: "The surrounding rocks themselves were not more still than was the piece of Hawkeye during the moment when it poured forth its fatal contents."

The bottle burst and sank.

Freddie turned to see an ominous, high-dudgeoned mother flying toward him down the gangway.

"You bad, naughty, disobedient boy," she cried, "you just wait till your father comes home!"

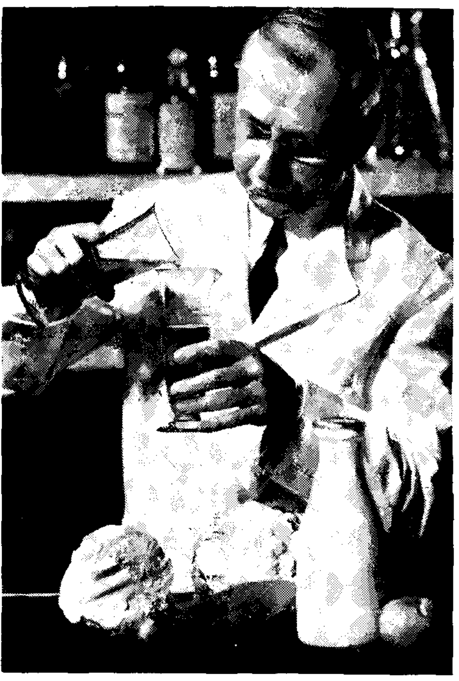
Freddie is still waiting.

Why You Have
ACID INDIGESTION

And a Great New Advance in Relieving Fussy Stomachs

•

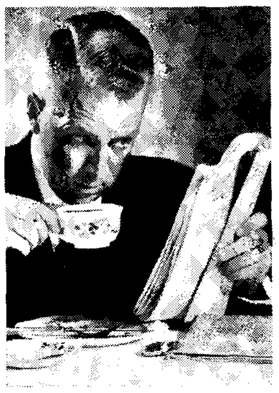
Utterly Without the Use of Strong Soluble Alkalies



THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

Quick, Safe Relief

A splendid way to relieve the distressing symptoms of acid indigestion is to munch 3 or 4 of the new antacid mints, called TUMS, after meals. TUMS have a distinct advantage over older methods. They contain an antacid which is neither acid nor alkali except in the presence of acid. This element acts as what scientists call a *buffer*—it neutralizes excess acid but never over-alkalizes the stomach. When the acid conditions are corrected, if there is any excess of TUMS, it passes on undissolved and inert, and without having to go through the blood and kidneys. Unlike raw, caustic alkalies, TUMS soothe the stomach, instead of irritating it.



*Hurried meals, nervous strain, wrong eating habits are frequent causes of acid indigestion.*

When mistakes in eating, drinking, excess smoking, cause your stomach to pour out too much acid, try TUMS. You will find them very pleasing, just like eating a dainty candy. They work so quickly to relieve the annoying heartburn, sour stomach, gas, bloating, and are harmless.

Eat Favorite Foods

You'll find you can eat many favorite foods without bad after-effects. Or when you're not feeling just right, try eating 2 or 3 TUMS. You may be surprised at the difference they make. TUMS come in small rolls convenient for pocket or purse, so you can always have them handy for quick relief. You will find them in any drug store—only 10 cents. (TUMS contain no soda.)

Free *1935 Calendar-Thermometer combined, in beautiful 3-color design, also samples of* TUMS. *Send name, address and stamp to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. 3DCC, St. Louis, Mo.

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TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS
TUMS
10¢
HANDY TO CARRY

# Texas Cuts Off Her Nose

*Continued from page 11*

their own it would amount to confiscation to force them to purchase gas from somebody else.

This was the first setback for the Railroad Commission but, being a persistent body, it was by no means through. On the contrary it had, clearly, only begun to fight, because even before the final order in the above case had been entered it again tried to force the pipe lines into submission by issuing an order, based on nothing whatever except gall, closing many wells in the gas field entirely and restricting many others to a mere four per cent of their potential capacity. The intent of this order was obvious. It was merely another effort to force the pipe-line companies, which under it could not possibly produce enough gas from their own wells to supply their customers, to buy from other producers, and so, naturally, it too was knocked out by the federal court.

Still the Commission tried. On the theory that it would tend to prevent waste it now got up another law, a very technical one, giving to itself the power to limit the production of each gas well, but placing no limit on the number of wells that could be drilled.

### Sweet and Sour Gas

This was silly, so silly that when the federal court got a whack at it it not only struck it down, but even went so far as to put the Railroad Commission in its proper niche by stating again that the pipe-line companies were not committing waste, were not draining any gas from the property of anybody else, and that therefore the Commission was not intervening to protect property rights, or prevent waste, but was merely endeavoring to force the companies to do something that it had no legal right to demand of them. Furthermore, the court said that the fact that other operators were wasting gas did not give the Commission the right to disturb the pipe lines which were not wasting it.

To any official body less tenacious than the Texas Railroad Commission, backed as it is by a group of flag wavers whose perpetual slogan is "Texas' resources for Texans only, and to hell with the rights of the rest of the nation," such a decision would have been a body blow. It didn't even jolt the Commission, though, and neither was it more than slightly annoyed when yet another federal court rendered another decision to the effect that although the Commission had no right to interfere with pipe lines which were not wasting any gas it did have authority over concerns that were wasting it and that, therefore, it was its duty to enjoin from further operations such plants as the one I have described in the first part of this article.

Now the reason that these adverse decisions did not bother the Commission was that that body had an ace up its sleeve. A vicious ace—waste. And after the last decision had been rendered it played it. But not openly. To extract an ace from one's sleeve requires adroitness, and as the Commission is nothing if not adroit, it will be interesting to see how the trick was pulled. To understand the technique of the play, the reader must first know something of the nature of Panhandle gas.

It is of two kinds, sweet and sour, which differ from one another in that sour gas contains sulphur which will eat up the burners on your gas stove and destroy the pipes leading into your home, and therefore is unfit for domestic use. Again, all the gas in the Panhandle contains a percentage of gasoline so small that it takes 3,000 cubic feet to make a gallon of the stuff, which, when made, is worth only three cents. Thus 1,000 cubic feet of gas, which brings 65 cents when sold to consumers in Fort Worth and Dallas, produces only one cent when processed by a gasoline-stripping plant which blows $^{23}/_{24}$ of its heat value into the air.

Very well. Bearing the above facts regarding gas in mind, and also remembering, which is a recorded fact, that the Railroad Commission had openly threatened in federal court that unless it was given authority over the interstate pipe lines, it would deliberately create waste, just sit back and watch the procedure.

Following the last federal decision which said that it was the duty of the Commission to enjoin from further operations plants which were wasting gas, the commissioners suddenly came forward, through the Hon. Clint Small, state senator and incidentally attorney for the strippers, with the proposal that as sour gas was of no use to the pipeline companies wouldn't they then, please, allow his poor abused clients to make use of it?

To this proposal, so appealingly presented, the pipe lines which, mind you, own sixty-one per cent of all the gas in the Panhandle, agreed. Naturally, they were not enthusiastic about it because sour gas is as valuable as sweet in maintaining underground pressure, but nevertheless, they gave their consent and even went so far as to place their O. K. on a bill to be presented to the state legislature in which it was specified that sour gas only was to be utilized in making natural gasoline.

The Hon. Mr. Small and the Railroad Commission grinned happily. This was fine. The suspicions of the foreigners were wholly allayed, and so the Sour Gas Bill was rushed to Austin, and was so skillfully engineered through the committee by Senator (also Attorney) Small that when it emerged, lo and behold, the ace had been played, and the lid was off because the bill empowered the Commission to issue permits to strippers to process any kind of gas, sweet or sour, that they wanted to merely for the sake of extracting from every one thousand cubic feet of it a paltry one cent's worth of motor fuel.

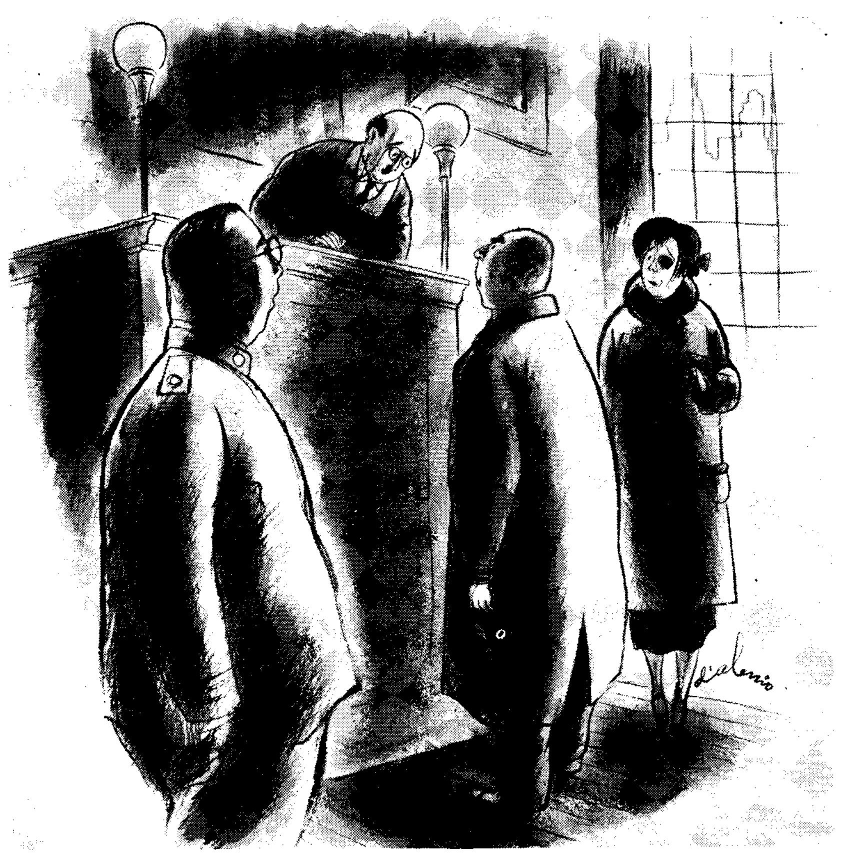
### Bug on the Back

This was victory. Glorious victory. After three defeats in the federal courts, where reason rules, the Texas Railroad Commission, by virtue of a vindictive law passed by the state legislature, now found itself clothed with the power literally to annihilate its enemies, the pipe lines. How? Easily. All it had to do was grant enough stripping permits and the strippers themselves would attend to the job by opening up so many wells that within a few years all the gas would be blown out of the huge reservoir.

That was the plan. There is no doubt of it. The Commission doesn't deny it. Neither do the strippers. Neither does Senator Clint Small. On the contrary, at a hearing held by a state senate investigating committee last April, they all admitted that what they were driving at was to force the pipe-line companies, who they thought would yield rather than lose all their gas, to buy from any well owner who chose to offer gas for sale.

For example, at the hearing mentioned, Senator Small stated: "I passed this sour-gas bill and assumed full responsibility for it. I feel amply justified. I hoped by that bill to make these folks so sick that they would come in and confess their sins, wash this thing out and bring about a solution that would be equitable to all parties. Some of them have shown symptoms of that

*(Continued on page 54)*



"I would have played my ace and you wouldn't have socked *me*. Now, would you, Mister Jenkins?" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

OTHERS CAN IMPROVE

*your beauty*

BUT ONLY YOU CAN IMPROVE

*your mind*

★

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# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***One*** of the busiest women magistrates in the world today is the *iyaloda*, or town mother, of Ibadan, the largest Negro city in Africa, with an urban and suburban population of 250,000, who—without assistance—settles all the disputes of the dusky ladies of this great metropolis.

***Odd*** customs of the Middle Ages survive to this day. There are still hundreds of walled cities whose gates are locked at night, such as Peiping, China, with a population of 1,400,000; there are still numerous libraries whose books are chained to their shelves, such as in Hereford Cathedral, England; and there are still groups of men who wear their hair in curls, such as the Jews in Yemen, Arabia.

***The*** prolonged action of short radio waves in the treatment of various ailments is shown by the fact that, when an arm, leg or foot is placed in their "field" between two electrodes, the sense of warmth created within ten minutes is retained for almost two years.—*By A. J. Eisenbach, Brookfield, Illinois.*

***Unlike*** Christianity, two great religions of the world refuse membership to converts. They are Hinduism and Zoroastrianism, with a combined following of 250,000,000 souls. The only entrance to them is by birth.

***The*** female dugong or "sea cow" is believed to possess more maternal affection than any other animal. This mammal, which averages ten feet in length and is found in tropical seas, gives birth to one offspring at a time and carries it closely clasped to her breast with one flipper while she paddles with the other. This position, which is visible as both heads are above the water, is so human that, when first discovered, she was thought to be a mermaid.

***Up*** to about 1880 the singing voice of adult males was greatly disliked in Europe and consequently male parts in choirs and opera companies were assigned to those who were able to sing in an artificial soprano through an operation which they had undergone at the beginning of their training. Even the parts of the most virile heroes in operas were sung in these high feminine voices. — *By Arthur Collani, Newark, New Jersey.*

***During*** the World War, secrets leaked constantly from a certain embassy in Europe. All persons in it were shadowed and frequently their clothes were examined by experts. But no evidence was found. Finally all were locked in for a month, yet secrets still passed to the enemy. Eventually it was discovered that the spy was the scrubwoman who, when washing the windows, "talked" to her assistant, hidden in a house across the street, through the various strokes she used in drying the glass.

***The*** navigational charts of the United States, showing every curve of our coast-line with all shoals, rocks, channels, lighthouses, lightships and buoys, and the location and contour of all our lakes and rivers, are based on actual measurements made from a little concrete monument on Meade's Ranch in Kansas, the base of all American triangulation work.—*By E. H. Hummell, Port Ewen, New York.*

***The*** church membership of the United States is about 60,000,000, or an average of two persons for every family. Yet at least one quarter of all our marriages, or more than 250,000 each year, take place without a religious service.—*By Mrs. M. B. Bieze, Chicago, Illinois.*

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**

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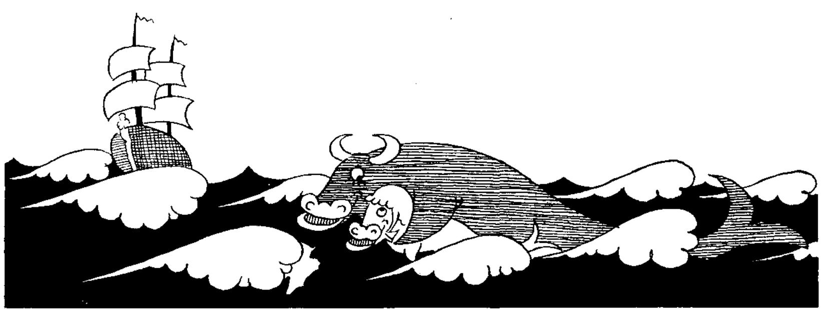

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FREEZONE

# Texas Cuts Off Her Nose

*Continued from page 52*

type of sickness, for which I am grateful."

Now what type of sickness did Senator Small mean? When Mr. John J. Sherrin, President of the Panhandle Gas and Oil Company, a stripping concern, appeared on the stand he answered that question by saying: "The pipe-line companies have invested millions of dollars and that investment depends upon the reserve. The independents represent fifteen million at the outside, which is small as compared with the investment of the pipe lines, and it is inconceivable that they will let their reserves be lost. Before they will do that they will come in and make a settlement. You can rest assured of that. We have the bug on their back and let's keep it there. When we strip enough gas these gentlemen will settle with us."

In one respect Mr. Sherrin's statement is true. The bug is on the back of the pipe-line companies, and is sucking their very life-blood, because no sooner had the Commission been given authority to place the insect there than it did so by issuing stripping permits with such fervor that between February, 1933, and October, 1934, the amount of gas blown into the air by stripping plants increased from 205 million to more than 1,100 million cubic feet per day.

### The Sky's the Limit

Thus the predicament faced by the pipe-line companies, which carry gas to more than seven million domestic consumers in nine states outside of Texas, is like this: When they went into business and acquired leases from willing landowners on sixty-one per cent of the acreage in the Panhandle field, they estimated that not only would they have enough gas reserve to supply the needs of their patrons for 137 years, but that Texas also would have enough to care for all of its domestic demand for a similar period. Whereas today, with four or five times as much gas being "popped off" as is used in homes and industrially, they are fearful that all the gas in the field will be exhausted within the next two decades.

And, if one can believe the statements of the Texas Railroad Commission, that is exactly what will happen, because, in its report made to the investigating committee of the Texas senate last April, it openly admitted that, although there is enough gas in the Panhandle to "cover the requirements of the light and fuel market for 120 years, at the present rate of withdrawals the field will last at least twenty-four years."

Note the astonishingly brazen character of that statement. The fundamental gas-conservation law of Texas, which says that until gas can be utilized for light, heat or power it must be held in capped wells, has never been changed. All that has happened to it has been that the Railroad Commission has been given authority to use its discretion, and now, having used that discretion, it has the effrontery to declare, and boast of its stewardship, that a natural resource which would, if used according to the spirit of the law, last 120 years, will, under its able administration, be dissipated in one fifth of that time.

This is the most unreasonable destruction of an asset belonging to the people that is recorded in our history. And what's behind it? Certainly, it is not even rational to claim, as the Commission does claim, and as Senator Small oratorically avows, that the way to bring about ultimate conservation is to promote unlimited present waste. Again, neither is it reasonable to suppose that any group of really intelligent commissioners, no matter how deeply dyed in state patriotism they may be, can possibly be sincere in subscribing to the theory that it is better for their great commonwealth to allow Texas corporations and individual Texans to throw a valuable commodity away rather than let heavy tax-paying foreign corporations carry it to other parts of the nation and sell it to millions of Americans who are in need of it and who believe, whether the Texans do or not, that we are all living under the same flag.

Such contentions are too absurd, too childish to be taken seriously, and yet they provide the only excuse that the Commission offers for taking the strippers paternally in hand, telling them to go to it—the sky's the limit—and allowing them to blow so much gas into it that the Department of Commerce has actually issued orders to aviators not to fly across the huge gas field for fear that a spark from an airplane might arouse an explosion that will blow the Panhandle off of Texas.

From all of the foregoing it is quite clear that in running its gas business Texas has no regard whatever for the right of the rest of the states to share in the enjoyment of a natural resource. Now is this a proper attitude? What kind of country would this be if all the states took the same selfish, defiant stand?

Not caring to answer this double-barreled inquiry myself, because I have no present interest in my native state other than to see it promote its own welfare by conducting itself decently toward the rest of the Union, I put it up to a landowner in the Panhandle, a man who has thousands of acres leased to gas producers, and one therefore who has a real, not a political, interest in states' rights. And here's what he said:

"No, sir," he announced emphatically, "I'm not one of those Texans who clings to the old flyblown notion that our obligation to the United States ends at our own boundary line. That's ridiculous, because what would we do if the other states, in retaliation, should tell us to take our cotton, our cattle, our corn, our timber, our hogs and all our other assets and go to hell with 'em? We'd go, wouldn't we? We'd go broke, too, and naturally I'm not hankering for that kind of outcome."

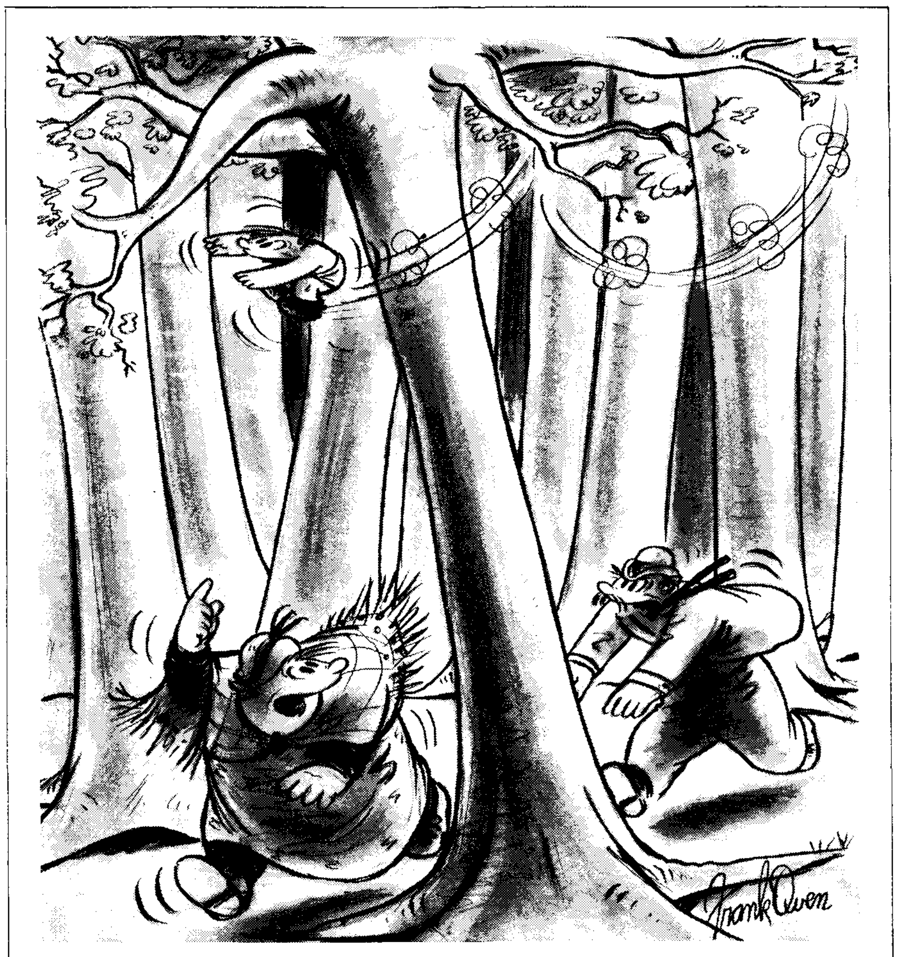
### A Native's Views

"And what about gas?" I inquired. "You've got a lot of it under your ground and so you ought to have some opinions about it. What are they?"

He smiled. "Here," he said as he handed me a typewritten document, "is a Commission report showing that the daily waste of gas by only five stripping plants amounts to 669,177,000 cubic feet, and if you want my opinion about that kind of business I'll give it to you. It's sinful. Here's why:

"When the Old Man a good many years ago took up a lot of land around here he was looking a long ways down the road. But not at gas. All he saw ahead for his children and his grandchildren was cows. The gas came later, in my time, and again I reckon I'm different from most people because I don't believe that the Creator, when He put that gas in the ground, several million years ago, maybe, did it just for my benefit.

"Of course He didn't. Gas is a natural resource. It belongs to everybody and the state recognizes that such is



"Leave Darwin out of this, but I'll admit Philbert gets through those trees too easy to suit me!" FRANK OWEN the case by stating in its fundamental law that I can't waste any of it even though it is under my land. On the same theory then—that is, if the state, which is my sovereign, can tell me that I can't waste my own gas, then why can't the federal government, which is the sovereign of the state, say to Texas that it must exercise its control over waste for the benefit of the people of the entire nation?"

I gasped. Coming from a Texan, and a cow-raiser at that, this was one of the most astonishing statements I had ever listened to. "You don't mean to tell me," I said, "that you are in favor of federal interference in the gas business in Texas?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything else," was the answer. "Of course I'm in favor of it. Why not? Gas from my land is being sold to people as much as a thousand miles from the state boundary. It's cheap fuel for them; as I see it, they have as much right to benefit by my gas as I have myself, or as anybody in Texas has, and so if Texas can't or won't stop the waste then the federal government ought to step in and do it."

"With those radical notions in your head," I remarked, "you'll never be elected Railroad Commissioner in this state."

### "See if We Care"

There are a good many other landowners in the Panhandle, however, whose views are not so unselfish and sensible. For example, when another citizen under a big hat was asked what he thought about stripping plants he said he favored them because they provided him with a quick market. He said he was getting old; that he could use the money right now; that he didn't care whether his children had any or not, and that therefore he'd rather sell $6,000 worth of gas to the strippers for cash tomorrow, and let them waste it, than contract to sell the same amount to the pipe lines over a period of years for sixteen times that much, or $96,000.

In the face of the condition outlined above, a condition deliberately created either to coerce or destroy the pipe-line companies, what are those companies doing about it? Nothing. There's nothing they can do. Ever since the Commission pulled its ace out of its sleeve, and thereby clothed itself with authority to use its own discretion, the pipe lines have been powerless to protect themselves. Consequently their fix is this: They own sixty-one per cent of the gas in the Panhandle and yet their withdrawals, for domestic consumption, do not amount to one fifth of the total.

Undeniably then, because all the gas comes from a common reservoir, they are being robbed. So are the people of this country. Today, seven million homes outside of Texas burn Panhandle gas. Have these consumers no interest in conserving a supply which will, if not blown into the air, last for a hundred years?

There can be, it would seem, only one logical answer to this query, and yet the roaring reply of the Commission, via the roaring pipes of its authorized stripping plants, is "No! Nobody's got any interest in Texas gas except Texans. It's ours, dern you, and we'll waste it if we want to. If the rest of the nation don't like it it can go freeze. See if we care."

"Very well, gentlemen," reply the pipe lines courteously, "yours is a fine, patriotic attitude and we commend you for it, but how about Texans? They're tough all right, and we know it. You bet we know it, but don't they ever freeze or don't they ever get cold?"

I'll say they get cold. On January 22d the thermometer stood at two degrees above zero in Dallas and, despite the fact that it is hooked up with the largest gas reservoir on earth, the city was threatened with a gas shortage. Why?

I went up to the offices of the Lone Star Gas Company and found out. Due to the fact that stripping operators had reduced the pressure in that part of the field from which Dallas draws its gas supply from 420 to less than 350 pounds per square inch, a good many honest Texans were on the verge of freezing, and quite a number of them would have actually done so had it not been that the Lone Star Gas Company had a surplus supply on hand which it had accumulated by repressuring gas from the Panhandle, shooting it into the ground again and storing it in its abandoned field at Petrolia.

Thus, because of this process of returning gas to the ground it is perhaps true that quite a number of the citizens of the proudest city in Texas escaped pneumonia. Moreover, it is also true that this method of repressuring gas and returning it to the ground is one of two acceptable ways of preventing further gas waste in Texas.

Way Number One, which, I was told, the pipe lines will welcome, provided the federal government doesn't extend its control over their activities to the ultimate point of fixing prices to consumers, is for Uncle Sam to intervene, screw the caps down on every gas well in the Panhandle, and then tell Texas that the old-time religion of gas for fuel, light and power only, is good enough for everybody and that therefore the state must rip all the ruffles off its fundamental law and go back to the statute of 1899.

According to the general belief, however, Uncle Sam does not want to spank Texas if he can help it. He has no desire to go into the gas business, and consequently will not do so if Texas will only stop waste. This brings us squarely up to Method Number Two, which calls for repressuring gas and returning it to its natural reservoir. This procedure has been tried, tested and proved practical. It is obligatory upon oil wells, even, in most oil states, to return gas to the sands. It is being done voluntarily by a good many sensible operators in Texas, while, moreover, the United States Bureau of Mines, which conducted experiments in the Panhandle itself, says the process is so cheap that stripping plants employing it can produce gasoline at .635 cents per gallon without wasting a single foot of gas.

### Back to the Land

Briefly, the method consists in merely compressing the gas, just as if it were going through a pipe line, until its pressure exceeds that at which it flowed out of the ground. If piped to some near-by well, then it will go down just as readily as it came up. Furthermore, by some occult system of underground chemistry, if gas that has once been stripped and returned to the ground is brought to the surface again, and again stripped, it will yield as much gasoline as it did in the first instance.

There then, in the opinion of every well-informed gas engineer with whom I talked, is the solution of the problem. If the Texas Railroad Commission really wants to kill a flock of birds with one stone it can do so by merely issuing one order compelling everyone who is now blowing gas into the air to blow it back into the ground instead. This would prevent waste, satisfy the pipe lines, keep the federal government out of Texas, and at the same time allow the Commission's favorite children to keep on stripping gas indefinitely. Such an action would also be beneficial in that it would convince many skeptics that Texas is still a part of the Union.

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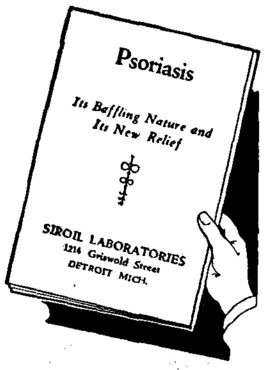

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# A Very Dumb Affair

*Continued from page 15*

fireplace. The apartment was sunny, attractive.

Morgan wrote, "Morgan Long. Hollywood—Beverly Hills—Pacific Ocean."

The girl wrote, "Jacquelin Ann Colvin. New York New York New York."

"Did you lose your voice at the fight last night? I did."

She blushed, as she read that, and just then the telephone rang. She jumped up, then clapped her hands and doubled up, laughing.

Gallantly, Morgan picked up the receiver. A man's voice was saying, "Hello? Hello—Jackie—?" A peevish voice, with a Southern accent. Morgan tried, failed, hung up. He wrote, "Man. Didn't say name. Called you Jackie."

Another blush flooded the one still on her face. Morgan wrote, "Idea. Must get someone—make calls for me. So must you. Let's go—my hotel. Get trusty slave with big, powerful voice."

She thought, looking at him, her lower lip caught between her teeth. She nodded vigorously. She took off her linen smock, put on her wraps, and they went to the hotel.

Morgan asked the manager for a suite with a sitting-room, and for a spokesman. The manager considered, and summoned—not a bell boy but the confidential porter who met guests at ships. The porter, Callahan, who had two mustaches—both of them over his eyes—listened gravely to the manager, let a grin run rapidly over his face, then, soberly, guided them to Morgan's new quarters. He drew a chair to the telephone, and said, with a fine pastel of a brogue, "Yours to command. You think it—Callahan will say it—and with many's the fine flourish."

MORGAN bowed to Miss Colvin. They had a moment's silent argument, then she wrote a number on her slate, and a name. Callahan put in the call. Presently he announced, "Mr. Barker—on the wire for Miss Colvin."

She gave him the message she had been writing. Callahan spoke, in elaboration, "Speaking for Miss Colvin. She does not know when she will be able to work as she cannot talk and the doctor says she must avoid each and every temptation to use her voice. She will keep in touch with your office and will notify you as soon as she is able to work. You are to do what you think best about filling her place in her absence. No—no, Mr. Barker—she cannot talk to you. The poor girl has lost her voice entirely. Who? Me? Callahan speaking. Hotel Aleshire. What? Now—just one minute, Mr. Barker!"

Morgan Long was across the room, composing messages on pads. Miss Colvin glanced at him, at Callahan, and in embarrassment, went to the windows and looked out on Central Park. Callahan was staring at the telephone as though he would like to throw it into the face of the unseen Mr. Barker. Controlling his voice, he said, "Miss Colvin—as a friend of a guest of the hotel, is receiving the courtesies of a guest. Have you any message for her? It will be delivered. You must wait for her answers. She has to write them."

He looked up and so did Morgan. Both could see that her blush went behind her ears. Callahan said mildly, "Mr. Barker wishes to know when he can see you."

She came back, wrote, and Callahan spoke, "She will keep in touch with your office. That is all she can say—I mean, that's the best she can promise. Good-by, sir."

She went back to the windows. Morgan gave Callahan some messages for the Navy Yard and for the New York office of his studio, then joined her—and was sorry he did—at the moment—for she was crying. She repaired all damage swiftly, and turned to him a face that was trying to show a smile. He pantomimed, "Any more messages for Callahan?" She shook her head. He pulled up two easy-chairs. They sat and looked out, and pretended a greater interest than they felt in what they saw.

Callahan put through the business calls, then came to one that was personal. He announced suddenly, "Miss Pearl Gracie on the wire."

Miss Colvin looked at Morgan, startled. No doubt she was startled because of hearing a name so famous. Morgan hurried to Callahan and gave him a slate. Callahan spoke: "Mr. Long's compliments and best wishes for the day. Mr. Long wishes me to tell you that he is in the best of health and spirits, but he cannot talk to you as he has lost his voice."

Morgan and Miss Colvin could hear Miss Gracie's laugh and her words of incredulousness.

Callahan next reported, "Miss Gracie wants to know if you can take lunch with her."

Morgan checked the impulse which would have made his head nod in assent. Why, of course he couldn't. He couldn't desert Miss Colvin. It would be as bad as abandoning a blind man in traffic. He wrote, "No—but delighted if Miss Gracie have supper with me after show."

Callahan relayed it, and announced, "She says 'splendid' and you are to have supper with her at her apartment."

Miss Colvin didn't seem disturbed. She was at the windows again. Morgan wrote, "Send a waiter with a menu. And how will I get you again when I need you?"

Callahan said, "Just lift the receiver and when the operator answers, tap three or four times on the diaphragm with a pencil. I'll tell 'em at the switchboard so they'll know it's a call for me."

They thanked him with smiles, and he departed. Miss Colvin ran for a slate. "I must go."

"No. Lunch. Here. Table by those windows. Yes? Good!"

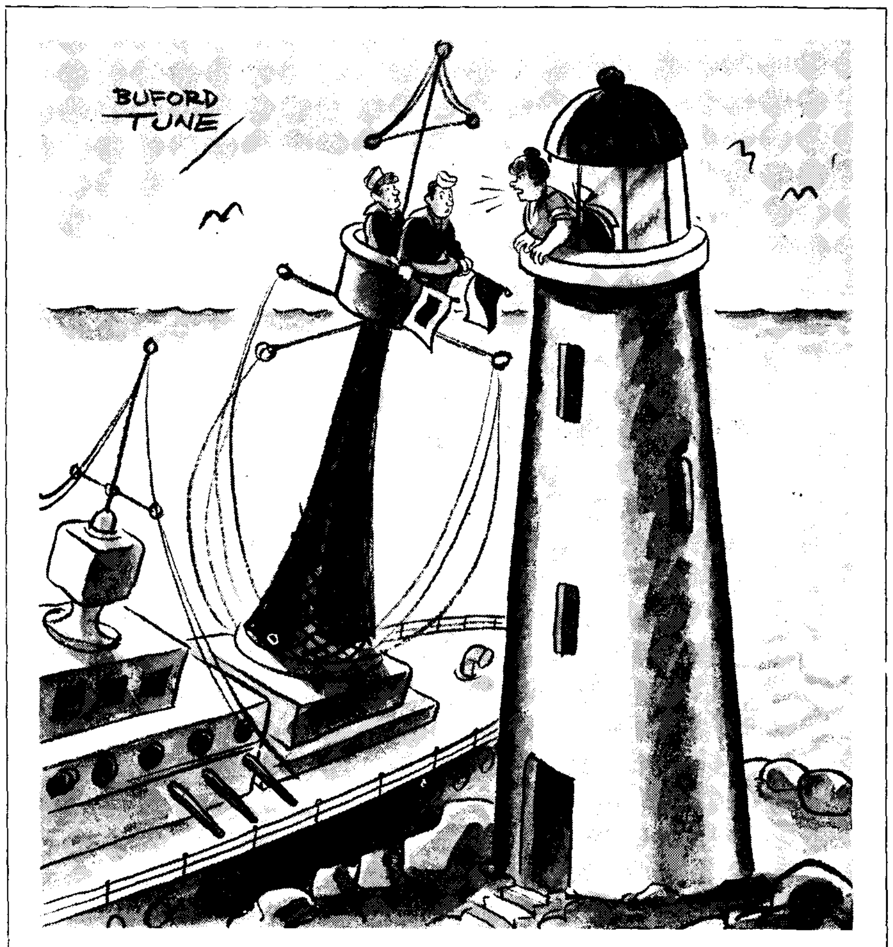
Ordering lunch, when the waiter came, was simple. Partaking of it was fun. They abandoned the slates for pads. They didn't have to use the pads so much, they found. They were getting skillful at lip-reading.

JUST before they finished, one of those ragamuffin, rascally little ideas which will leap around in the minds of people and make them want to throw things into fly-wheels, or dump ashes in drawing-rooms—ideas which people must put resolutely aside—had its way. Morgan had been wondering just what would happen if he framed, "I love you." He didn't love her, of course. Why, that was absurd. He loved Pearl Gracie, etc., etc., etc., etc. Still and all, why not look right at this pretty girl and frame, "I love you—?"

So, he did. She didn't even blink. Instead, she wrote: "*I am through*—too. Couldn't eat another crumb."

Now she really had to go, she insisted. Not without letting him know when he was to see her again, he insisted. It was decided he would call for her at ten the next morning and escort her to the doctor's.

After she had gone, Morgan peeled off waistcoat and shoes, and got into slippers and dressing-gown, and started a letter. Presently there was a knock at the door. He opened to a big, importantly dressed man with wide-set eyes, a high hawk nose, and a small, black mustache. The man glared at Morgan; he said, "Suh, Ah demand an



"Which one of you boys swiped the pie off my window sill?"

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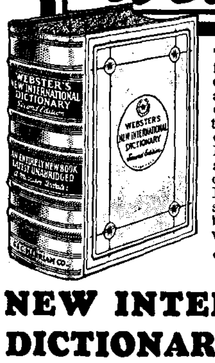

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explanation! Whah is Miss Colvin in yo' rooms? Don't lah to me, suh! Ah see sahns of yo' recent repast—" he sniffed with his capable nostrils, "—Ah detect the odah of huh puhfume!"

He darted in, rushed to the bedroom, to the bathroom. Rushed back. "Look heah—mah name is Bahkuh, suh, and Ah know she is heah fo' Ah had messages f'om this ve'y room. Ah demand—"

Morgan held up a slate. "GET OUT!"

The man was red with rage. In accents from the deep South he wanted to know what sort of game this was, Miss Colvin reporting she had lost her voice, and now—this fellow in a dressing-gown pretending he couldn't talk.

Morgan came close to him and tapped the slate viciously. The man said the wrong thing. Morgan slung his slate away, and as the man made a pass at him, Morgan landed twice. The man sat very hard in a chair and was muttering that Morgan was no gentleman, when Callahan came in. Morgan wrote that Miss Colvin had gone home and that this fellow wouldn't believe that she had gone, and that she couldn't talk.

Barker leaped up. He would return with an officer. He would have an explanation as to why this fellow was entertaining his fiancée in these rooms.

Callahan got rid of him. He came back to find Morgan slumped in a chair. "Fiancée!" Well, why should that disturb him? He didn't know the girl, and if she and Barker were engaged, that was that—but she wore no ring. He was sure of that from the start, at Doc Johnson's office, even though she wore gloves. He had looked sharply.

He kept Callahan most of the afternoon and got a lot of business done, and then he took a nap. He intended to rouse out and go to Pearl's play, but he didn't wake up until after nine. He dined at the hotel, and called for Pearl at the stage door. He was told that she had gone, with the baron. "Baron? Baron?" thought Morgan. "Hollywood is lousy with barons. Didn't know they still fell for them in New York."

He went to Pearl's apartment. Pearl, herself, in a white evening gown, opened to him, thrust out both hands to grip his and to fend him off. "Don't kiss me, don't kiss me!" she said six times. Then:

"Morgan Long! You poor, poor darling! You can't talk! I wouldn't believe it—but you've been here ten seconds and you would have recited Anthony Adverse—and you haven't said a gosh-darned word! Hi! Everybody! Go for him! For once in his life he's got to listen!"

MORGAN stood it for an hour and a half. Pearl had rounded up every available person who knew him, and many who didn't, and they'd pitched him into the arena and tormented him with their words. It was very, very funny for noisy Morgan to be so silent, so helpless. Even the baron, an arrogant Prussian, essayed a few nicely phrased insults.

But the experience had its amusing points. It hadn't been like being sober among the drunks. Rather, it was being keen among the dull. He learned things about dialogue that he could use in sound pictures. He learned that bores finished sentences and paragraphs very carefully; that at parties many people leave sentences in the air; that an amazing number carry on conversations by asking questions, then answering them themselves profusely; that at parties people repeat themselves incredibly.

Back at the hotel, he got out the pads he and Miss Colvin had used, and was almost happy in reconstructing the conversations they'd had. Almost happy, but not quite, because this was Saturday night, and when Pearl's party broke up, she and the Baron and another couple were driving to Westchester for a short week-end. They wanted him to come along. Right there, in declining, he learned something. He learned that while one can lie in pantomime, a polite job of evasion which calls for a hundred false words is difficult to render silently when one feels the truth deeply. Forced to an ultimate, convincing "NO!"—he gave it with every face mark of a snarl.

The next morning he went with Miss Colvin to see Dr. Johnson. They said nothing, by pad or gesture or lip movement, about Mr. Barker. The doctor was not surprised that they came in together. Nothing surprises doctors. He treated them separately, told them separately to avoid contacts with friends who might oblige them to try to talk, and they left together. They lunched together, Callahan-ed together, dined together, then sat in her apartment and listened to the canary, which was destroying silence beautifully.

THEY had a nice time and he walked back to his hotel, stepping high. In the morning he was awakened by the telephone. The girl said, "Good morning, Mr. Long. Do you wish to see Mr. Callahan?"

Morgan said, "Yes. Please have Mr. Callahan come up." He said all that with his own pleasant Oregon voice, and didn't remember to be surprised until he hung up.

He leaped from his bed, trailing the covers, rushed to a mirror and shouted, "YAY!" and the walls gave him back a nice echo.

Callahan knocked. Morgan dragged him in, pounded his back. "Yo—Irish! I can talk!"

"So I see."

"So you hear! Look—I can't drink, but there's no law ferninst you doing it. Apply yourself to yon phone, Mr. Callahan, and order what you will for yourself, and some orange juice for me! Hooray! I can talk!"

Callahan ordered, "One glass of orange juice and have it cold. Also Two British Officers. Room Five Eighteen." He explained to Morgan: "That's a double whisky sour, with grenadine—and I can use it at this time."

Morgan was blasting him with words. "Take it easy, sir," said Callahan. "You'll strain that throat again. You're like a night-watchman talking to the first milkman in the morning."

Morgan couldn't take it easy. He told Callahan a dozen things—a hundred things, and when the boy came with the tray, he was at the telephone, calling Miss Gracie's number. Her maid said she hadn't come in yet, from the country.

Callahan and Morgan clinked glasses. Callahan said, "I'm glad you have your voice again, sir, and it is a good one, but if you hadn't lost it I wouldn't have had the pleasure of talking to Miss Pearl Gracie. She's a rare actress, sir."

"And a rare person, Callahan," said Morgan handsomely.

"Now that other dumb one—begging your pardon, sir, I mean the young lady who couldn't talk."

"Yes, yes—"

"A lady!" said Callahan. He drained his glass. "A lady. You don't have to hear 'em talk to know that. I've been in the hotel business twenty-two years and you can't fool me."

Callahan departed. Morgan danced and sang. He called up the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He talked to an admiral and found it wouldn't be necessary to talk to the other two admirals. If the request were submitted in the correct

*(Continued on page 60)*

LEE *fine* HATS

*The man on the LEE side is usually on the right side . . . with the ladies.*
*"I like your new hat"*
LFELLOW

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A medium weight, snap brim hat with a wide ribbon bound edge—with style and shape guaranteed in there to stay by the exclusive and patented LEE WATER-BLOC PROCESS.

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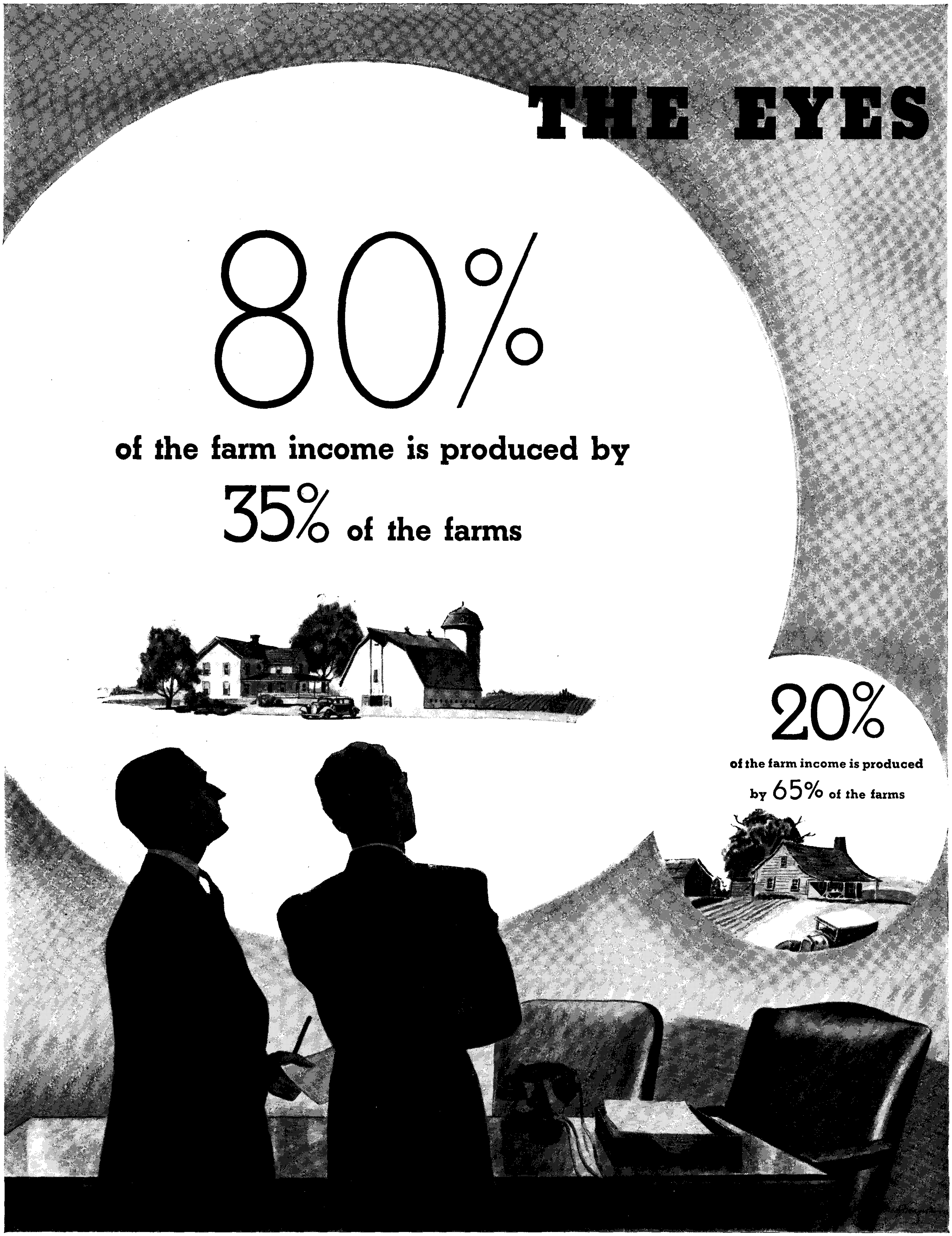
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

"Pardon me, but a dash of Wildroot will clean up that dandruff!"

The funniest thing about this ad is that Wildroot actually *does* clean up dandruff, the forerunner of premature baldness. A brisk daily Wildroot massage keeps hair neat, stops dandruff or your money back. At all druggists, barbers, toilet goods counters in U. S. and Canada.

*For healthy hair, use* **WILDROOT HAIR TONIC** *Money-back guarantee*


THE EYES
80%
of the farm income is produced by
35% of the farms
20%
of the farm income is produced
by 65% of the farms

# OF EXECUTIVES HAVE BEEN OPENED

## BY THIS PICTURE OF FARM MARKET A

THERE was a time—and it wasn't so long ago—when a sales executive wouldn't even *look* at the Farm Market—much less consider it. The very words made him think of drab unpainted houses, ramshackle barns, work-weary men and women eking a meager living from the soil.

But today sales executives see a different picture. It is the picture of the real rural market in the United States that accounts for two-fifths of *all* retail sales. Like a giant city suburb, it is scattered from coast to coast in 48 states. A market made up of farms that are productive—of farmsteads that are modern and well-designed—of men and women who are broad-gauged in their thinking —who earn *more* than a living from the soil. *It is rich Farm Market A!*

### 35% OF THE FARMS... 80% OF THE INCOME

Consider this. Last year, 80% of the seven-and-a-quarter billion dollar farm income was produced by 35% of the farms. This year, with the national farm income higher than any year since 1929, Farm Market A will get four-fifths of it—*just as it always does.* No wonder sales executives are interested. For here is a brand-conscious market reaching out for cosmetics and cultivators, packaged foods and fountain pens, shotguns and automobiles. A market that is interested in the *luxuries* of life, as well as the necessities—*and able to buy them.*

But remember, Farm Market A is a national market and can only be sold by a national farm publication. The Country Home, for instance, with its more than 1,500,000 circulation reaches a preponderance of these top-income farm families. It is definitely edited to appeal to these better, more intelligent farmers. And its circulation has been definitely concentrated in the richer counties in every section of the country—in Farm Market A. Advertising in the Country Home reaches real buying power and action power—*without waste.* There are no slums in Farm Market A.

### FEWER MAIL BOXES

### BUT MORE CUSTOMERS

*IT takes more than circulation figures to sell city coverage. Advertisers want to know whom and how much income those figures represent. And advertisers who are now reaching into America's rural market want to know what's* back *of the figures, too.*

*They have discovered that many mail boxes are set up at the end of muddy lanes that lead to ramshackle houses—that many of their advertising dollars are wasted when they buy intensive coverage and impressive circulation figures in so-called good farm sections.*

*Today's smart advertisers are sending their sales messages direct to Farm Market A. Where there aren't so many mail boxes per square mile*—but where every mail box means a good customer.

THE
# ountry Home

**The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A**

**MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION**

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Now if you have **holes in wood . . . broken chair . . . loose caster . . . crack or nick in woodwork, floor, plaster or tile . . . loose drawer pull . . .** do a quick, expert job of repairing with this newly discovered wood—PLASTIC WOOD that handles just like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood—wood you can carve, paint and drive nails and screws into. Results will surprise you. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD for 25c a tube, 35c a can. Try it.

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You can complete your High School education at home—*in 2 years or less*. Course meets all requirements for entrance to college and leading professions. Standard texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Full credit for H.S. subjects already completed. Send for Free Bulletin TODAY.

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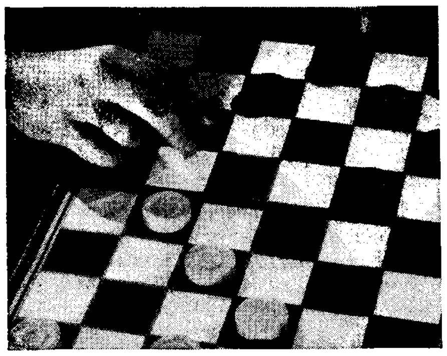


*Try This Popular Plan*

IF YOU want an extra income, you couldn't make a better move than to mail the coupon below. You will receive by return mail full information about our profitable plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications.

Paste the coupon on a penny post card or write a complete letter about your particular problems. The sooner you make this profitable move, the sooner you will have more money to spend.

----------*Clip Here!*----------

**Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-61**
**The Crowell Publishing Company**
**250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

PLEASE tell me how I may earn an extra income.

Name........................................

Address........................................

Town........................................

State........................................

# A Very Dumb Affair

*Continued from page 57*

way, the admiral was sure the permission would be granted.

Morgan called Pearl's number again. Pearl, in person, answered, and somehow he was disappointed. She said, "Why, Morgie! How wonderful! It's splendid to hear you again! You must come right over!"

"Well—well, well, all right, Pearl. Soon's I get dressed."

He bathed, breakfasted, arrayed himself. He turned on the radio. Jazz. Terrible, so early in the day. Female voices telling all who would listen, what they should do about this and that. A rich, darky voice—Aunt Beulah—talking about Sunny Honey Hominy Grits. A brisk xylophone solo—ah! Fine! He danced to it, as he tied his tie. He got into his outer clothing, hung his hat on a cocky corner of his head. He danced down the hall to the elevator, giving a thousand loud "Good mornings!" to one and all he met.

"Well, you do sound natural!" said Miss Gracie, captivating in a green velvet dressing gown, as she opened the door to him.

THIS wasn't at all the way Morgan had planned to do it. He didn't—why, gosh!—he didn't want to do it at all— But he said, "Look, Pearl—shut the door. Look at me. I'm proposing. How's it for you and me to get married?"

Miss Gracie averted her face. The great actress who was supposed always to know what to do with her hands, now was braiding her fingers awkwardly. She said, "Morgan—I—I know it will break your heart—but—but, well, honestly, Morgie—you always could talk me off my feet—and when, well, the other night, when you couldn't talk—and you just sat there—I mean, well, you seemed so different, somehow—and—and you mustn't take it to heart, but the baron and I—"

Morgan's face struggled not to show relief, delight. He said, "Say no more. I get you."

"Morgie! I'm fond of you—you know that. Promise me you won't do anything—desperate!"

"Pearl, old kid—I love you with all the rest of my heart, but as to making promises—! Hah! Before noon, I—well—well, nothing. So long, Pearl. Be seeing you."

He shouted an address at a taxi man, then bellowed it, from sheer joy. When he got to that address he raced up the stairs. He punched the bell button, and rapped on the door. Miss Colvin had her hat and coat on, when she opened the door, but she smiled, took them off and made him sit down.

He said, "Miss Colvin—Jacquelin Ann Colvin—Jake—lovely, sweet, wonderful Miss Colvin—I have my voice again!"

She beamed. She thrust out her hand. They shook, and then his face changed. "Gosh, here I am gloating—and you, you poor kid, you're still in the silences. But, look—excuse me for seeming to be so happy. You are gazing on a guy just out of prison! Two prisons! Yesterday—I was as confused as a—well, as a bird on a battlefield! Today—I soar!"

He took her hand and led her over to the couch where first they had sat. He took both Miss Colvin's hands, while she looked at him, red of face. He said, "Did you understand what I meant the other day when I did this with my lips?" and he framed, "I love you."

She looked away, and tried to free her hands. He said, "Did you?" She nodded. He said, "Did you believe me?"

She shook her head. He said, "I didn't myself, at the time, but my heart did, and now I agree, and that is why I am here, to tell you. I love you, J. A. Colvin, and look me in the eye and see if I am not telling you the truth."

She turned at him. She looked into his eyes. He said softly, "Do you believe me?"

In a charming, Southern voice, she said, "Yes, Morgan."

He leaped to his feet. "You can talk?"

"Yes. I could talk yesterday, but I didn't want to tell you."

"Why? Why not, for heaven's sake?"

"It was such fun. I hated to spoil it. But, now—well, anyway, Morgan darling, I love your voice. You are from the West, aren't you?"

"Oregon—but what's this about fun? So that's all it meant to you? Look, Miss Colvin, I didn't let you know before, but a Mr. Barker—"

"Yes, I know. We used to be engaged. You lost your voice at a prize fight, Morgan. I lost mine, that night, sitting in an open car with Mr. Barker, in the rain, discussing—well—discussing things. I am very sorry for what happened at your hotel, when Mr. Barker called—but—but he and I had come to the end of the road the night before."

Morgan was gazing at her, fascinated. He said, "Gosh, Jake, you have a lovely voice!"

She blushed. "I was just on my way out to try to sell it. Mr. Barker is my boss, or was, and he's terribly ambitious, and when he had a chance to use an orchestra and accept — well, a bribe—"

"Please—please, give me the story in sequence."

She said, "We work, at least, we were paid, by an advertising agency. Mr. Barker was jealous and he didn't want me to work, and when he had a chance to use an orchestra instead of me, on the Sunny Honey Hominy Grits program, he tried to make me give up my work. Then I lost my voice, so he got his chance. He introduced an orchestra, for which he gets a—oh, call it a commission, and this morning I was on the program for the last time, bidding the world goodby as Aunt Beulah!"

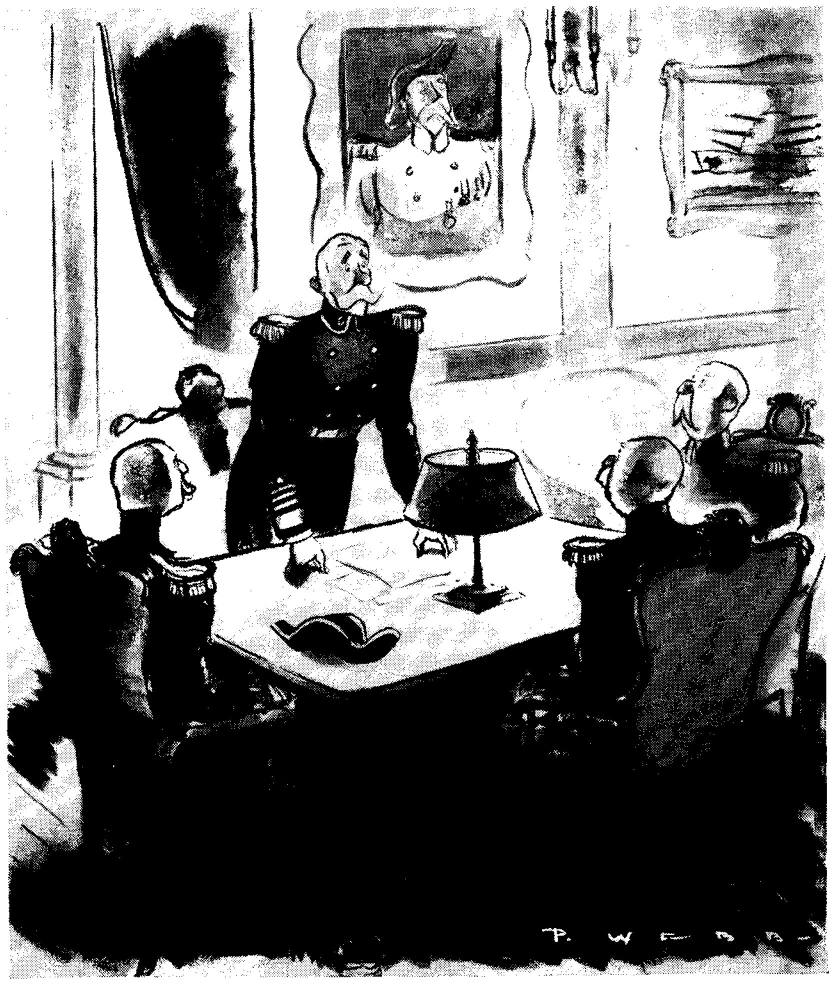
Morgan's mouth was open wide. He said, "Don't tell me you are Aunt Beulah?"

She smiled. In the rich darky accents he had heard that morning, she said, "I was, darling child, but I'll never be again—not while Mr. Barker is in charge."

HE PUT his arms around her. He said, "Want to try out all those lovely accents in Hollywood? Want to string along with me? I don't know if I can bear to share you with pictures—but, if you have to work to be happy, I'll get you plenty work. You talk like an angel, you'll photograph like a million dollars and I—I— Oh, Jacquelin Ann Colvin—I want to say something, but I'm stumped!"

She pulled away from him, gravely handed him a pad and pencil. He smiled. He wrote, "I love you. I want to marry you."

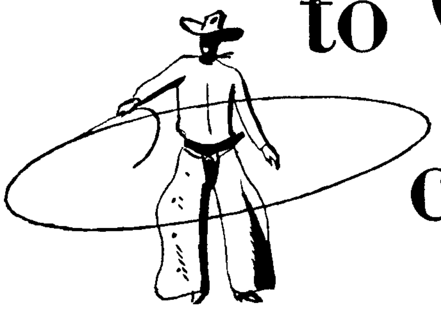
She took the pad and pencil, and when she had finished she held the pad behind her back, and he reached for it with both hands, which put her in his embrace, and over her shoulder he looked at the pad. She had put ditto marks under what he had written. There wasn't a reason in the world, now, why he should keep from kissing her.



"Either we got one admiral too many, or there's one ship short"

PAUL WEBB

# How your roundtrip to CALIFORNIA can be really round



If you are planning a trip to California this year, we'd like to call your attention to a very important privilege offered on roundtrip tickets.

From most eastern and mid-western cities, you can go to California on one Southern Pacific route and return on a different Southern Pacific route for not one cent more rail fare than you would pay to go and return on the same route.

Does that sound complicated? It's really very simple. And it's a wonderful way to see more of the West and to add variety to your vacation.

You might, for example, go straight to Los Angeles and back on our luxurious **Golden State Limited.** (Lots of people do, for it's a very interesting trip through the colorful border city of **El Paso** and the cactus forests and purple mountains of **Southern Arizona.**) But you'd see the same scenery both ways.

*For exactly the same rail roundtrip fare* (from most points), you can speed to Los Angeles on our **Golden State Limited** (or **Sunset Limited**), then up the coast to San Francisco, and home on the famous **Overland Limited,** following the historic Overland Trail, climbing the high Sierra and crossing **Great Salt Lake** on the spectacular Lucin Causeway. Or from San Francisco you can continue north on our **Cascade** to **Oregon** and **Washington,** and return home on a northern United States or Canadian line. Or reverse the order. Stopover anywhere. This way you see the whole Pacific Coast. You make a roundtrip that is really round.

Any railroad agent will gladly help you plan this "go one way, return another" roundtrip ticket.

### SUMMER HEAT ABOLISHED!

Never again will hot weather disturb the pleasure of a trip to California. This summer the five finest trains on Southern Pacific's Four Scenic Routes will be air-conditioned from stem to stern—Pullmans, coaches, tourist sleeping cars, diners, observation cars—*everything!* The air you breathe will be pure and fresh, automatically maintained at just the right temperature. Dirt and dust will be eliminated, and noise deadened. No extra fare.

All Pullmans, dining cars and observation cars will be air-conditioned this summer on **El Costeño,** leading train on our West Coast Route to Mexico City, via Tucson, Mazatlan and Guadalajara. Cars on many of our local trains will also be air-conditioned.

### SEE THE WEST'S "BEST SELLERS"

Along our more than 16,000 miles of line, or easily reached by sidetrips, are most of the West's "best sellers": **Carlsbad Caverns,** which Arthur Brisbane called the first wonder of the world; **Yosemite National Park,** with its granite cliffs that rise straight up three thousand feet; **Del Monte** and the **Monterey Peninsula;** stately **Big Tree** groves; mysterious **Crater Lake;** Arizona's **Chiricahua National Monument** ("The Wonderland of Rocks"); **Lake Tahoe,** and many more. You can include most of these in a Southern Pacific "go one way, return another" roundtrip ticket to California.

### A SIDE TRIP TO MEXICO CITY

You'd be surprised how little extra time it takes to visit Mexico City on your way to or from California. And the sidetrip fare is only $50, one way on the National Railways of Mexico and one way on our dramatic West Coast Route via **Guadalajara** and **Mazatlan.**

If you are one of the thousands who are planning a trip to Mexico this year, we'll be glad to help you plan it. As we are the only American railroad extending into Mexico, we are pretty well acquainted with the country and have prepared a lot of interesting literature about it.

### WHAT'S A TOURIST SLEEPING CAR?

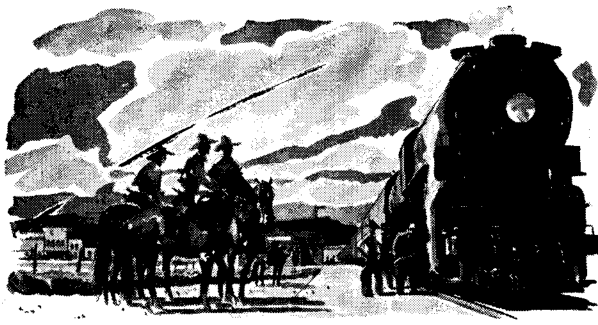
Tourist sleeping cars are a western innovation carried on most of our transcontinental trains. They provide many of the comforts of a Pullman car—porter service, roomy berths, and large wash rooms — for about half the regular Pullman charge. For example, a Pullman lower berth from Chicago to California costs $15.75, while a tourist lower berth costs only $8.50. Rail fares for tourist class are less, too.

### DIRECT TO AMERICA'S EXPOSITION

In a beautiful garden setting, **San Diego** will open the **California Pacific International Exposition** on May 29. But even without the Exposition, San Diego would deserve a place in any trip to California. Across the bay is **Coronado,** with its famous Silver Strand. **Agua Caliente** in Mexico is less than a half hour away. We will have direct, air-conditioned through Pullman service to San Diego via Carriso Gorge and Agua Caliente. A booklet describing the San Diego Exposition will be sent upon request.

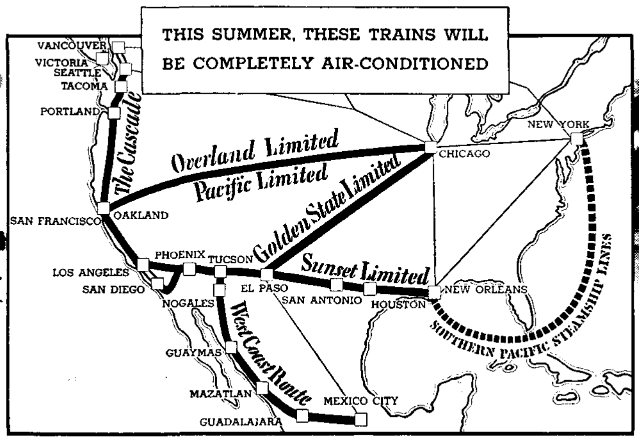
### WRITE MR. BARTLETT

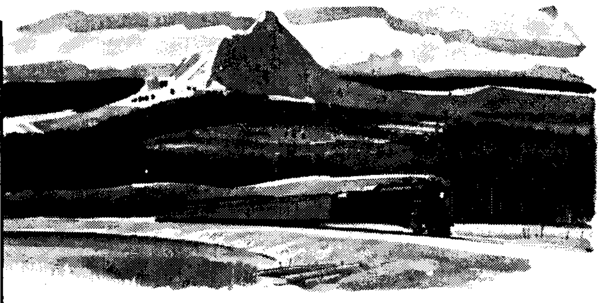
Our representatives have had many years of experience in planning trips to **California** and **Mexico.** If you want help in planning yours, they'll be glad to send you any information you request. Just write to O. P. Bartlett, our Passenger Traffic Manager, Dept. H-4, 310 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago. Please tell him when you plan to leave, where you wish to go, how much time you have to spend, number in your party, type of accommodations desired, etc. You can take your automobile with you to California for very little extra.



**GO ONE WAY**

*Cactus forests and purple mountains. Desert sunsets. Cowboys and Indians, living the western life you've seen in moving pictures. Apache-land!*





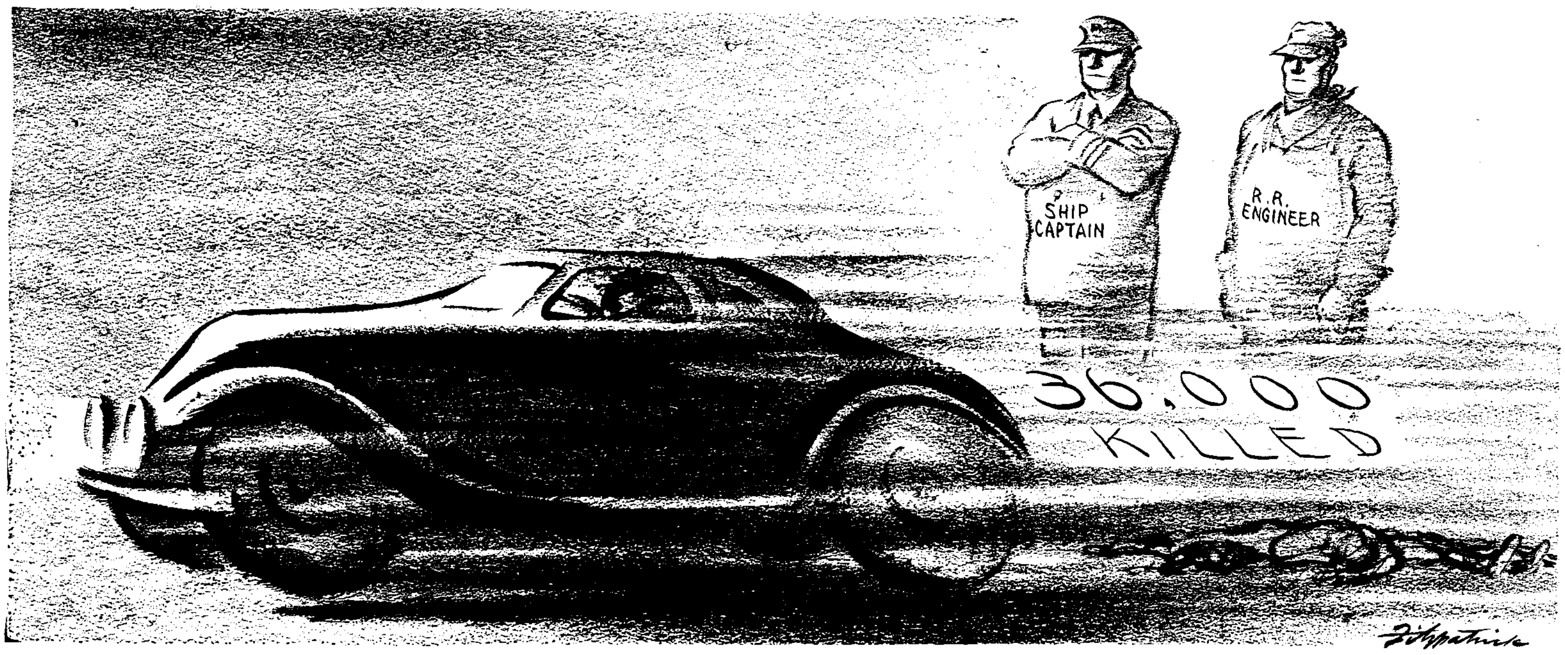
**RETURN ANOTHER**

*Forest, forest everywhere. Sky-blue lakes, and the Mountain that was God. Tumbling rivers, and cities with tree-lined streets. The Pacific Northwest!*

**Southern Pacific**

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



# Step Off the Gas!

WE GET excited when a ship sinks with passengers on board or is destroyed by fire. The government conducts an inquiry and holds trials. Congress considers new laws. Responsible officers have to prove that they exhibited skill, courage and intelligence in emergency or else they are driven in shame from the sea.

Yet during the last one hundred years just 76,000 deaths have been attributed to marine disasters throughout the world. In the United States alone during the past three years motor vehicle accidents have resulted in 96,300 deaths.

Last year the accident record was worst. About 36,000 people were killed and nearly a million were injured in 882,000 personal-injury accidents. This is an all-time record. Nothing in history outside of war and a rare outbreak of pestilence has ever approached this figure.

It is not a record in which a conscientious and intelligent people are able to take pride.

For some years now the Travelers Insurance Company has collected and made public the figures. The record is grim but it must be considered. Public opinion will not endlessly tolerate the conditions which result in such appalling losses of life, health and hard-earned property.

One conclusion stands out like a monument. Excessive speed is the major factor. Cars are better than drivers. As a group we have not shown that we possess the character or the intelligence to operate safely the marvelous machines put at our disposal.

Most serious accidents occur where driving conditions are most favorable. Dry roads, not those slippery with rain or ice, are the scenes of the greatest disaster. Straight, smooth roadways, not the city streets, are most dangerous. Good cars, well equipped with brakes, not dilapidated ancient machines, are involved in most of the serious accidents. Sober drivers, not drunken men and women, are chiefly responsible.

Of course, many careful, competent and wholly innocent people are killed and many others are injured in accidents they could not prevent and for which they are in no wise responsible. But these innocents are injured or killed by others whose recklessness is the one and important factor.

Excess speed is admittedly, however, not the only factor in this dreadful waste of life, health and property. All of the contributing causes must be isolated, examined and understood clearly if we are seriously to attack the problem of how to achieve safety.

The use of intoxicants is a growing factor. Last year 3.16 per cent of the drivers involved in motor accidents were declared to have been under the influence of alcohol. This is a sharp increase over the record of 1933.

But sober drivers and sober pedestrians are responsible for the vast majority of accidents. Experienced drivers did things which experience, common sense and common decency forbid.

For example, exceeding the speed limit accounted for 123,980 accidents in which 6,850 people were killed.

Driving on the wrong side of the road resulted in 92,570 accidents and 3,470 deaths.

Driving without the right of way caused 136,880 accidents and 2,740 deaths.

Passing on a curve or hill caused 9,540 accidents and 470 deaths.

Failure to signal or improper signaling explained 28,610 accidents and 220 deaths.

Driving off the roadway accounted for 60,590 accidents and 3,820 deaths.

Plain reckless driving contributed 53,290 accidents and 2,740 deaths.

Offenses such as these would cost a mariner or a locomotive engineer his job. The officers of a ship guilty of such recklessness would be held up to public shame. We motorists condone our own faults more easily.

Nearly half of those killed last year in motor accidents were pedestrians. The right of a pedestrian to the use of the streets is legally quite as well established as that of the motorist. It is, however, not a right to be stupidly exercised.

Walking from behind parked cars resulted in 36,060 accidents and 1,500 deaths.

Crossing between intersections involved 72,070 pedestrians in accidents and killed 4,310. Playing in the streets brought motor accidents to 47,960 children and killed 1,800.

Walking on a rural highway killed 2,690 people and accounted for 13,220 accidents.

Manifestly these conditions will not be allowed to continue. Remedies must be found and found quickly.

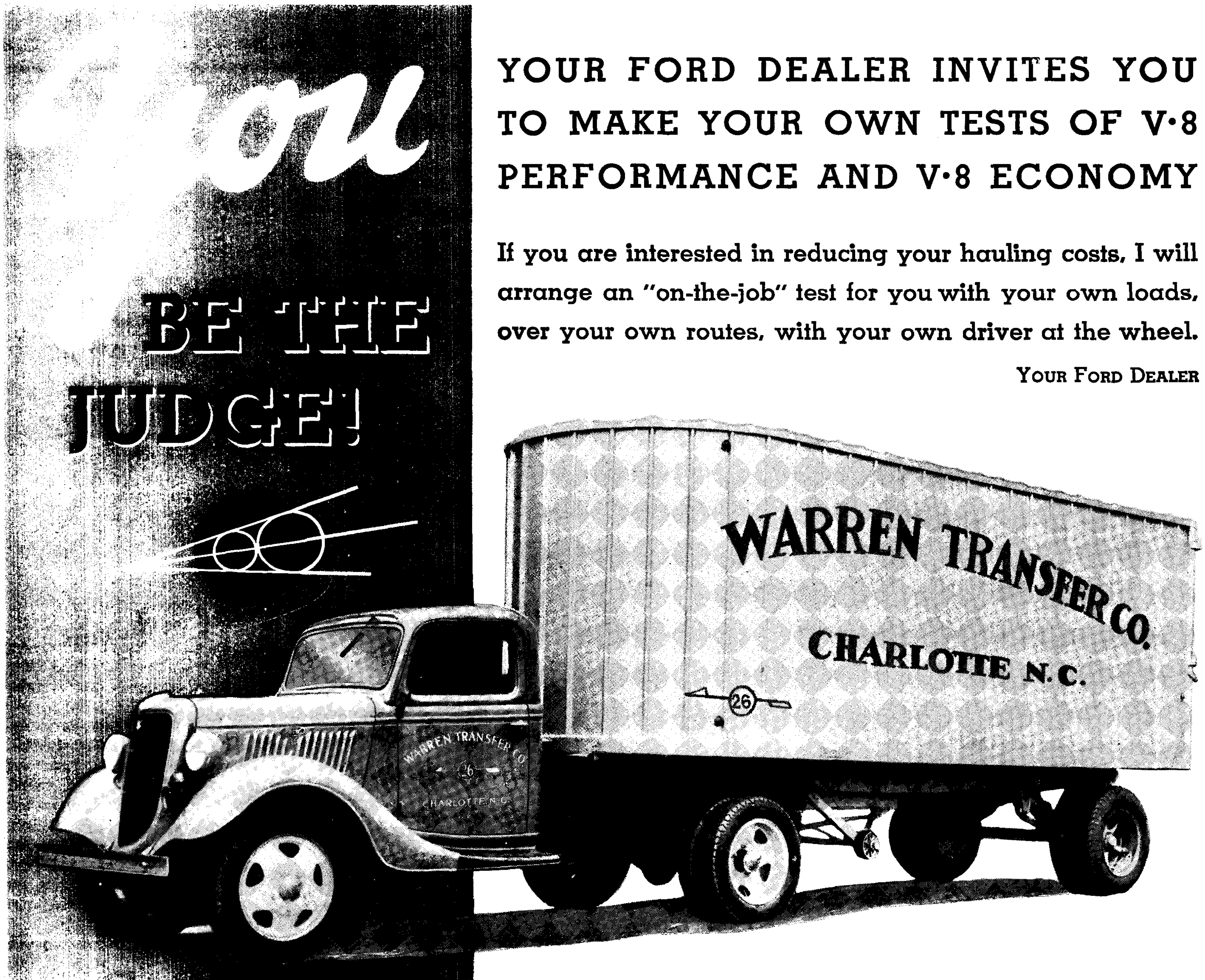
When motorcars first came into use speeds were drastically and foolishly limited. The very stupidity of the early speed laws brought about first their disregard and then very generally their repeal. In most states now the motorist is actually allowed to drive as fast as he pleases.

A return to laws which do not conform to the reasonable driving habits of prudent people will not help. Laws must be respected if they are to be obeyed or enforced. Nevertheless, the police power must and unquestionably will be used to prevent or punish those who persist in driving dangerously fast.

Better engineering improved many roads and eliminated many crossings. More of this engineering improvement will reduce accidents. There are, however, practical limits to the sums which can be expended on better highway building. We cannot rely exclusively on engineers for safety, especially since so large a proportion of accidents now occur on good, unobstructed roads.

We must come back to the personal factor. All drivers must be licensed—a few states still require no licenses—and the license must be withdrawn promptly if the driver fails to exercise reasonable caution and consideration. Decent, intelligent people must be protected from the fools!

# YOUR FORD DEALER INVITES YOU TO MAKE YOUR OWN TESTS OF V·8 PERFORMANCE AND V·8 ECONOMY



**If you are interested in reducing your hauling costs, I will arrange an "on-the-job" test for you with your own loads, over your own routes, with your own driver at the wheel.**

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THE ONL[illegible] PRICE [illegible] ALL [illegible]

FORD has taken the "guesswork" out of truck buying. Today, you need not rely entirely on specifications or on the experiences of other Ford V-8 Truck owners . . . convincing as they are. If you are in the market for a new truck, your Ford dealer will arrange an "on-the-job" test for you, so you can try V-8 Performance and V-8 Economy under your own individual conditions of load and road.

Could any test be fairer than this? Could there be any greater proof of the confidence Ford has in this 1935 Ford V-8 Truck? Ford makes this offer knowing full well that the Ford V-8 Truck has the power, speed, economy and reliability to meet the needs of 91% of all truck owners for an up-to-date, down-to-the-minute truck that will speed up delivery time and cut down hauling costs.

See the 1935 Ford V-8 Truck. Make an "on-the-job" test. Then ask the price. Do those three things and you will agree that it is AMERICA'S GREAT TRUCK VALUE!

## THE 1935

# FORD V·8 TRUCK

Costs less to use
Saves time and work
Polishes as it cleans
Doesn't Scratch
Cleans more things
Made with SEISMOTITE⁘
Doesn't cake in the can
Kind to your hands
Old Dutch Cleanser

# REMEMBER

## Old Dutch is the greatest cleaning Value!

. . . and here's what another wise and thrifty housewife says:

> "*When my shopping list says cleanser, tho my budget is low, no more am I 'Penny Wise and Pound Foolish' by buying a so-called cheap cleanser. I buy Old Dutch for its excellent cleaning qualities; its kindness to hands and articles cleaned; its economy in money, time and energy.*"
>
> *Mrs. Anna Mingo, Bay City, Mich.*

Right, Madam! It *is* real economy to use Old Dutch for that's one case where the *best* actually costs less to use. Old Dutch, you see, is made with pure Seismotite⁘... it not only goes further and lasts longer, but makes the things it cleans last longer too.

Put the proof up to Old Dutch. Test it thoroughly on porcelain and enamel, painted woodwork, kitchen utensils—or any surface on which water may be used. We feel sure you'll agree with Mrs. Anna Mingo that no other cleanser gives all the advantages found in Old Dutch... that it's the greatest cleaning value you can buy.

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"

⁘ **SEISMOTITE** (pronounced Sīs′mo-tīte) is a scratchless cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin that is scientifically processed and compounded with other valuable ingredients according to the famous Old Dutch formula.

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